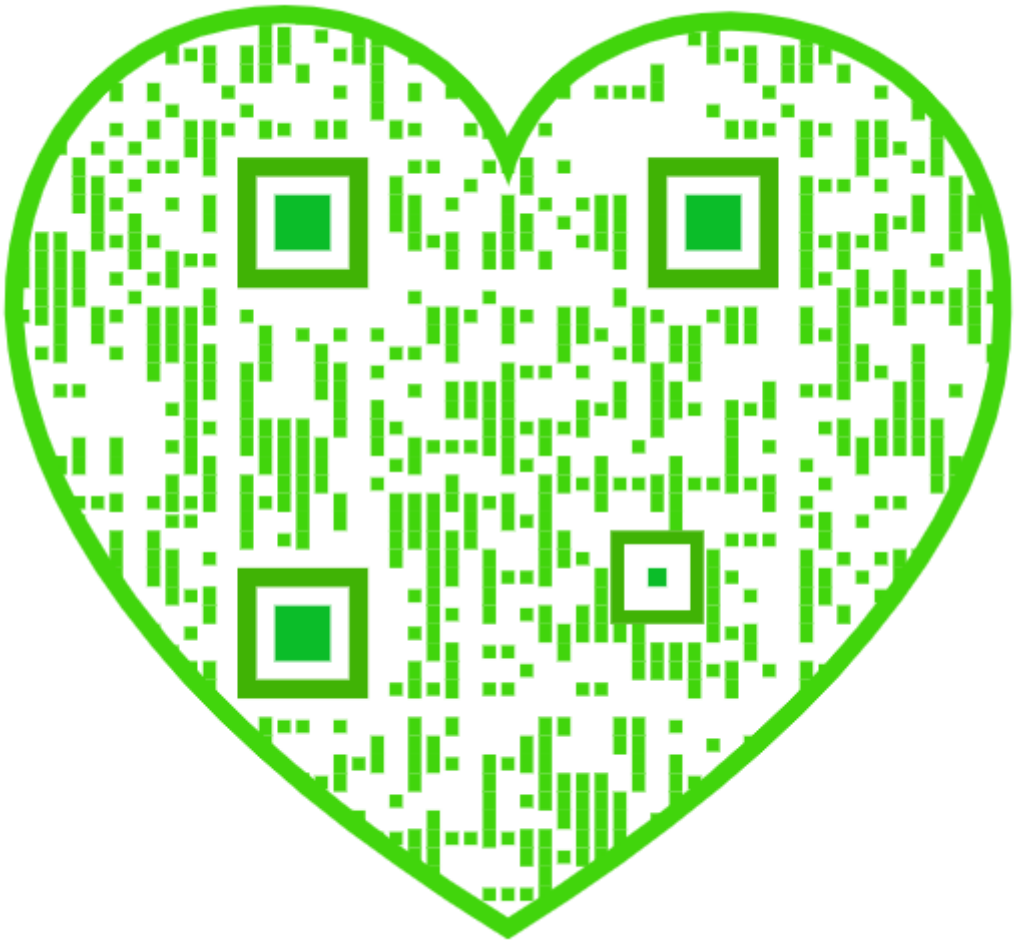

THE

FIFTH READER:

—FOR THE—

USE OF SCHOOLS.

BY

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AND

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TO TEACHERS.

It was the aim of the authors in the first four books of this Series to make the Lessons as easy as was consistent with proper gradation.

Knowing the bad effects that invariably follow when scholars are required to read what is beyond their capacity, they were willing to err on what they considered to be the safe side.

But believing that those who have been carefully instructed in the preceding books of this Series, or other books of the same grade, will be well prepared to enter on a general course of Reading Lessons, they have made their selections for the Fifth Reader from a very extensive range of Standard English Literature. While the most of the Lessons are, as far as regards the subject matter, level to the capacity of the grade of scholars for whom they are intended, some pieces have been admitted which they cannot be expected to appreciate fully till their minds are more matured. It is hoped, however, that nothing has been selected which a diligent teacher cannot make interesting and instructive to an attentive scholar.

No attempt has been made to indicate the pronunciation and the meaning of the words used. The teacher is recommended to read every lesson to the class before assigning it for study, and while reading it, to call attention, among other things, to words likely to be mispronounced or misunderstood. The teacher may either explain these words himself, or direct the scholars to study them for the next recitation, with the aid of his Dictionary.

Every class-room should have a Webster Unabridged, (or Worcester, if preferred,) and the teacher should make use of it in all cases of doubt. No one should be ashamed to refer to his Dictionary. It is said that Daniel Webster never wrote a State-paper without having "The Unabridged" at his elbow. The scholars should be directed and habituated to refer to their small Dictionaries when they are in doubt about the pronunciation

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or signification of a word. Habits of investigation and accuracy will thus be created and fostered, which will be of the highest value to the young student in his future career.

The following inquiries with regard to style may be proposed and answered with profit before the class commences to read a lesson:

Is this Lesson prose or poetry? Is it narrative, descriptive, didactic, rhetorical, lyric, or dramatic? Is it pathetic, grave, lively, humorous or comic? Is it simple, or elevated? Or is it a combination of two or more of these?

Having settled the general character of the piece, consider the style of reading that is appropriate to it, remembering that the same words that characterize the Lesson will, in many cases, be the best description of the style of reading that suits it.

It may then be asked what special rules of Elocution can be well exemplified in the given Lesson.

For the convenience of the Teacher the Rules given in the Fourth and Fifth Readers are here brought together into one view.

RULES.

I.—Questions that can be answered by YES, or NO, end with the rising inflection.

II.—Questions which cannot be answered by YES, or NO, end with the falling inflection.

III.—Clauses that do not make complete sense, end with the rising inflection.

IV.—Sentences and clauses that make complete sense, end with the falling inflection.

V.—Negative sentences, and parts of sentences, end with the rising inflection.

VI.—When a sentence (or part of a sentence) ends with the falling inflection, the pause immediately preceding is accompanied by the rising inflection.

VII.—Pause before the emphatic word or phrase.

VIII.—Strong emphasis requires the falling inflection.

IX.—A word or phrase may be made emphatic by pronouncing it in a lower (and stronger) tone than the rest of the passage.

X.—Words that are contrasted or opposed to each other should be made emphatic by dwelling on the vowel sounds, without unduly increasing the stress. The accented syllable receives the emphasis.

XI.—A parenthesis, or parenthetic clause, is read in a lower tone, and more rapidly than the rest of the sentence, and terminates, usually, with the rising inflection.

XII.—The successive steps of a climax should be read with gradually increasing force. Do not confound force with loudness. The last step of a climax is often the lowest, though the strongest.

XIII.—The introductory member of a sentence ends with a long pause and the rising inflection.

XIV.—Pause between the subject and the predicate of a sentence.

XV.—Pause after a predicate adjective when it precedes the verb.

XVI.—Pause after a prepositional phrase when it precedes the verb it modifies.

XVII.—Pause after a vocative expression, and only very slightly before it.

XVIII.—A pronoun is emphatic when it is modified by a relative phrase.

These rules hold good generally though not universally; and they will be found very useful both in assisting a scholar to study and helping him to make an intelligent criticism of his own or his neighbor's performance. While reading, a scholar had better not think of the rules, but occupy himself solely with the meaning of what he is reading. After he has read, it will be well for the teacher to inquire how far he has observed or neglected the principles laid down.

It may be asked, what is the use of a rule if it is not to be observed at all times and under all circumstances. If reading were a purely mechanical operation, universal rules might be laid down, but the intellect and the emotions will not submit to such restraint. There are two considerations that will justify us in disregarding the Rules of Elocution: *sense* and *sound*. If the observance of a rule obscures or weakens the sense, then the rule is "more honored in the breach than the observance." Or if reading according to rule is unpleasant to the ear, we are warranted in disregarding the rule.

The notes at the head of the various lessons are intended merely as hints to suggest to the teacher the kind of topics to which the attention of scholars should be occasionally directed. Though almost all the principles of

good reading may be illustrated from a single lesson, the Teacher is recommended to make *some one topic* the prominent subject in each lesson. It is not enough merely to read a lesson well; every lesson should be made the means of enforcing at least one important principle in Elocution. It will assist the Teacher materially in this labor, if he will require the class (as a home study) to find in the lesson illustrations of a given rule; and it will be advisable in most instances to have these written out. The half of the Teacher's work is done, when the attention of the scholar is fully aroused, and his desire to improve fairly awakened.

Young persons, in order to become good readers, should not only read extensively, but should also give much time to the repeated practice of certain select lessons. It is on such "drill-exercises" that the time of the teacher can be most profitably employed. The following lessons are especially recommended for class drill: For practice on inflections and pauses, "Westminster Abbey," page 108; for examples of emphasis and climax, "Rolla's Address," page 28; for slow and measured delivery, with long pauses and prolonged inflections, "The Lament for the Dead," page 233; for rapid delivery and shortened inflections, "The Life-Boat," page 93; for loud and high tones, and strong emphasis, "The Seminole's Defiance," page 75; for low tones and deep pathos, with prolonged vowel sounds, "The Last Sleep," page 100; for transitions from pathos to bold invective and passionate declamation, "Rienzi to the Romans," page 189; for narrative, combined with impassioned dialogue, "The Parting of Marmion and Douglas," page 190; for pure tones, distinct articulation, and delicate melody, "The Song of the Brook," page 179.

These selections, or others of the same kind, may be committed to memory, for it is very difficult to secure perfect ease of expression while the eye is tied down to the book; but they should not be memorized until, by repeated practice, the scholar has become familiar with the proper mode of delivery. If this is not attended to, the teacher has the additional labor of eradicating the errors to which the scholar has accustomed himself in his private rehearsals.

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I.—THE ANGLER.

Pronounce and explain, urchin, pastoral, mania, auspicious, chivalry, piscatory, picturesque, termagant, courtesying, fascinating, apparatus, wight, awkward, deference, lore, indiscretion, gorge, revenue.

1. It is said that many an unlucky urchin is induced to run away from his family, and betake himself to a seafaring life, from reading

is something like poetry—a man must be born to it. I hooked myself instead of the fish; tangled my line in every tree; lost my bait; broke my rod; until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees, reading old Izaak; satisfied that it was his fascinating vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me, and not the passion for angling.

6. My companions, however, were more persevering in their delusion. I have them at this moment before my eyes, stealing along

the border of the brook, where it lay open to the day, or was merely fringed by shrubs and bushes. I see the bittern rising with hollow scream as they break in upon his rarely invaded haunt; the kingfisher watching them suspiciously from his dry tree that overhangs the deep black mill-pond, in the gorge of the hills; the tortoise letting himself slip sideways from off the stone or log on which he is sunning himself; and the panic-struck frog plumping in headlong as they approach, and spreading an alarm throughout the watery world around.

7. I recollect also, that, after toiling and watching and creeping about for the greater part of a day, with scarcely any success, in spite of all our admirable apparatus, a lubberly country urchin came down from the hills with a rod made from a branch of a tree, a few yards of twine, and, as Heaven shall help me! I believe, a crooked pin for a hook, baited with a vile earthworm—and in half an hour caught more fish than we had nibbles throughout the day!

8. But, above all, I recollect, the "good, honest, wholesome, hungry" repast, which we made under a beech-tree, just by a spring of pure sweet water that stole out of the side of a hill; and how, when it was over, one of the party read old Izaak Walton's scene with the milkmaid, while I lay on the grass and built castles in a bright pile of clouds, until I fell asleep. All this may appear like mere egotism; yet I cannot refrain from uttering these recollections, which are passing like a strain of music over my mind, and have been called up by an agreeable scene which I witnessed not long since.

9. In a morning's stroll along the banks of the Alun, a beautiful little stream which flows down from the Welsh hills and throws itself into the Dee, my attention was attracted to a group seated on the margin. On approaching, I found it to consist of a veteran angler and two rustic disciples. The former was an old fellow with a wooden leg, with clothes very much but very carefully patched, betokening poverty, honestly come by, and decently maintained.

10. His face bore the marks of former storms, but present fair weather; its furrows had been worn into an habitual smile; his iron-gray locks hung about his ears, and he had altogether the good-humored air of a constitutional philosopher who was disposed to take the world as it went. One of his companions was a ragged wight, with the skulking look of an arrant poacher, and I'll warrant could

find his way to any gentleman's fish-pond in the neighborhood in the darkest night. The other was a tall, awkward country lad, with a lounging gait, and apparently somewhat of a rustic beau.

11. The old man was busy in examining the maw of a trout which he had just killed, to discover by its contents what insects were seasonable for bait; and was lecturing on the subject to his companions, who appeared to listen with infinite deference. I have a kind feeling towards all "brothers of the angle," ever since I read Izaak Walton. I thought that I could perceive in the veteran angler before me an exemplification of what I had read; and there was a cheerful contentedness in his looks that quite drew me towards him.

12. I could not but remark the gallant manner in which he stumped from one part of the brook to another; waving his rod in the air, to keep the line from dragging on the ground, or catching among the bushes; and the adroitness with which he would throw his fly to any particular place; sometimes skimming it lightly along a little rapid; sometimes casting it into one of those dark holes made by a twisted root or overhanging bank, in which the large trout are apt to lurk.

13. I soon fell into conversation with the old angler, and was so much entertained that, under pretext of receiving instructions in his art, I kept company with him almost the whole day; wandering along the banks of the stream, and listening to his talk. He was very communicative, having all the easy garrulity of cheerful old age; and I fancy was a little flattered by having an opportunity of displaying his piscatory lore; for who does not like now and then to play the sage?

14. He had been much of a rambler in his day, and had passed some years of his youth in America, particularly in Savannah, where he had entered into trade, and had been ruined by the indiscretion of a partner. He had afterwards experienced many ups and downs in life, until he got into the navy, where his leg was carried away by a cannon ball, at the battle of Camperdown. This was the only stroke of real good fortune he had ever experienced, for it got him a pension, which, together with some small paternal property, brought him in a revenue of nearly forty pounds. On this he retired to his native village, where he lived quietly and independently; and devoted the remainder of his life to the "noble art of angling."

II.—THE ANGLER—(Continued.)

Spell and explain, recreations, methodical, scientific, scenery, limpid, brimming, capriciously, serenity, vagary, transiently, implements, quadrant, inexhaustible, equable, boatswain, privileged.

1. There is certainly something in angling, if we could forget, which anglers are apt to do, the cruelties and tortures inflicted on worms and insects, that tends to produce a gentleness of spirit, and a pure serenity of mind. As the English are methodical even in their

recreations, and are the most scientific of sportsmen, it has been reduced among the[illegible] Indeed it is an amusement [illegible] vated scenery [illegible] from [illegible]

2

[illegible]

curiosity in its method and arrangement. It was on the skirts of the village, on a green bank, a little back from the road, with a small garden in front, stocked with kitchen herbs, and adorned with a few flowers.

5. The whole front of the cottage was overrun with a honeysuckle. On the top was a ship for a weathercock. The interior was fitted up in a truly nautical style, his ideas of comfort and convenience having been acquired on the berth-deck of a man-of-war. A hammock was slung from the ceiling, which, in the day-time, was lashed up so as to take but little room. From the centre of the chamber hung a

model of a ship, of his own workmanship. Two or three chairs, a table, and a large sea-chest, formed the principal movables.

6. About the wall were stuck up naval ballads, such as Admiral Hosier's Ghost, All in the Downs, and Tom Bowline, intermingled with pictures of sea-fights, among which the battle of Camperdown held a distinguished place. The mantel-piece was decorated with sea-shells; over which hung a quadrant, flanked by two wood-cuts of most bitter-looking naval commanders. His implements for angling were carefully disposed on nails and hooks about the room. On a shelf was arranged his library, containing a work on angling, much worn, a Bible covered with canvas, an odd volume or two of voyages, a nautical almanac, and a book of songs.

7. His family consisted of a large black cat with one eye, and a parrot which he had caught and tamed, and educated himself, in the course of one of his voyages; and which uttered a variety of sea-phrases with the hoarse brattling tone of a veteran boatswain. The establishment reminded me of that of the renowned Robinson Crusoe; it was kept in neat order, everything being "stowed away" with the regularity of a ship of war; and he informed me that he "scoured the deck every morning, and swept it between meals."

8. I found him seated on a bench before the door, smoking his pipe in the soft evening sunshine. His cat was purring soberly on the threshhold, and his parrot describing some strange evolutions in an iron ring that swung in the centre of his cage. He had been angling all day, and gave me a history of his sport with as much minuteness as a general would talk over a campaign; being particularly animated in relating the manner in which he had taken a large trout, which had completely tasked all his skill and wariness, and which he had sent as a trophy to mine hostess of the inn.

9. How comforting it is to see a cheerful and contented old age; and to behold a poor fellow, like this, after being tempest-tost through life, safely moored in a snug and quiet harbor in the evening of his days! His happiness, however, sprung from within himself, and was independent of external circumstances; for he had that inexhaustible good-nature, which is the most precious gift of Heaven; spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought, and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather.

10. On inquiring further about him, I learned that he was a universal favorite in the village, and the oracle of the tap-room; where

he delighted the rustics with his songs, and, like Sinbad, astonished them with his stories of strange lands, and shipwrecks, and sea-fights. He was much noticed, too, by gentlemen sportsmen of the neighborhood; had taught several of them the art of angling; and was a privileged visitor to their kitchens.

11. The whole tenor of his life was quiet and inoffensive, being principally passed about the neighboring streams, when the weather and season were favorable; and at other times he employed himself at home, preparing his fishing-tackle for the next campaign, or manufacturing rods, nets, and flies, for his patrons and pupils among the gentry.

12. He was a regular attendant at church on Sundays, though he generally fell asleep during the sermon. He had made it his particular request that when he died he should be buried in a green spot, which he could see from his seat in church, and which he had marked out ever since he was a boy, and had thought of when far from home, on the raging sea, in danger of being food for the fishes —it was the spot where his father and mother had been buried.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

III.—EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

WHAT INFLEXION on the words, return, holy, prayer, abundant, more, weep'st? GIVE THE RULES.

NOT on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed
Compose thy weary limbs to rest;
For they alone are blest
With balmy sleep
Whom angels keep;
Nor, though by care oppressed,
Or anxious sorrow,
Or thought in many a coil perplexed
For coming morrow,
Lay not thy head
On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eye shall close,
That earthly cares and woes
To thee may e'er return?
Arouse, my soul!
Slumber control,
And let thy lamp burn brightly;
So shall thine eyes discern
Things pure and sightly;
Taught by the Spirit, learn
Never on prayerless bed
To lay thine unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,
That calls for holy prayer?
Has thy day been so bright
That in its flight
There is no trace of sorrow?
And art thou sure to-morrow
Will be like this, and more
Abundant? Dost thou lay up thy store,
And still make plans for more?
Thou fool! this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
That ploughs the ocean deep,
And when storms sweep
The wintry, lowering sky,
For whom thou wak'st and weep'st!
O, when thy pangs are deepest,
Seek, then, the covenant ark of prayer!
For He that slumbereth not is there:
His ear is open to thy cry.
O, then on prayerless bed,
Lay not thy thoughtless head!

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber!
'Till in communion blest
With the elect ye rest,
Those souls of countless number;

And with them raise
The note of praise:
Reaching from earth to Heaven:
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven!
So lay thy happy head
Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed.

MARGARET MERCER

IV.—ELOCUTION. 1.

THE word Elocution literally means speaking out, and speaking out is certainly one of the most important points in good reading. But by speaking out we do not mean merely making a noise. An angry lion can make a good deal of noise, but "it is nothing but roaring." And a boy may read in a very loud voice, without reading well. Indeed the lion has rather the advantage for he lets us know what he means; he tells us very plainly that he in angry. But the boy may read ever so loud and yet we may not be able to catch his meaning.

By speaking out, then, we mean speaking in such a clear, distinct, deliberate way that the meaning is apparent with very little effort on the part of the hearer. It is not sufficient that the most important words be clearly heard. Every word should be heard. And it is not sufficient that the important syllable of a word be heard: every syllable should be heard. But as every word has not the same degree of importance, some will be pronounced more forcibly than others. And as every syllable in a word is not of equal importance, one syllable will attract more attention than another. Still every word and every syllable should be distinctly heard. Nay more; a syllable may be composed of several vocal elements, and a good reader will render every vocal element in every syllable with distinctness and precision.

There are some combinations of letters which cannot be easily pronounced. They require an effort; and if the reader is lazy or careless, he will be unwilling to make the necessary effort. The consequence is bad articulation, a fault which, if not cured, will prevent one from ever becoming a good reader.

A careless reader says *ax* for acts; *produx* for products; *hans* for hands; *prince*, for prints; *pries's*, for priests; *attemps*, for attempts; *rise*, for writhes; John *an'* James, for John and James; *mornin'*, for morning; *spellin'* for spelling; *fift'*, for fifth; *bust*, for burst; *fust*, for first; *lenth*, for length; *strenth*, for strength; *mos'*, for most; *s'rub*, for shrub; *s'rine*, for shrine; *frien'ship*, for friendship; *adjetive*, for adjective; *nom'ative*, for nominative.

A good reader is careful to give clear utterance to the first syllable of a word. He says be-lieve, not *b'lieve;* pre-serve, not *pr'serve;* re-ceive, not *r'ceive;* in-fallible, not *'nfallible*; pre-vent, not *pr'vent;* pro-cure, not *pr'cure;* per-vade, not *p'rvade;* com-mencement, not *c'mencement;* cam-paign, not *c'mpaign;* so-ciety, not *sussiety;* se-rene, not *s'rene;* sup-pose, not *s'pose.*

He is equally careful of the final syllable. He says form-al, not *formle;* port-al, not *por-tle;* infidel, not *infidle;* sentin-el, not *sentinle;* persua-sion, not *persuashin;* religion, not *relidgin;* blood-less, not *bloodliss;* reckless, not *reckliss;* righteousness, not *righteousniss;* win-dow, not *winder;* pillow, not *piller.*

A good reader will also give the proper sound to an unaccented vowel in the middle of a word. He says inno-cent, and not *innicent;* oppo-site, not *opp'site;* benevo-lent, not *benev'lent;* igno-rant, and not *ignurant;* presumptu-ous, and not *presumptious;* fraudu-lent, and not *fraudyelent;* promiscu-ous, and not *promiscyus;* vo-luptu-ous, and not *voluptious;* regu-lar, not *reg'lar*, nor *reggelar;* argu-ment, not *argyement;* vi-o-lence, *viulence.*

V.—COUNTRY EXCURSION.

SOUND DISTINCTLY THE FIRST SYLLABLE in, companion, commence, suspected, resource, prepare, announcement, appearing, presentiment, precisely, respective, preliminary.

SPELL and EXPLAIN, equestrian, symmetry, quadruped, chaise.

1. MR. PICKWICK found that his three companions had risen and were waiting his arrival to commence breakfast, which was ready laid in tempting display. They sat down to the meal; and broiled ham, eggs, tea, coffee, and sundries, began to disappear with a rapidity which at once bore testimony to the excellence of the fare and the appetites of its consumers.

2. "Now about Manor Farm," said Mr. Pickwick. "How shall we go?" "We had better consult the waiter, perhaps," said Mr. Tupman; and the waiter was summoned accordingly. "Dingley Dell, gentlemen?—Fifteen miles, gentlemen—cross road.—Post-chaise, sir?" "Post chaise won't hold more than two," said Mr. Pickwick. "True, sir—beg your pardon, sir.—Very nice four wheel chaise, sir—seat for two behind—one in front for the gentleman that drives—oh! beg your pardon, sir—that'll only hold three."

3. "What's to be done?" said Mr. Snodgrass. "Perhaps one of the gentlemen like to ride, sir?" suggested the waiter, looking towards Mr. Winkle; "very good saddle-horses, sir—any of Mr. Wardle's men coming to Rochester, bring 'em back, sir." "The very thing," said Mr. Pickwick. "Winkle, will you go on horse-back?"

4. Now Mr. Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings, in the very lowest recesses of his own heart, relative to his equestrian skill; but, as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood, "Certainly. I should enjoy it of all things." Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate; there was no resource. "Let them be at the door by eleven," said Mr. Pickwick. "Very well, sir," replied the waiter.

5. The waiter retired; the breakfast concluded; and the travelers ascended to their respective bedrooms, to prepare a change of clothing, to take with them on their approaching expedition. Mr. Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements, and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered, and announced that the chaise was ready—an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds aforesaid.

6. It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like a wine-bin for two behind and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. An hostler stood near it, holding by the bridle another immense horse—apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

7. "Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in. "Bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of that." "Oh! you, of course," said Mr. Tupman. "Of course," said Mr. Snodgrass. "I!"

exclaimed Mr. Pickwick. "Not the slightest fear, sir," interposed the hostler. "Warrant him quiet, sir; a hinfant in arms might drive him." "He don't shy, does he?" inquired Mr. Pickwick. "Shy, sir?—he wouldn't shy if he was to meet a vagin-load of monkeys, with their tails burnt off."

8. The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor-clothed shelf "erected beneath it, for that purpose." "Now, shiny Villiam," said the hostler, to the deputy-hostler, "give the gen'lm'n the ribbins." "Shiny Villiam"—so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand; and the upper hostler thrust a whip into his right.

9. "Woo!" cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window. "Wo-o!" echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass, from the bin. "Only his playfulness, gen'lm'n," said the head-hostler, encouragingly; "jist kitch hold on him, Villiam." The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting. "Tother side, sir, if you please."

10. Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man of war. "All right?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that it was all wrong. "All right," replied Mr. Winkle, faintly. "Let 'em go," cried the hostler. "Hold him in, sir;" and away went the chaise and the saddle-horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn-yard.

VI.—COUNTRY EXCURSION—(Continued.)

Sound distinctly the O in, violence, innocent, retrograde; the U in, particular, actuated.

Spell and explain, mysterious, rotary, separate, extricate, lacerations, complicated, manœuvre, occurred.

1 "What makes him go sideways?" said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin to Mr. Winkle in the saddle. "I can't imagine," replied Mr. Win-

kle. His horse was going up the street in the most mysterious manner—side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail to the other.

2. Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a by-stander, but by no means equally amusing to any one seated behind him.

3. Besides constantly jerking his head up in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, and then rushing forward for some minutes at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

4. "What *can* he mean by this?" said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this manœuvre for the twentieth time. "I don't know," replied Mr. Tupman; "it *looks* very like shying, don't it?" Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

5. "Woo!" said that gentleman, "I have dropped my whip." "Winkle," cried Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces, with the violence of the exercise. "Pick up the whip, there's a good fellow." Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and, grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

6. Now whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definitive and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle had no sooner touched the reins, than he slipped them over his head, and darted backwards to their full length.

7. "Poor fellow," said Mr. Winkle, soothingly,—"poor fellow—good old horse." The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery: the more Mr. Winkle tried to get near him, the more he sidled away;

and, notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from the other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

8. "What am I to do?" shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. "What am I to do? I can't get on him!" "You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike," replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise. "But he won't come," roared Mr. Winkle. "Do come and hold him."

9. Mr. Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity: he threw the reins on the horse's back; and having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

10. The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing towards him, with the chaise-whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotary motion in which he had previously indulged for a retrograde movement of so very determined a character that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance; but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward.

11. There was a great scraping of feet, and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

12. It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass fol-

lowed his example; the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and the bin from the perch, and finally stood stock-still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

13. The first care of the two unspilt friends was to extricate their unfortunate companions from their bed of quickset—a process which gave them the unspeakable satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury beyond sundry rents in their garments and various lacerations from the brambles. The next thing to be done was to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been effected, the party walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and abandoning the chaise to its fate.

DICKENS.

VII.—EXERCISES IN ELOCUTION. 2.

"I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me Liberty, or give me Death!"

In this sentence, when properly read, all the words have not the same force or quantity of sound, and do not attract the same amount of attention. If the words, know, what, course, take, but, are taken as the standard, the words I, not, may, as, for, fall below the standard, and the remainder rise above it. Of these last, it is easily perceived that, o t h e r s and m e, have the relative emphasis because they are contrasted; and Liberty and Death have not only the relative but also the absolute emphasis, because they express ideas highly important in themselves. The different amounts of force may be represented by printing the sentence in the following way: "I know not what course o t h e r s may take; but as for m e, GIVE ME LIBERTY, or GIVE me DEATH."

It will be convenient to denote these differences of force by corresponding names:

1. Slight.
2. Medium.
3. F u l l or p r o l o n g e d.
4. STRONG.
5. VERY STRONG.

Articles, pronouns, auxiliary verbs, prepositions and conjunctions (when not rendered emphatic by contrast), belong to the first class. The great majority of words in any given passage of reasonable length, belong to the second. Words denoting contrast either expressed or implied are placed in the third class; and those that we consider of great importance, and to which we want to direct particular attention, belong to the fourth and fifth classes.

These terms do not indicate absolute force or quantity of sound, but merely the comparative force of the several words in the same sentence. The proportions will be the same whether the sentence be pronounced in a loud tone or in a whisper.

VIII.—ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIANS.

1. My brave associates\! partners of my toil\, my feelings′, and my fame\! Can R o l l a ' s words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire y o u r hearts′? NO! y o u have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would d e l u d e you. Y o u r generous spirit has compared, as m i n e has, the motives which, in a war like t h i s, can animate t h e i r minds and o u r s. T h e y\, by a strange frenzy driven′, fight for power\, for p l u n d e r′, and extended RULE\; w e′, for our country\, our a l t a r s′, and our HOMES\.

2. T h e y follow an adventurer whom they f e a r′, and obey a power which they h a t e\; w e serve a monarch whom we l o v e\, a God′ whom we a d o r e\. Whene'er they move in anger′, d e s o l a t i o n tracks their progress. Whene'er they pause in amity′, a f f l i c t i o n mourns their friendship. T h e y boast they come but to improve our state\, enlarge our thoughts\, and free us from the yoke of error\! Y e s; THEY—THEY will give enlightened freedom to o u r minds, who are THEMSELVES the slaves of passion\, a v a r i c e′ and PRIDE!

3. THEY offer us their protection. Y e s; s u c h protection as v u l t u r e s give to l a m b s,—covering and d e v o u r i n g them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved for the d e s p e r a t e c h a n c e of something b e t t e r which they p r o m i s e. Be our plain answer t h i s:—The throne w e

honor′ is the people's choice\; the laws we reverence′ are our brave fathers' legacy\; the faith we follow′ teaches us to live in the bonds of charity with all mankind\, and die in hope of bliss beyond the grave\. Tell your invaders this\; and tell them′, too′, we seek NO change, and least of all such change as THEY would bring us.

KOTZEBUE.

IX.—OUR HOMES.

GIVE THE RULE for reading, pleasure, grief, (1st stanza.) Roam, (2d stanza.)

WHAT INFLECTION on, prayer, below, woe? (3d stanza.) THE RULES?

PLACE THE RELATIVE EMPHASIS on there and prayer. (4th stanza.)

Where burns the loved hearth brightest,
Cheering the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possessed?
Where is the smile of sadness,
Of meek-eyed patience born,
Worth more than those of gladness
Which mirth's bright cheek adorn?
Pleasure is marked by fleetness,
To those who ever roam;
While grief itself has sweetness
At Home! dear home!

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief;
There eyes, in all their splendor,
Are vocal to the heart,
And glances, gay or tender,
Fresh eloquence impart;
Then dost thou sigh for pleasure?
Oh! do not widely roam;
But seek that hidden treasure
At Home! dear home!

Does pure religion charm thee
Far more than aught below?
Wouldst thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of woe?
Think not she dwelleth only
In temples built for prayer:
For Home itself is lonely
Unless her smiles be there;
The devotee may falter,
The bigot blindly roam;
If worshipless her altar
At Home! dear home!

Love over it presideth,
With meek and watchful awe,
Its daily service guideth,
And shows its perfect law;
If there thy faith shall fail thee,
If there no shrine be found,
What can thy prayers avail thee,
With kneeling crowds around?
Go! leave thy gift unoffered
Beneath Religion's dome,
And be her first fruits proffered
At Home! dear home!

BERNARD BARTON.

X.—THE WAY TO WEALTH.

Point out the CONTRASTED WORDS in this lesson, and give the rule for reading them.

1. It would be thought a hard government, that should tax its people one tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes us much more—sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright," as Poor Richard says "But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the

stuff life is made of," as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that "The sleeping fox catches no poultry," and that "There will be sleeping enough in the grave," as Poor Richard says.

2. "If time be, of all things, the most precious, wasting time must be," as Poor Richard says, "the greatest prodigality; since," as he elsewhere tells us, "Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough. Let us, then, up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more, with less perplexity. "Sloth makes all things difficult; but industry, all easy;" and "He that riseth late, must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night;" while "Laziness travels so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes him." "Drive thy business; let not that drive thee;" and "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," as Poor Richard says.

3. "Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep." Work while it is called to-day; for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. "One to-day is worth two to-morrows," as poor Richard says; and further, "Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day." It is true, there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for "Constant dropping wears away stones;" and "By diligence and patience, the mouse ate into the cable;" and "Little strokes fell great oaks."

4. Methinks I hear some of you say, Must a man afford himself no leisure? I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says: "Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man, never; for "A life of leisure, and a life of laziness, are two things."

5. But with our industry, we must likewise be steady, settled and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as poor Richard says,

> "I never saw an oft-removed tree,
> Nor yet an oft-removed family,
> That throve so well as those that settled be."

And again, "Three removes are as bad as a fire;" and again, "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;" and again, "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send."

6. "A little neglect may breed great mischief: for want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe, the horse was lost; and for want of a horse, the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

XI.—THE CHILDREN'S CHOICE.

SOUND DISTINCTLY THE LAST LETTER in, sword, depart, brilliant, President, dust, trust.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, levees, tariff, woodbine.

PARENT—JOHN—WILLIAM—LOUISA—CAROLINE.

John.

I MEAN to be a soldier, with uniform quite nĕw,
I wish they'd let me have a drum, and be a captain too;
I would go amid the battle, with my broadsword in my hand,
And hear the cannon rattle, and the music all so grand.

Parent.

My son! my son! what if that sword should strike a noble heart,
And bid some loving father from his little ones depart?
What comfort would your waving plumes and brilliant dress bestow,
When you thought upon his widow's tears, and her orphans' cry of woe?

William.

I mean to be a President, and rule each rising state,
And hold my levees once a week, for all the gay and great;
I'll be a king, except the crown, for that they won't allow,
And I'll find out what the tariff is, that puzzles me so now.

Parent.

My son! my son! the cares of state are thorns upon the breast,
That ever pierce the good man's heart, and rob him of his rest;
The great and gay to him appear as trifling as the dust,
For he knows how little they are worth, how faithless is their trust.

Louisa.

I mean to be a cottage girl, and sit beside a rill,
And morn and eve my pitcher there with purest water fill;
And I'll train a lovely woodbine around my cottage door,
And welcome to my winter hearth the wandering and the poor

Parent.

Louisa, dear, a humble mind 'tis beautiful to see,
And you shall never hear a word to check that mind from me;
But ah! remember, pride may dwell beneath the woodbine's shade,
And discontent, a sullen guest, the cottage hearth invade.

Caroline.

I will be gay and courtly, and dance away the hours,
Music and sport and joy shall dwell beneath my fairy bowers;
No heart shall ache with sadness within my laughing hall,
But the notes of love and gladness re-echo to my call.

Parent.

Oh, children! sad it makes my soul to hear your playful strain;
I cannot bear to chill your youth with images of pain.
Yet humbly take what God bestows, and, like his own fair flowers.
Look up in sunshine with a smile, and gently bend in showers.

MRS. GILMAN

XII.—ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher', higher will we climb' Up the mount ° of glory'; That our names may live ° through time ° In our country's story". Happy ° when her welfare calls'; He who conquers', he who falls'.

WRITE OUT THE WHOLE LESSON after this model. The mark ° means that the words between which it is placed should not be joined together, but the pause between them must be the shortest possible. Be careful to join the preposition to the words that follow, and not to the word that goes before.

HIGHER, higher, will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth, and learning's spoil,
Win from school and college:
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward will we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty:
Minds are of celestial birth:
Let us make a heaven of earth.

Close and closer then we knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside-comforts sit
In the wildest weather:
Oh, they wander wide who roam,
For the joys of life, from home.

Nearer, dearer bands of love
Draw our souls in union
To our Father's house above,
To the saints' communion:
Thither every hope ascend;
There may all our labors end.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

XIII.—THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION—1776.

PRONOUNCE AND SPELL heralds, reveille', emigrants, palmettos, Alleghanies, wearisome.

SAY re-lays, and not *r'lays;* re-peated, and not *r'peated;* re-ceive, and not *r'ceive;* ACCENT, traversed, on the first syllable; SAY colo-nies, not *colunies;* SOUND the final d in, pledged.

1. DARKNESS closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war-message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to

village; the sea to the backwoods; the plains to the highlands; and it was never suffered to droop, till it had been borne North, and South, and East, and West, throughout the land.

2. It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and the Penobscot. Its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and ringing like bugle-notes from peak to peak, overleaped the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean river, till the responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale.

3. As the summons hurried to the South, it was one day at New York; in one more at Philadelphia; the next it lighted a watch-fire at Baltimore; thence it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond, along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina

4. It moved onwards and still onwards through boundless groves of evergreen to Newbern and to Wilmington. "For God's sake, forward it by night and by day," wrote Cornelius Harnett, by the express which sped for Brunswick. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border and dispatched it to Charleston, and through pines and palmettos and moss-clad live oaks, further to the South, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond the Savannah.

5. Hillsborough and the Mecklenburg district of North Carolina rose in triumph, now that their wearisome uncertainty had its end. The Blue Ridge took up the voice and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their barriers that the "loud call" might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Holston, the Watauga, and the French Broad.

6. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky; so that the hunters who made their halt in the matchless valley of Elkhorn commemorated the nineteenth day of April, by naming their encampment Lexington.

7. With one impulse the colonies sprung to arms; with one spirit they pledged themselves to each other "to be ready for the extreme event;" with one heart the continent cried "Liberty or death!"

George Bancroft.

XIV.—PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

PRONOUNCE, sombre; sentin-els, (not sentinles); impet-u-ous, spectral, aghast, meadows.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend,—"If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North-Church tower, as a signal-light—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folks to be up and to arm."

Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill.
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and sombre, and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village-street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village-clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town;
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village-clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village-clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

LONGFELLOW

XV.—THE BELL OF LIBERTY.

GIVE THE FIRST SYLLABLE DUE ATTENTION in, recede, deliberate, proposed, political, prophetic, deferred, momentous, proclaim, delay, report.

1. THE representatives of the people assembled in solemn conclave, and long and anxiously surveyed the perilous ground on which they were treading. To recede was now impossible; to go on seemed fraught with terrible consequences. The result of the long and fearful conflict that must follow was more than doubtful. For twenty days Congress was tossed on a sea of perplexity.

2. At length, Richard Henry Lee, shaking off the fetters that galled his noble spirit, arose on the 7th of June, and in a clear, deliberate tone, every accent of which rang to the farthest extremity of the silent hall, proposed the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That these United Colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent States, and all political connection between us and the States of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.

3. John Adams, in whose soul glowed the burning future, seconded the resolution in a speech so full of impassioned fervor, thrilling eloquence, and prophetic power, that Congress was carried away before it, as by a resistless wave. The die was cast, and every man was now compelled to meet the dreadful issue. The resolution was finally deferred till the 1st of July, to allow a committee, appointed for that purpose, to draft a Declaration of Independence.

4. When the day arrived, the Declaration was taken up and debated article by article. The discussion continued for three days, and was characterized by great excitement. At length, the various sections having been gone through with, the next day, July 4th, was appointed for final action. It was soon known throughout the city; and in the morning, before Congress assembled, the streets were filled with excited men, some gathered in groups, engaged in eager discussion, and others moving towards the State House.

5. All business was forgotten in the momentous crisis which the country had now reached. No sooner had the members taken their seats than the mulitude gathered in a dense mass around the entrance. The bell-man mounted the belfry, to be ready to proclaim the joyful tidings of freedom as soon as the final vote had passed. A bright-eyed boy was stationed below to give the signal.

6. Around the bell, brought from England, had been cast more than twenty years before, the prophetic motto:

"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF."

Although its loud clang had often sounded over the city, the proclamation engraved on its iron lip had never yet been spoken aloud. It was expected that the final vote would be taken without delay, but hour after hour wore on, and no report came from that mysterious hall where the fate of a continent was in suspense.

7. The multitude grew impatient; the old man leaned over the railing, straining his eyes downward, till his heart misgave him, and hope yielded to fear. But at length, at about two o'clock, the door of the hall opened, and a voice exclaimed, "It has passed." The word leaped like lightning from lip to lip, followed by huzzas that

shook the building. The boy-sentinel turned to the belfry, clapped his hands, and shouted, "Ring! ring!"

8. The desponding bell-man, electrified into life by the joyful news, seized the iron tongue, and hauled it backward and forward with a clang that startled every heart in Philadelphia like a bugle-blast. "Clang! clang!" the Bell of Liberty resounded on, higher, and clearer, and more joyous, blending in its deep and thrilling vibrations, and proclaiming in loud and long accents over all the land the motto that encircled it.

9. Glad messengers caught the tidings as they floated out on the air, and sped off in every direction to bear them onward. When they reached New York, the bells rang out the glorious news, and the excited multitude, surging hither and thither, at length gathered around the Bowling Green, and seizing the leaden statue of George III., which stood there, tore it into fragments. These were afterwards run into bullets, and hurled against his majesty's troops.

10. When the Declaration arrived in Boston, the people gathered to old Faneuil Hall to hear it read; and as the last sentence fell from the lips of the reader, a loud shout went up, and soon from every fortified height and every battery the thunder of cannon re-echoed the joy.

J. T. Headly.

XVI.—JOHN BULL AND HIS SON JONATHAN.

Pronounce, choleric, manor, villainous, meeting-house, (not *meetin'-house*); stingy, impositions, (not imp'sitions); shrewd, saucy.

1. John Bull was a choleric old fellow, who held a good manor in the middle of a great mill pond, and which, by reason of its being quite surrounded by water, was generally called *Bullock Island*. Bull was an ingenious man, an exceedingly good blacksmith, a dexterous cutler, and a notable weaver and pot-baker besides He also brewed capital porter, ale, and small-beer, and was, in fact, a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, and good at each. In addition to these, he was a hearty fellow, an excellent bottle-companion, and *passably* honest as times go.

2. But what tarnished all these qualities was a very quarrelsome, overbearing disposition, which was always getting him into some

scrape or other. The truth is, he never heard of a quarrel going on among his neighbors but his fingers itched to be in the thickest of them; so that he was hardly ever seen without a broken head, a black eye, or a bloody nose. Such was Squire Bull, as he was commonly called by the country people, his neighbors—one of those odd, testy, grumbling, boasting old codgers, that never get credit for what they are, because they are always pretending to be what they are not.

3. The Squire was as tight a hand to deal with in-doors as out, sometimes treating his family as if they were not the same flesh and blood, when they happened to differ with him in certain matters. One day he got into a dispute with his youngest son Jonathan, who was familiarly called *Brother Jonathan*, about whether churches ought to be called churches or meeting-houses, and whether steeples were not an abomination.

4. The Squire, either having the worst of the argument, or being naturally impatient of contradiction (I can't tell which), fell into a great passion, and swore he would physic such notions out of the boy's noddle. So he went to some of his *doctors*, and got them to draw up a prescription made up of *thirty-nine different articles*, many of them bitter enough to some palates. This he tried to make Jonathan swallow, and finding he made villainous wry faces, and would not do it, fell upon him and beat him like fury.

5. After this he made the house so disagreeable to him, that Jonathan, though as hard as a pine-knot, and as tough as leather, could bear it no longer. Taking his gun and ax, he put himself in a boat and paddled over the mill-pond to some new lands to which the Squire pretended some sort of claim, intending to settle them and build a meeting-house without a steeple as soon as he grew rich enough.

6. When he got over, Jonathan found the land was quite in a state of nature, covered with wood, and inhabited by nobody but wild beasts. But being a lad of mettle, he took his ax on one shoulder and his gun on the other, marched into the thickest of the wood, and clearing a place, built a log cabin. Pursuing his labors, and handling his ax like a notable woodsman, he, in a few years, cleared the land, which he laid out into *thirteen good farms;* and building himself a fine frame house, about half finished, began to be quite snug and comfortable.

7. But Squire Bull, who was getting old and stingy, and, besides, was in want of money, on account of his having lately been made to pay swinging damages for assaulting his neighbors and breaking their heads—the Squire, I say, finding that Jonathan was getting well to do in the world, began to be very much troubled about his welfare; so he demanded that Jonathan should pay him a good rent for the land which he had cleared and made good for something.

8. He trumped up I know not what claim against him, and, under different pretences, managed to pocket all Jonathan's honest gains. In fact, the poor lad had not a shilling left for holiday occasions; and, had it not been for the filial respect he felt for the old man, he would certainly have refused to submit to such impositions. But, for all this, in a little time Jonathan grew up to be very large of his age, and became a tall, stout, double-jointed, broad-footed cub of a fellow, awkward in his gait, and simple in his appearance, but showing a lively, shrewd look, and having the promise of great strength when he should get his full growth.

9. He was rather an odd-looking chap, in truth, and had many queer ways. Like the old Squire, he was apt to be blustering and saucy; but in the main was a peaceable sort of careless fellow, that would quarrel with nobody if you only let him alone. While Jonathan was outgrowing his strength, Bull kept on picking his pockets of every penny he could scrape together; till at last one day, when the Squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats, Jonathan started up in a furious passion, and threw the *tea-kettle* at the old man's head.

10. The choleric Bull was hereupon exceedingly enraged; and after calling the poor lad an undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time; for the Squire, though in years, was a capital boxer, and of most excellent bottom. At last, however, Jonathan got him under; and before he would let him up, made him sign a paper, giving up all claims to the farms, and acknowledging the fee-simple to be in Jonathan forever.

J. K. Paulding.

XVII.—THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

Pay attention to the climax in each stanza.

1. grummer, GRUMMER, GRUMMER.
2. louder, LOUDER, LOUDER.
3. higher, HIGHER, HIGHER.
4. rounder, ROUNDER, ROUNDER.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the Isles,

From the smoky night-encampment,
Bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn;
And grummer, grummer, grummer,
Rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
While the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly,
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore,
Swept the strong battle-breakers
O'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder,
Cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red Saint George's
Cannoniers;
And the "villainous saltpetre"
Rang a fierce, discordant metre
Round our ears.
As the swift
Storm drift,
With hot sweeping anger
Came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks;
Then higher, higher, higher,
Burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the bareheaded Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;

And his broadsword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing,
Trumpet loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden
At the touch of the leaden
Rifle breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder,
Roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

GUY HUMPHREY MCMASTER.

XVIII.—THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, benignity, halo, mellowing, patriarch, fruition.

1. COME to the window, old man! Come, and look your last upon this beautiful earth! The day is dying—the year is dying—you are dying; so light, and leaf, and life, mingle in one common death, as they shall mingle in one resurrection.

2. Clad in a dark morning gown, that revealed the outline of his tall form, now bent with age—once so beautiful in its erect manhood, rises a man from his chair, which is covered with pillows, and totters to the window, spreading forth his thin white hands.

3. Did you ever see an old man's face, that combines all the sweetness of childhood, with the vigor of mature intellect? Snow white hair, in waving flakes, around a high and open brow; eyes that gleam with clear light, a mouth moulded in an expression of benignity almost divine!

4. It is the fourteenth of November, 1832; the hour is sunset, and the man, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS.

5. Ninety-five years of age, a weak and trembling old man, he has summoned all his strength, and gone along the carpeted chamber, to the window, his dark gown contrasted with the purple curtains.

6. He is the last! Of the noble fifty-six, who, in the Revolution,

stood forth, undismayed by the ax or gibbet; their mission, the freedom of an age, the salvation of a country; he alone remains!

7. One by one, the pillars have crumbled from the roof of the temple, and now the last—a trembling column—glows in the sunlight, as it is about to fall.

8. But for the pillar that crumbles, there is no hope that it shall ever tower aloft in its pride again, while for this old man, about to sink into the night of the grave, there is a glorious hope. His memory will live. His soul will live, not only in the presence of its God, but on the tongues, and in the hearts of millions. The band in which he counts one, can never be forgotten.

9. The last! As the venerable man stands before us, the declining day imparts a warm flush to his face, and surrounds his brow with a halo of light. His lips move without a sound: he is recalling the scenes of the Declaration—he is murmuring the names of his brothers in the good work.

10. All gone but him! Upon the woods—dyed with the rainbow of the closing year—upon the stream, darkened by masses of shadow—upon the home peeping out from among the leaves, falls mellowing the last light of the declining day.

11. He will never see the sun rise again! He feels that the silver cord is slowly, gently loosening; he knows the golden bowl is crumbling at the fountain's brink. But death comes on him as a sleep, as a pleasant dream, as a kiss from beloved lips!

12. He feels that the land of his birth has become a mighty people, and thanks God that he was permitted to behold its blossoms of hope ripen into full life.

13. In the recesses near the window, you behold an altar of prayer; above it, glowing in the fading light, the image of Jesus seems smiling, even in agony, around that death-chamber.

14. The old man turns aside from the window. Tottering on, he kneels beside the altar, his long dark robe drooping over the floor. He reaches forth his white hands—he raises his eyes to the face of the Crucified.

15. There, in the sanctity of an old man's last prayer, we will leave him. There, where amid the deepening shadows, glows the image of the Saviour; there, where the light falls over the mild face, the wavy hair and tranquil eyes of the aged patriarch.

16. The smile of the Saviour was upon that perilous day, the 4th of July, 1776; and now that its promise has brightened into fruition, He seems to—He does smile on it again—even as His sculptured image meets the dying gaze of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS.

LIPPARD.

XIX.—THE JUST MAN.

PRONOUNCE rec-reant, vio-late, turbu-lent, de-stroyers, silent, (not sil'nt); moment, (not mom'nt); origin-al, (not origin'l).

1. A JUST man is always simple. He is a man of direct aims and purposes; there is no complexity in his motives, and, thence, there is no jarring or discordancy in his character. He wishes to do right, and in most cases he does it; he may err, but in most cases it is by mistake of judgment, and not by perversity of intention. The moment his judgment is enlightened, his action is corrected. Setting before himself always a clear and worthy end, he will never pursue it by any concealed or unworthy means.

2. We may carry our remarks, for illustration, both into private and into public life. Observe such a man in his home, there is a charm about him, which no artificial grace has ever had the power to bestow; there is a sweetness, I had almost said a music, in his manners, which no sentimental refinement has ever given.

3. His speech, ever fresh from purity and rectitude of thought, controls all that are within its hearing, with an unfelt, yet a resistless sway. Faithful to every domestic trust, as to his religion and his God, he would no more prove recreant to any loyalty of home, than he would blaspheme the Maker in whom he believes, or than he would forswear the heaven in which he hopes.

4. Fidelity and truth to those bound by love and nature to his heart, are to him most sacred principles; they throb in the last recesses of his moral being, they are embedded in the life of his life; and to violate them, or even think of violating them, would seem to him as a spiritual extermination, the suicide of his soul.

5. Nor is such a man unrewarded, for the goodness he so largely gives is largely paid back to him again; and though the current of

his life is transparent, it is not shallow; on the contrary, it is deep and strong. The river that fills its channel glides smoothly along in the power of its course; it is the stream which scarcely covers the ruggedness of its bed, that is turbulent and noisy.

6. With all this gentleness, there is exceeding force; with all this meekness, there is imperative command; but the force is the force of wisdom, and the command is the command of love. And, yet, the authority which rules so effectually, never gathers an angry or an irritable cloud over the brow of the ruler; and this sway, which admits of no resistance, does not oppress one honest impulse of nature, one movement of the soul's high freedom, one bound of joy from the heart's unbidden gladness, in the spirit of the governed.

7. Take this character into public life. Place him before the people as the candidate for their legislative suffrages; he is there for no selfish ambition, and, willing to be most loyal to his country, he will be no traitor to his conscience. Place him in the legislative assembly to which these willing suffrages send him, he maintains inviolate the trust given to him; with a brave eloquence he maintains the rights of the citizens; with a grave dignity he maintains the privileges of the senator.

8. Place him in the council of the executive magistrate, and no favor can win him, and no danger appal; indifferent to office and fearless of power, he will assert the highest right, and he will stand by it, whatever be the cost. Place him on the bench of justice, no prejudice can approach him, no passion can move him. Nothing can ruffle the august placidity of his soul, except it be the stirrings of a gracious pity. Unmoved he sits, while all around him heaves; he listens not to popular clamor, he cares not for the scowl of power; and, while he is guardian, no corruption shall sully the fountain of justice, and no obstruction shall impede its stream.

9. Place him in the presence of a tyrant; call upon him for his opinion, let life or death hang on the result, he will not speak rashly, but he will not speak falsely. Let the tyrant cajole and fondle, it avails not; let the tyrant rail and threaten, it is still as vain; let wife entreat, let children hang upon his neck, let friends beseech, let multitudes implore, he meets affection with affection; he weeps while others weep; but, fixed as the rock in the ocean, the tempest may crash about his head, and the waves strike against his breast, his foundation based unchangeably on the centre of eternal right, his

head majestically erect, gloriously lifted up to heaven, bends not before the shock, and his breast receives the tempest only to shiver it.

10. Place him in the dungeon; shut him in from the fair earth and the open sky; wrench him from the delights of home; let him be loaded with years; let him be enfeebled by sickness; let him be wearied with confinement; let life hang by the finest thread that ever held a spirit from its God, the unwavering faith of a true man upholds him, and his hope remains undimmed, and his peace remains unbroken.

11. Call him from the dungeon to his doom, he goes rejoicing to the scaffold; he looks cheerfully on the ax; he faces death almost with gayety; he forgives his enemies; he pities his destroyers; he wishes good to all men; he gives a moment to silent prayer; he meekly lays his head upon the block;—then, there is the echo of a blow that sends a soul to heaven. This character is not imaginary; it is real, it is practicable. The original is Sir Thomas More, of England.

GILES.

XX.—PEACE OF MIND.

WRITE OUT the fifth, sixth, seventh and tenth stanzas, marking the inflections and the contrasted words.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
  Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
  That God or nature hath assign'd;
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave

Content I live,—this is my stay;
  I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
  Look what I lack, my mind supplies;
Lo! thus I triumph, like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye;—
To none of these I yield as thrall,
Because my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more;
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss;
I brook what is another's bane:
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clear, my chief defense;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offense;
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all do so, as well as I!

I take no joy in earthly bliss;
I weigh not Crœsus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I fear not Fortune's fatal law.
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;
I feign not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will;
I wait not at the mighty's gate;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court, nor cart, I like nor loathe;
Extremes are counted worst of all;
The golden mean betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall:
This is my choice, because I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

OLD ENGLISH POETRY.

XXI.—MRS. CAUDLE ON LATE HOURS.

BE IN EARNEST. Put yourself in Mrs. Caudle's place.

1. PERHAPS, Mr. Caudle, you'll tell me where this is to end. Though, goodness knows, I needn't ask *that*. The end is plain enough. Out, out, out! Every night, every night! Oh, dear! I only hope none of my girls will ever be the slave their poor mother is; they shan't if I can help it. What do you say? *Nothing?*

2. Well, I don't wonder at that, Mr. Caudle; you ought to be ashamed to speak; I don't wonder that you can't open your mouth. I'm only astonished that at such hours you have the confidence to knock at your own door. Though I'm your wife, I must say it, I do sometimes wonder at your impudence.

3. What do you say? *Nothing?* Ha! you are an aggravating creature, Caudle; sitting there like a mummy of a man, and never

so much as opening your lips to one. Just as if your own wife wasn't worth answering! Oh, no! elsewhere you can talk fast enough; here, there's no getting a word from you. A pretty way of treating your wife!

4. Out—out every night! What? *You haven't been out this week before?* That's nothing at all to do with it. You might just as well be out all the week as once, just! And I should like to know what could keep you out till these hours? *Business?* Oh, yes; I dare say! Pretty business, out of doors at one in the morning!

5. What? *I shall drive you mad?* Oh, no; you haven't feelings enough to go mad. You'd be a better man, Caudle, if you had. *Will I listen to you?* What's the use? Of course, you've some story to put me off with. You can all do that, and laugh at us afterwards.

6. No, Caudle, don't say that. I'm not always trying to find fault —not I. It's you. I never speak but when there's occasion; and what in my time I've put up with, there isn't anybody in the world knows. No, nor ever will.

7. *Will I hear your story?* Oh, you may tell it if you please; go on; only mind, I shan't believe a word of it. I'm not such a fool as that, I can tell you; no, not one word of it. There, now, don't begin to scold, but go on.

8. And that's your story, is it? That's your excuse for the hours you keep! That's your apology for undermining my health and ruining your family! What do you think your children will say of you when they grow up, going and throwing away your money upon good-for-nothing bar-room acquaintance?

9. *He's not a bar-room acquaintance?* Who is he, then? Come, you haven't told me that; but I know—it's that Prettyman. Yes, to be sure it is! Upon my life! Well, if I've hardly patience to live in the same house with you! I've wanted a silver teapot these five years, and you must go and throw away as much money as — What! *You haven't thrown it away?* Haven't you! Then my name's not Margaret, that's all I know.

10. A man gets arrested, and because he's taken from his wife and family and locked up, you must go and trouble your head with it! And you must be mixing yourself up with sheriff's officers, running from lawyer to lawyer to get bail, and settle the business, as you call it. A pretty settlement you'll make of it, mark my words! Yes;

and to mend the matter, to finish it quite, you must be one of the bail. That any man who isn't a born fool should do such a thing for another!

11. Do you think anybody would do as much for you? *Yes?* You say yes? Well, I only wish—just to show that I am right—I only wish you were in a condition to try them. I should only like to see you arrested. You'd find the difference—*that* you would.

12. What's other people's affairs to you? If you were locked up, depend upon it, there's not a soul would come near you. No; it's all very fine now, when people think there isn't a chance of your being in trouble; but I should only like to see what they'd say to you if *you* were in a watch-house. Yes, I should enjoy *that*, just to show you that I'm always right.

13. What do you say? *You think better of the world?* Ha! that would be all very well if you could afford it; but you're not in means, I know, to think so well of people as all that. And, of course, they only laugh at you. "Caudle is an easy fool," they cry—I know it as well as if I heard them—"Caudle's an easy fool; anybody may lead him." Yes; anybody but his own wife, and she, of course, is nobody.

14. And now, everybody that's arrested will of course send to you. Yes, Mr. Caudle, you'll have your hands full now, no doubt of it. You'll soon know every watch-house and every sheriff's officer in London. Your business will have to take care of itself; you'll have enough to do to run from lawyer to lawyer after the business of other people. Now, it's no use calling me a dear soul, not a bit! No; and I shan't put it off till to-morrow. It isn't often I speak, but I *will* speak now.

15. I wish that Prettyman had been at the bottom of the sea before— What? *It isn't Prettyman?* Ha! it's very well for you to say so, but I know it is; it's just like him. He looks like a man that's always in debt—that's always in a watch-house. Anybody might see it. I knew it from the very first time you brought him here, from the very night he put his dirty wet boots on my bright steel fender. Any woman could see what the fellow was in a minute. Prettyman! A pretty gentleman, truly, to be robbing your wife and family!

16. Why couldn't you let him stop in the watch— Now don't call upon Heaven in that way, and ask me to be quiet, for I won't

Why couldn't you let him stop there? He got himself in, he might have got himself out again. And you must keep me up, losing my sleep, my health, and, for what you care, my peace of mind. Ha! everybody but you can see how I'm breaking. A great deal you care for that or your poor children!

17. And then you must be bail—you must be bound—for Mr. Prettyman! You may say bound! Yes, you've your hands nicely tied, now. How he laughs at you—and serves you right, too! Why, in another week he'll be in the East Indies; of course he will! And you'll have to pay his debts; yes, your children may go in rags, so that Mr. Prettyman— What do you say? *It isn't Mr. Prettyman?* I know better.

18. Well, if it isn't Prettyman that's kept you out,—if it isn't Prettyman you're bail for,—who is it, then? I ask, who is it, then? What? *My brother? Brother Tom?* O, Caudle! dear Caudle——

It was too much for the poor soul; she sobbed as if her heart would break,—and Caudle left the room.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

XXII.—GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

To be read in a simple, easy, natural style.

O, WHAT'S the matter? what's the matter?
What is't that ails young Harry Gill?
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still!
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack—
Good duffle gray, and flannel fine;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
The neighbors tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

At night, at morning, and at noon,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

Young Harry was a lusty drover;
And who so stout of limb as he?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover;
His voice was like the voice of three.
Now, Goody Blake was old and poor;
Ill fed she was and thinly clad;
And any man who passed her door
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling;
And then her three hours' work at night,
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling;
It would not pay for candlelight.
Remote from sheltering village green,
On a hill's north side she dwelt,
Where from sea blasts the hawthorns lean,
And the white frosts are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage;
But she, poor woman! housed alone
'Twas well enough when summer came——
The long, warm, lightsome summer day;
Then at her door the canty dame
Would sit as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
O, then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, if you had met her,
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead;
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed,
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

O, joy for her, whene'er, in winter,
The winds at night had made a rout,
And scattered many a lusty splinter,
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could anything be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake,
And vowed that she should be detected,
And he on her would vengeance take.
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take,
And there at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand;
The moon was full, and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
He hears a noise—he's all awake—
Again!—on tiptoe down the hill
He softly creeps. 'Tis Goody Blake;
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her;
Stick after stick did Goody pull;
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.

When with her load she turned about,
The by-road back again to take,
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you, then, at last!"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God, that is the Judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
"God! who art never out of hearing,
O, may he never more be warm!"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill;
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow;
Alas that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding coat,
But not a whit the warmer he;
Another was on Thursday brought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,
And blankets were about him pinned;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away;
And all who see him say 'tis plain
That live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
. Abed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold."
Abed or up, by night or day,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

WORDSWORTH.

XXIII.—THE NATURE AND END OF EDUCATION

PRONOUNCE DISTINCTLY the final letters in, object, subjects, text, provident; the first syllable of arithmetic, ge-ography; the n in government; the o in history and memory.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, phenomena, imbecile, assimilate.

1. "THE improvement of education," says a writer, "will alone lead to its extension;" and we add, that a clearer comprehension of its nature will alone lead to its improvement. Changes may be multiplied, but they will very rarely be improvements, unless they proceed on a clear and definite understanding of the end to be attained. Means are wisely chosen only when they are precisely adapted to the object sought, and they are thus adapted only when that object stands out clearly and boldly before the mind. Let us, then, look at some of the prevailing misconceptions.

2. By many, education is regarded simply as the means of communicating to the young certain mechanical accomplishments, which, in the progress of society, have become essential to our comfort and success. Thus, in the opinion of one, a child is educated when he can read, write, and cipher. To these others would add certain higher scholastic attainments, more or less in number; and a third party hold no child to be educated, unless to what they term "school learning" is added some trade or employment by which he can make a living.

3. The great and all-important fact that a child has powers and sentiments which predestine him to advance forever in knowledge and virtue, but powers which will be stifled or perverted in their

very infancy without proper culture,—this fact is overlooked. It is not considered that he has an intellectual and a moral character to be formed, and that no character will ever reach the required excellence, unless wise principles are instilled, and good habits formed.

4. A child leaves school without having contracted either a desire for knowledge, or a love of good books. He knows as little of his own frame, of the laws of his intellectual and moral nature, of the constitution of the material world, and of the past history of his country and race, as if on these subjects books were silent; and yet he is said to be educated! What is still more important, he has been subjected to no early, constant, and efficient training of his disposition, manners, judgment, and habits of thought and conduct.

5. The sentiments held to be appropriate to the adult have not been imbibed with the milk of infancy, and iterated and reiterated through the whole of subsequent childhood and youth; the manners considered becoming in men and women have not been sedulously imparted in early years; nor have the habits regarded as conducive to individual advancement, social happiness, and national prosperity, been cultivated with the utmost diligence; and yet the child is said to be educated! He knows little, and yet he imagines that he knows all, or enough!

6. Akin to the error just noticed is another, which makes education consist in acquiring knowledge. That no education is complete or sufficient which leaves the subject of it in ignorance, is plain; and as there is a certain amount of knowledge, which seems absolutely needful to man's highest welfare, and is, moreover, within the reach of all, it should be considered as an indispensable part of the education of the whole people. Such, in addition to reading, writing, and arithmetic, and a proper knowledge of the Scriptures, is an acquaintance with the criminal laws of the government under which we live, with general geography and history, and to some extent with our own physical, intellectual, and moral constitution.

7. The grand error is, that that is called knowledge which is mere rote-learning and word-mongery. The child is said to be educated, because it can repeat the text of this one's Grammar, and of that one's Geography and History; because a great many facts, often without connection or dependence, have, for the time being, been deposited in its memory, though they have never been wrought at all

into the understanding, nor have awakened, in truth, one effort of the higher faculties.

8. The soil of the mind is left, by such culture, nearly as untouched, and as little likely, therefore, to yield back valuable fruit, as if these same facts had been committed to memory in an unknown tongue. It is as if the husbandman were to go forth and sow his seed by the wayside, or on the surface of a field which has been trodden down by the hoofs of innumerable horses, and then, when the cry of harvest home is heard about him, expect to reap as abundant returns as the most provident and industrious of his neighbors. He forgets that the same irreversible law holds in mental as in material husbandry—Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

9. The first duty of the teacher, whether he be a parent or hired instructor, is to enrich and turn up the soil of the mind, and thus quicken its productive energies. Awaken a child's faculties; give him worthy objects on which to exercise them; invest him with proper control over them, and let him once taste the pleasure of employing them in the acquisition of truth, and he will gain knowledge for himself. Yet it is worthy of remark, that this cannot be done, effectually and thoroughly, without imparting, at the same time, much knowledge

10. It is in the act of apprehending truth, of perceiving the evidence on which it rests, of tracing out its relations to and dependence on other truths, and then of applying it to the explanation of phenomena and events,—it is by such means that we excite, invigorate, and discipline the faculties. It has been much disputed whether it be the primary object of education to discipline and develop the powers of the soul, or to communicate knowledge. Were these two objects distinct and independent, it is not to be questioned that the first is unspeakably more important than the second. But, in truth, they are inseparable.

11. That training which best disciplines and unfolds the faculties will, at the same time, impart the greatest amount of real and effective knowledge; while, on the other hand, that which imparts thoroughly, and for permanent use and possession, the greatest amount of knowledge, will best develop, strengthen, and refine the powers. In proportion, however, as intellectual vigor and activity are more important than mere rote-learning, in the same proportion ought we to attach more value to an education which, though it only teaches a child to read, has, in doing so, taught him also to think, than we

should to one which, though it may have bestowed on him the husks and shells of half a dozen of the sciences, has never taught him to use with pleasure and effect his reflective faculties.

12. "At the first," says Erasmus, "it is no great matter *how much* you learn, but *how well* you learn it." He who can think, and loves to think, will become, if he has a few good books, a wise man. He who knows not how to think, or who hates the toil of doing it, will remain imbecile, though his mind be crowded with the contents of a library.

13. This is, at present, perhaps, the greatest fault in intellectual education. The new power, with which the scientific discoveries of the last three centuries have clothed civilized man, renders knowledge an object of unbounded respect and desire; while it is forgotten that that knowledge can be mastered and appropriated only by the vigorous exercise and application of all our intellectual faculties.

14. If the mind of a child, when learning, remains nearly passive,—merely receiving knowledge as a vessel receives water which is poured into it,—little good can be expected to accrue. It is as if food were introduced into the stomach which there is no power to digest or assimilate, and which will therefore be rejected from the system, or lie a useless and oppressive load upon its energies.

BISHOP POTTER.

XXIV.—SOLILOQUY OF THE OLD PHILOSOPHER.

WHAT WORDS ARE CONTRASTED in the second paragraph?
WITH WHAT INFLECTION should the last two sentences in the fourth and the fifth paragraphs terminate? THE RULE?

1. "ALAS!" exclaimed a silver-headed sage, "how narrow is the utmost extent of human knowledge! how circumscribed the sphere of intellectual exertion! I have spent my life in acquiring knowledge, but how little do I know! The farther I attempt to penetrate the secrets of nature, the more I am bewildered and benighted. Beyond a certain limit, all is but confusion and conjecture; so that the advantage of the learned over the ignorant consists greatly in having ascertained how little is to be known.

2. "It is true that I can measure the sun, and compute the dis-

tances of the planets; I can calculate their periodical movements, and even ascertain the laws by which they perform their sublime revolutions; but with regard to their construction, to the beings which inhabit them, of their condition and circumstances, whether natural or moral, what do I know more than the clown?

3. "Delighting to examine the economy of nature in our own world, I have analyzed the elements, and have given names to their component parts. And yet, should I not be as much at a loss to explain the burning of fire, or to account for the liquid quality of water, as the vulgar, who use and enjoy them without thought or examination?

4. "I remark that all bodies, unsupported, fall to the ground; and I am taught to account for this by the law of gravitation. But what have I gained here more than a term? Does it convey to my mind any idea of that mysterious and invisible chain which draws all things to a common centre? I observe the effect, I give a name to the cause; but can I explain or comprehend it?

5. "Pursuing the track of the naturalist, I have learned to distinguish the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and to divide these into their distinct tribes and families; but can I tell, after all this toil, whence a single blade of grass derives it vitality? Could the most minute researches enable me to discover the exquisite pencil that paints and fringes the flower of the field? Have I ever detected the secret that gives their brilliant dye to the ruby, and the emerald, or the art that emamels the delicate shell?

6. "I observe the sagacity of animals; I call it instinct, and speculate upon its various degrees of approximation to the reason of man. But, after all, I know as little of the cogitations of the brute as he does of mine. When I see a flight of birds overhead performing their evolutions, or steering their course to some distant settlement, their signals and cries are as unintelligible to me as are the learned languages to the unlettered mechanic. I understand as little of their policy and laws as they do of Blackstone's Commentaries.

7. "But, leaving the material creation, my thoughts have often ascended to loftier subjects, and indulged in metaphysical speculation. And here, while I easily perceive in myself the two distinct qualities of matter and mind, I am baffled in every attempt to comprehend their mutual dependence and mysterious connection. When my hand moves in obedience to my will, have I the most distant concep-

tion of the manner in which the volition is either communicated or understood? Thus, in the exercise of one of the most simple and ordinary actions, I am perplexed and confounded, if I attempt to account for it.

8. "Again: how many years of my life were devoted to the acquisition of those languages, by means of which I might explore the records of remote ages, and become familiar with the learning and literature of other times! And what have I gathered from these but the mortifying fact, that man has ever been struggling with his own impotence, and vainly endeavoring to overleap the bounds which limit his anxious inquiries?

9. "Alas! then, what have I gained, by my laborious researches, but a humbling conviction of my weakness and ignorance? Of how little has man, at his best estate, to boast! What folly in him to glory in his contracted powers or to value himself upon his imperfect acquisitions!

JANE TAYLOR.

XXV.—SOLILOQUY OF THE YOUNG LADY.

Read in a light and flippant style. Make free use of the rising inflection.

1. "WELL," exclaimed a young lady, just returned from school, "my education is at last finished. Indeed, it would be strange, if, after five years' hard application, any thing were left incomplete Happily, it is all over now; and I have nothing to do but to exercise my various accomplishments.

2. "Let me see. As to French, I am mistress of that, and speak it, if possible, with more fluency than English. Italian I can read with ease, and pronounce very well—as well, at least, as any of my friends, and even better; and that is all one need wish for in Italian. Music I have learned till I am perfectly sick of it. But now that we have a grand piano, it will be delightful to play, when we have company. I must still continue to practise a little—the only thing, I think, that I need now to improve myself in. And then there are my Italian songs! which every body allows that I sing with taste; and, as it is what so few people can pretend to, I am particularly glad that I can.

3. "My drawings are universally admired, especially the shells and flowers, which are beautiful, certainly. Besides this, I have a decided taste in all kinds of fancy ornaments.

4. "And then my dancing and waltzing—in which our master owned he could take me no farther. Just the figure for it, certainly; it would be unpardonable if I did not excel.

5. "As to *common* things—geography, and history, and poetry, and philosophy—thank my stars, I have got through them all; so that I may consider myself not only perfectly accomplished, but also thoroughly well informed.

6. "Well, to be sure, how much I have fagged through! The only wonder is, that one head can contain it all!"

JANE TAYLOR.

XXVI.—THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

WRITE OUT the lines containing words that should be read with emphasis, and mark the emphatic words. For slight stress (see Lesson VII.;) make dots under the word; for p r o l o n g e d s t r e s s, draw a line underneath; for STRONG EMPHASIS, two lines; for very STRONG EMPHASIS, three lines.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich, with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour:
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize—
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast:
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed:

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side:
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last, faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran:
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven,—
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.

XXVII.—EXERCISES IN ELOCUTION. 3.

RULE XI.---A parenthesis, or parenthetic clause, is read in a lower tone, and more rapidly than the rest of the sentence, and terminates, usually, with the rising inflection. The punctuation marks ( ) are often omitted; and the reader must be guided by the sense merely.

EXAMPLES.

1. If there's a power above us′,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works′,) he must delight in virtue.

2. Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest′,
(For Brutus is an honorable man—
So are they all, all honorable men′,)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

3. But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will;
Let but the commons hear his testament′,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read′,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds.

4. But, perhaps,
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe
Let such bethink them (if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still′)
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse.

5. No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose′)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

6. I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this distressed country') to destroy.

7. He looked around him, and, when he saw the smoke of the cottage rising up quietly and unbroken to heaven, he knew (for he had seen and blessed it) the quiet joy and unbroken contentment that slept below; and, when he saw it driven and dispersed by the winds, he knew also but too well (for too sorely had he felt them) those agitations and disturbances which had shook him till he wept on his chaff bed.

8. The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it',) here shines on me still the same.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase'.)
Awoke, one night, from a deep dream of peace,
And saw (within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,)
An angel, writing in a book of gold.

10. I have ventured,
(Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,)
These many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.

11. Yet, by your patience,
I will, a round, unvarnished tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceedings I am charged withal)
I won his daughter with.

XXVIII.—MY LORD TOMNODDY.

PRONOUNCE, vaunted, eccentric, borough, lieutenant, colonel, patronage.
READ THE PARENTHESES, as directed in Rule XI.

My Lord Tomnoddy's the son of an earl;
His hair is straight, but his whiskers curl;
His lordship's forehead is far from wide,
But there's plenty of room for the brains inside.
He writes his name with indifferent ease;
He is rather uncertain about the "d's;"
But what does it matter, if two, or one,
To the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son?

My Lord Tomnoddy to college went;
Much time he lost, much money he spent;
Rules, and windows, and heads he broke;
Authorities winked—young men will joke;
He never peeped inside of a book;
In two years' time a degree he took;
And the newspapers vaunted the honors won
By the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy must settle down;
There's a vacant seat in the family town;
(It's time he should sow his eccentric oats;)
He hasn't the wit to apply for votes;
He cannot e'en learn his election speech;
Three phrases he speaks—a mistake in each!
And then breaks down; but the borough is won
For the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy prefers the Guards,
(The House is a bore,) so it's on the cards!
My lord is a cornet at twenty-three,
A major at twenty-six is he—
He never drew sword, except on drill;
The tricks of parade he has learned but ill:
A lieutenant-colonel at thirty-one
Is the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy is thirty-four;
The earl can last but a few years more.
My lord in the peers will take his place;
Her majesty's councils his words will grace.
Office he'll hold, and patronage sway;
Fortunes and lives he will vote away;
And what are his qualifications? One—
He's the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

LONDON DIOGENES.

XXIX.—THE WORLD AND MEN OF THE WORLD.

PRONOUNCE, contemplate, errand, surrounded, luxury, foliage, monotonous, catalogue, tenement, sovereign, collision.

1. Go abroad into the streets of the populous city, contemplate the continuous outpouring there of human energy, and the countless varieties of human character. The ways are thronged, carriage-way and pavement; multitudes are hurrying to and fro, each on his own errand, or are loitering about from listlessness, or from want of work, or have come forth into the public concourse, to see and to be seen, for amusement or for display, or on the excuse of business.

2. The carriages of the wealthy mingle with the slow wains laden with provisions or merchandise, the productions of art or the demands of luxury. The streets are lined with shops, open and gay, inviting customers, and widen now and then into some spacious square or place, with lofty masses of brickwork or of stone, gleaming in the fitful sunbeam, and surrounded or fronted with what simulates a garden's foliage.

3 Follow them in another direction, and you find the whole groundstead covered with large buildings, planted thickly up and down the homes of the mechanical arts. The air is filled below with a ceaseless importunate, monotonous din, which penetrates even to your innermost chamber, and rings in your ears even when you are not conscious of it; and overhead, with a canopy of smoke, shrouding God's day from the realms of obstinate, sullen toil. This is the end of man!

4. Or stay at home, and take up one of those daily prints, which are so true a picture of the world; look down the columns of advertisements, and you will see the catalogue of pursuits, projects, aims, anxieties, amusements, indulgences which occupy the mind of man. He plays many parts: here he has goods to sell, there he wants employment; there again he seeks to borrow money, here he offers you houses, great seats, or small tenements; he has food for the million, and luxuries for the wealthy, and sovereign medicines for the credulous, and books, new and cheap, for the inquisitive.

5. Pass on to the news of the day, and you will learn what great men are doing at home and abroad; you will read of wars and rumors of wars; of debates in the Legislature; of rising men and old statesmen going off the scene; of political contests in this city or that county; of the collision of rival interests. You will read of the money market, and the provision market, and the markets for metals; of the state of trade, the call for manufactures, news of ships arrived in port, of accidents at sea, of exports and imports, of gains and losses, of frauds and their detection.

6. Go forward, and you arrive at discoveries in art and science, discoveries (so called) in religion, the court and royalty, the entertainments of the great, places of amusement, strange trials, offences, accidents, escapes, exploits, experiments, contests, ventures. O this curious, restless, clamorous, panting being, which we call life !—and is there to be no end to all this? Is there no object in it? It never has an end; it is its own object!

7. And now, once more, put aside what you see and what you read of the world, and try to penetrate into the hearts, and to reach the ideas and feelings of those who constitute it; look into them as closely as you can; enter into their houses and private rooms; strike at random through the streets and lanes; take as they come, palace and hovel, office or factory, and what will you find?

8. Listen to their words, witness, alas! their works; you will find in the main the same lawless thoughts, the same unrestrained desires, the same ungoverned passions, the same earthly opinions, the same wilful deeds, in high and low, learned and unlearned; you will find them all to be living for the sake of living; they one and all seem to tell you, "we are our own centre, our own end."

9. Why are they toiling? why are they scheming? for what are they living? "We live," they seem to say, "to please ourselves;

life is worthless except we have our own way; we are not *sent* here at all, but we find ourselves here, and we are but slaves unless we can think what we will, believe what we will, love what we will, hate what we will, do what we will. We detest interference on the part of God or man. We do not bargain to be rich or to be great; but we do bargain, whether rich or poor, high or low, to live for ourselves, to live for the lust of the moment, or according to the doctrine of the hour, thinking of the future and the unseen just as much or as little as we please."

DR. NEWMAN.

XXX.—WHAT IS GLORY?

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, bootless, leafless, (not *liss*) scar, epitaph, ghastly, frenzied, theme.

"WHAT is glory? What is fame?
The echo of a long-lost name;
A breath—an idle hour's brief talk,
The shadow of an arrant naught;
A flower that blossoms for a day,
Dying next morrow;
A stream that hurries on its way,
Singing of sorrow;
The last drop of a bootless shower,
Shed on a scar and leafless bower;
A rose stuck in a dead man's breast—
This is the world's fame, at the best!

"What is fame? and what is glory?
A dream—a jester's lying story,
To tickle fools withal, or be
A theme for second infancy;
A joke scrawled on an epitaph,
A grin at death's own ghastly laugh;
A visioning that tempts the eye,
But mocks the touch—nonentity;

A rainbow, substanceless as bright,
Flitting forever,
O'er hill-top to more distant height,
Nearing us never;
A bubble blown by fond conceit,
In very sooth itself to cheat;
The witch-fire of a frenzied brain,
A fortune that to lose were gain;
A word of praise, perchance of blame,
The wreck of a time-bandied name—
Ah! this is Glory! this is Fame!"

MOTHERWELL.

XXXI.—TAXES THE PRICE OF GLORY.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, inevitable, ermine, couchant, levant, apothecary, chancel.

1. JOHN BULL can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory—TAXES! Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth; on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride;—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay.

2. The school-boy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road;—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz-bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent, makes his

will on an eight-pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers —to be taxed no more.

SYDNEY SMITH.

XXXII.—THE SEMINOLE'S DEFIANCE.

WRITE OUT THIS LESSON, marking the different degrees of emphasis as in Lesson VIII.

BLAZE, with your serried columns! I will not bend the knee;
The shackle ne'er again shall bind the arm which now is free!
I've mailed it with the thunder, when the tempest muttered low;
And where it falls, ye well may dread the lightning of its blow.
I've scared you in the city; I've scalped you on the plain;
Go, count your chosen where they fell beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty; the pale-face I defy;
Revenge is stamped upon my spear, and "blood" my battle cry!

Some strike for hope of booty; some to defend their all:—
I battle for the joy I have to see the white man fall.
I love, among the wounded, to hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side, the music of his groan.
Ye've trailed me through the forest; ye've tracked me o'er the stream;
And struggling through the everglade your bristling bayonets gleam.
But I stand as should the warrior, with his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red, and warns you—"Come not here!"

Think ye to find my homestead?—I gave it to the fire.
My tawny household do ye seek?—I am a childless sire.
But, should ye crave life's nourishment, enough I have, and good;
I live on hate—'tis all my bread; yet light is not my food.

I loathe you with my bosom! I scorn you with mine eye!
And I'll taunt you with my latest breath, and fight you till I die!
I ne'er will ask for quarter, and I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter till I sink beneath the wave!

G. W. Patten.

XXXIII.—THE RIGHTEOUS NEVER FORSAKEN.

Pronounce distinctly the first syllable of, endeavoring, provided, surrounding, companion, despair, attracted, returned, completely, enjoyment, employment.

1. It was Saturday night, and the widow of the pine cottage sat by her blazing fagots with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring, by listening to the artlessness of their prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year, her own feeble hands had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter; she thought of no friend in all the wide, unfriendly world around.

2. But that mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways are above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now, too, midwinter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared amidst the bounding pines, and rocked her puny mansion.

3. The last herring smoked upon the coals before her; it was the only article of food she possessed; and no wonder her forlorn, desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the anxieties of a mother, when she looked upon her children; and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He whose promise is to the widow and to the orphan cannot forget His word.

4. Providence had many years before taken from her her eldest son, who went from his forest home to try his fortune on the high seas, since which she had heard no note or tidings of him; and in latter time, had, by the hand of death, deprived her of the companion and staff of her earthly pilgrimage, in the person of her hus-

band. Yet to this hour she had been upborne; she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost an opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

5. The indolent may well bear with poverty, while the ability to gain sustenance remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart not wrung. The most desolate in populous cities may hope; for Charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eyes on misery. But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her.

6. And such an one was the widow of the pine cottage; but as she bent over the fire, and took up the last scanty remnant of food, to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind—

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

7. The smoked herring was scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door, and the loud barking of a dog, attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveler, in tattered garments, and apparently indifferent health, entered and begged a lodging, and a mouthful of food. Said he, "It is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread." The widow's heart bled anew as under a fresh complication of distresses; for her sympathies lingered not around her fireside. She hesitated not even now; rest and a share of all she had she proffered to the stranger. "We shall not be forsaken," said she, "or suffer deeper for an act of charity."

8. The traveler drew near the board; but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes towards heaven with astonishmeent. "And is this *all* your store?" said he, "and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? Then never saw I *charity* before. But, madam," said he, continuing, "do you not wrong your children by giving a part of your last mouthful to a stranger?"

9. "Ah," said the poor widow,—and the tear drops gushed into

her eyes as she said it,—"I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless Heaven has taken him away, and I only act toward you as I would that others should act toward him. God, who sent manna from heaven, can provide for us as He did for Israel; and how should I this night offend Him, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and he should have provided for him a home, even poor as this—were I to turn you unrelieved away!"

10. The widow ended, and the stranger, springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms—"God indeed has provided your son a home, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress. My mother! O my mother!"

11. It was her long lost son returned to her bosom from the Indies. He had chosen that disguise that he might the more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy. That humble residence in the forest was exchanged for one comfortable, and indeed beautiful, in the valley, and the widow lived long with her dutiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty, and in the delightful employments of virtue, and at this day the passer-by is pointed to the willow that spreads its branches above her grave.

XXXIV.—CLARIBEL.

The day, with cold, gray feet, clung shivering to the hills,
While o'er the valley still night's rain-fringed curtains fell;
But waking Blue Eyes smiled, "'Tis ever as God wills;
He knoweth best; and be it rain or shine, 'tis well.
Praise God!" cried always little Claribel.

Then sank she on her knees, with eager lifted hands;
Her rosy lips made haste some dear request to tell:
"O Father, smile, and save this fairest of all lands,
And make her free, whatever hearts rebel.
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.

"And, Father,"—still arose another pleading prayer,—
"O, save my brother, in the rain of shot and shell,
Let not the death-bolt, with its horrid, streaming hair,
Dash light from those sweet eyes I love so well.

"But, Father, grant that when the glorious fight is done,
And up the crimson sky the shouts of Freedom swell,
Grant that there be no nobler victor 'neath the sun
Than he whose golden hair I love so well.
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.

When gray and dreary day shook hands with grayer night,
The heavy air was thrilled with clangor of a bell.
"O, shout!" the herald cried, his worn eyes brimmed with light;
"'Tis victory! O, what glorious news to tell!"
"Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.

"But, pray you, soldier, was my brother in the fight?
And in the fiery rain? O, fought he brave and well?"
"Dear child," the herald cried, "there was no braver sight
Than his young form, so grand 'mid shot and shell."
"Praise God!" cried trembling little Claribel.

"And rides he now with victor's plumes of red,
While trumpets' golden throats his coming steps foretell?"
The herald dropped a tear. "Dear child," he softly said,
"Thy brother evermore with conquerors shall dwell."
"Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.

"With victors wearing crowns, and bearing palms," he said.
A snow of sudden fear upon the rose lips fell.
"O, sweetest herald, say my brother lives," she plead.
"Dear child, he walks with angels, who in strength excell.
Praise God, who gave this glory, Claribel."

The cold, gray day died sobbing on the weary hills,
While bitter mourning on the night wind rose and fell,
"O, child,"—the herald wept,—"'tis as the dear Lord wills;
He knoweth best, and, be it life or death, 'tis well."
"Amen! Praise God!" sobbed little Claribel.

LYNDE PALMER

XXXV.—BOB CRATCHIT'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, emerged, incense, jostled, officious, rampant, prematurely, tremulous, ubiquitous, phenomenon, livid, ignited, bedight, surplus.

1. But soon the steeples called good people all, to church and chapel, and away they came, flocking through the streets in their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. And at the same time there emerged from scores of by-streets, lanes, and nameless turnings, innumerable people, carrying their dinners to the baker's shops.

2. The sight of these poor revelers appeared to interest the Spirit very much, for he stood with Scrooge beside him in a baker's doorway, and taking off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their dinners from his torch. And it was a very uncommon kind of torch, for once or twice when there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had jostled with each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and their good humor was restored directly. For they said it was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. And so it was! God love it, so it was!

3. And perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen shillings a week himself; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

4. Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribands, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribands; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day), into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks.

5. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in the luxurious thoughts of sage-and-onions, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid, to be let out and peeled.

6. "What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim; and Martha warn't as late last Christmas day, by half an hour!" "Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke. "Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

7. "Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her, with officious zeal. "We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!" "Well! Never mind, so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

8. "No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!" So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

9. "Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round. "Not coming!" said Mrs Cratchit. "Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas day!"

10. Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in a joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper!

11. "And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

12. "As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, *who* made lame beggars walk, and blind men see." Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

13. His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs, as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

14. Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course; and, in truth, it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner, at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped.

15. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried hurrah!

16. There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size

and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone on the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eye-brows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witness—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

17. Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose; a supposition at which the two young Crachits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

18. Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that? That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the pudding like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

19. Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for so large a family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

20. At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

21. These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as

golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed: "A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed. "God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

22. He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him. "Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest that he never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

23. "I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, the child will die." "No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh, no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."

24. "If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, none other of my race," returned the Ghost, "will find him here. What, then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population." Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.

25. "Man," said the Ghost, "if man you be in heart, not a lamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered what the surplus is, and where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be that in the sight of heaven you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child. Oh, God! to hear the insect on the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust!"

26. Scrooge bent before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own name. "Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you, Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!" "The Founder of the Feast, indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

27. "My dear," said Bob, "the children; Christmas Day." "It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!" "My dear," was Bob's mild answer.

"Christmas Day." "I'll drink his health for your sake, and the day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!—he'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt."

28. The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

29. After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five and sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed to-morrow morning for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday, she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord, some days before, and how the lord was much about as tall as Peter; at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and bye and bye they had a song, about a lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well, indeed.

30. There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being water-proof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sparklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

DICKENS.

XXXVI.—THE BAREFOOT BOY.

There is a tendency on the part of young readers to emphasize the first syllable in such a lesson as this, without regard to the sense. Prepositions and conjunctions should have no stress unless contrasted. In the first section the words, with, and, through, from, in, at the beginning of lines should not be accented.

NAME THE UNACCENTED WORDS at the beginning of lines, in the remainder of the lesson.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace!
From my heart I give thee joy:
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art—the grown up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye:
Outward sunshine, inward joy.
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh! for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools:
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the Tortoise bears his shell,
How the wood-chuck digs his cell,
And the ground mole sinks his well;

How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy.
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh! for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for!
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honey bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day and through the night
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew

Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh! for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy ribbed, the sunset bent:
Purple curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wine swung fold;
While, for music, came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man!
Live and laugh as boyhood can;
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison-cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou could'st know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

XXXVII.—OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

SPELL AND EXPLAIN, municipal, Orion (accent the second syllable), Herschel, errantry, seminary, adamantine.

READ the exclamations in the 5th and 6th paragraphs with the RISING INFLECTION.

1. OUR common schools are important in the same way as the common air, the common sunshine, the common rain—invaluable for their commonness. They are the corner-stone of that municipal organization which is the characteristic feature of our social system; they are the fountain of that wide-spread intelligence which, like a moral life, pervades the country.

2. From the humblest village school, there may go forth a teacher who, like Newton, shall bind his temples with the stars of Orion's belt; with Herschel, light up his cell with the beams of before undiscovered planets; with Franklin, grasp the lightning.

3. Columbus, fortified with a few sound geographical principles, was, on the deck of his crazy caravel, more truly the monarch of Castile and Aragon, than Ferdinand and Isabella, enthroned beneath the golden vaults of the conquered Alhambra.

4. And Robinson, with the simple training of a rural pastor in England, when he knelt on the shore of Delft Haven, and sent his little flock upon their Gospel errantry beyond the world of waters, exercised an influence over the destinies of the civilized world, which will last to the end of time.

5. Sir, it is a solemn, a tender and sacred duty, that of education. What, sir, feed a child's body, and let his soul hunger! pamper his limbs, and starve his faculties! Plant the earth, cover a thousand hills with your droves of cattle, pursue the fish to their hiding-places in the sea, and spread out your wheatfields across the plain, in order to supply the wants of that body which will soon be as cold and as senseless as the poorest clod, and let the pure spiritual essence within you, with all its glorious capacities for improvement, languish and pine!

6. What! build factories, turn in rivers upon the water-wheels, unchain the imprisoned spirits of steam, to weave a garment for the body, and let the soul remain unadorned and naked!

7. What! send out your vessels to the farthest ocean, and make battle with the monsters of the deep, in order to obtain the means of

lighting up your dwellings and work-shops, and prolonging the hours of labor for the meat that perisheth, and permit that vital spark, which God has kindled, which He has entrusted to our care, to be fanned into a bright and heavenly flame,—permit it, I say, to languish and go out!

8. What considerate man can enter a school, and not reflect with awe, that it is a seminary where immortal minds are training for eternity? What parent but is, at times, weighed down with the thought that *there* must be laid the foundations of a building which will stand, when not merely temple and palace, but the perpetual hills and adamantine rocks on which they rest, have melted away!—that a light may *there* be kindled, which will shine, not merely when every artificial beam is extinguished, but when the affrighted sun has fled away from the heavens!

XXXVIII.—AN UNCHARITABLE SPIRIT REBUKED.

What rules of Elocution can be illustrated from this lesson? Give the examples.

What are the contrasted words in the 6th paragraph?

1. And it came to pass, after these things′, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent′, about the going down of the sun. And behold, a man, bent with age′, came from the way of the wilderness′, leaning on a staff! And Abraham arose, and met him, and said unto him′, "Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night; and thou shalt arise early in the morning, and go on thy way." And the man said, "Nay`; for I will abide under this tree."

2. But Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent: and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God′, he said unto him′, "Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth′?"

3. And the man answered, and said′, "I do not worship thy God′, neither do I call upon His name′; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth always in my house′, and provideth me with all things."

4. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him′, and drove him forth, with blows, into the wilderness.

5. And God called unto Abraham, saying, "Abraham′, where is the stranger?" And Abraham answered, and said, "Lord, he would not worship Thee′, neither would he call upon Thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness."

6. And God said, "Have I borne with him these hundred and ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

XXXIX.—THE BLACKSMITH OF RAGENBACH.

Pronounce, snapped, rest, rushed, beast, grasp, find, end. Be careful to give the final consonants their full articulation.

1. In the principality of Hohenlohe, now a part of the kingdom of Wirtemberg, is a village called Ragenbach, where, about twenty years ago, the following event took place: One afternoon in early autumn, in the tavern-room of Ragenbach, several men and women, assembled from the village, sat at their ease.

2. The smith formed one of the merry company—he was a strong man, with resolute countenance and daring mien, but with such a good-natured smile on his lips that every one who saw him admired him. His arms were like bars of iron and his fist like a forge-hammer, so that few could equal him in strength of body.

3. The smith sat near the door chatting with one of his neighbors, when all at once the door opened, and a dog came staggering into the room, a great, powerful beast, with a frightful aspect; his head hanging down, his eyes bloodshot, his lead-colored tongue half way out of his mouth, and his tail dropped between his legs.

4. Thus the ferocious beast entered the room, out of which there was no escape but by one door. Scarcely had the smith's neighbor, who was the bath-keeper of the place, seen the animal, than he became deadly pale, sprang up and exclaimed, in a horrified voice, "Good heavens! the dog is mad!"

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5. Then rose a terrible outcry. The room was full of men and women, and the foaming beast stood before the only entrance: no one could leave without passing him. He snapped savagely right and left: no one could pass him without being bitten. This increased the fearful confusion. With horror depicted upon their countenances, all sprung up and shrunk from the dog. Who should deliver them from him?

6. The smith also stood among them, and, as he saw the anguish of the people, it flashed across his mind how many of his happy and contented neighbors would be made miserable by a mad dog, and he formed a resolution, the like of which is scarcely to be found in the history of the human race, for noble self-devotion.

7. "Back all!" thundered he, in a deep, strong voice. "Let no one stir, for none can vanquish the beast but me! One victim must fall, in order to save the rest; I will be that victim; I will hold the brute, and while I do so, make your escape." The smith had scarcely spoken these words when the dog started toward the shrieking people. But he went not far.

8. "With God's help," cried the smith, and he rushed upon the foaming beast, seized him with an iron grasp, and dashed him to the floor. A terrible struggle followed. The dog bit furiously on every side in a frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith, but he would not let him loose. Regardless alike of the excessive pain and the horrible death which must ensue, he held down with an iron grasp, the snapping, howling brute, till all had escaped.

9. He then flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall, and dripping with blood and venomous foam he left the room, locking the door after him. Some persons then shot the dog through the windows. Weeping and lamenting, the people surrounded him who had saved their lives, at the expense of his own.

10. "Be quiet, do not weep for me," he said, "one must die in order to save the others. Do not thank me—I have only performed my duty. When I am dead, think of me with love, and now pray for me, that God will not let me suffer long, nor too much. I will take care that no further mischief shall occur through me, for I must certainly become mad."

11. He went straight to his workshop and selected a strong chain, the heaviest and firmest from his whole stock; then, with his own

hands, welded it upon his limbs, and around the anvil firmly. "There," said he, "it is done," after having silently and solemnly completed the work. "Now you are secured, and I am inoffensive. So long as I live bring me my food. The rest I leave to God; into His hands I commend my spirit."

12. Nothing could save the brave smith, neither tears, lamentations nor prayers. Madness seized him, and after nine days he died. He died, but his memory will live from generation to generation, and will be venerated to the end of time. Search history through, and you will not find an action more glorious and sublime than the deed of this simple-minded man—the smith of Ragenbach.

XL.—THE LIFE-BOAT.

This piece requires rapid and energetic delivery, with a short, sharp, ringing pronunciation of the principal words.

Quick! man the life-boat! See yon bark
That drives before the blast!
There's a rock a-head, the night is dark,
And the storm comes thick and fast.
Can human power in such an hour,
Avert the doom that's o'er her?
Her mainmast's gone, but she still drives on
To the fatal reef before her.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Quick! man the life-boat! hark! the gun
Booms through the vapory air;
And see! the signal flags are on,
And speak the ship's despair.
That forked flash, that pealing crash,
Seemed from the wave to sweep her;
She's on the rock, with a terrible shock,
And the wail comes louder and deeper.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Quick! man the life-boat! See—the crew
  Gaze on their watery grave!
Already, some, a gallant few,
  Are battling with the wave!
And one there stands, and wrings his hands,
  As thoughts of home come o'er him;
For his wife and child, through the tempest wild,
  He sees on the hights before him.
    The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

Speed, speed, the life-boat! Off she goes!
  And, as they pulled the oar,
From shore and ship a cheer arose,
  That rang from ship to shore.
Life-saving ark! yon fated bark
  Has human lives within her;
And dearer than gold is the wealth untold,
  Thou'lt save, if thou canst win her.
    On, life-boat! Speed thee, life-boat!

Hurrah! the life-boat dashes on,
  Though darkly the reef may frown
The rock is there—the ship is gone
  Full twenty fathoms down.
But, cheered by hope, the seamen cope
  With the billows single-handed:
They are all in the boat!—hurra! they're afloat;
  And now they are safely landed
    By the life-boat! Cheer the life-boat!

XLI.—THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, objurgation, co-operator, casual, squalid, chaffers, aliment, coral, dalliance.

1. THE innocent prattle of his children takes out the sting of a man's poverty. But the children of the very poor do not prattle. It is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is no childishness in its dwellings. "Poor people," said a sensible

old nurse to us once, "do not bring up their children: they drag them up."

2. The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery, in their hovel, is transformed betimes into a premature, reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it; no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to soothe it, to toss it up and down, to humor it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it cries, it can only be beaten.

3. It has been prettily said that "a babe is fed with milk and praise." But the aliment of this poor babe was thin, unnourishing; the return to its little baby tricks, and efforts to engage attention, bitter, ceaseless objurgation. It never had a toy, or knew what a coral meant.

4. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses; it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing caress, the attracting novelty, the costlier plaything or the cheaper off-hand contrivance to divert the child, the prattled nonsense (best sense to it), the wise impertinences, the wholesome fictions, the apt story interposed, that puts a stop to present sufferings, and awakens the passions of young wonder.

5. It was never sung to; no one ever told it a tale of the nursery. It was dragged up, to live or to die as it happened. It had no young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of life. A child exists not for the very poor as an object of dalliance; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labor. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace; it never makes him young again, with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have no young times.

6. It makes the very heart to bleed to overhear the casual street-talk between a poor woman and her little girl, a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition rather above squalid beings which we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery books, of summer holidays (fitting that age), of the promised sight or play, of praised sufficiency at school.

7. It is of mangling and clear-starching, of the price of coals, or of potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very outpourings of curiosity in idleness, are marked with forecast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman—before it was a child. It has learned to go to market; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs; it is knowing, acute, sharpened; it never prattles. Had we not reason to say, that the home of the very poor is no home?

CHARLES LAMB.

XLII.—THE CHILDREN.

Beautiful the children's faces!
  Spite of all that mars and scars:
To my inmost heart appealing;
Calling forth love's tenderest feeling;
  Steeping all my soul with tears.

Eloquent the children's faces!
  Poverty's lean look, which saith,
Save us! save us! woe surrounds us;
Little knowledge sore confounds us;
  Life is but a lingering death!

Give us light amid our darkness;
  Let us know the good from ill;
Hate us not for all our blindness;
Love us, lead us, show us kindness—
  You can make us what you will.

We are willing; we are ready;
  We would learn if you would teach;
We have hearts that yearn towards duty;
We have minds alive to beauty;
  Souls that any heights can reach!

Raise us by your Christian knowledge;
  Consecrate to man our powers;
Let us take our proper station;
We, the rising generation,
  Let us stamp the age as ours.

We shall be what you will make us:—
  Make us wise, and make us good!
Make us strong for time of trial;
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
  Patience, kindness, fortitude!

Look into our childish faces;
  See you not our willing hearts?
Only love us—only lead us;
Only let us know you need us,
  And we all will do our parts.

We are thousands—many thousands;
  Every day our ranks increase;
Let us march beneath your banner,
We, the legion of true honor,
  Combating for love and peace!

Train us! try us! days slide onward,
  They can ne'er be ours again:
Save us, save! from our undoing!
Save from ignorance and ruin;
  Make us worthy to be MEN!

Send us to our weeping mothers,
  Angel-stamped in heart and brow!
We may be our father's teachers;
We may be the mightiest preachers,
  In the day that dawneth now!

Such the children's mute appealing:
  All my inmost soul was stirred,
And my heart was bowed with sadness
When a cry, like summer's gladness,
  Said, "The children's prayer is heard!"

MARY HOWITT.

XLIII.—DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, languid, decrepit, sexton, tranquil, profound.
CONTRAST THE STYLE of reading proper for this Lesson with that required in Lesson XL., "The Life Boat."

1. SHE was dead! No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from tears of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh

from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

2. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

3. She was dead! Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell, was dead! Her little bird—a poor, slight thing, the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever.

4. Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Her's was the true death before their weeping eyes. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born, imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

5. And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster, on the summer evening; before the furnace fire upon the cold, wet night; at the still bedside of the dying boy; there had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels, in their majesty, after death.

6. The old man held one languid arm in his, and the small hand tight folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

7. She was dead, and past all help, or needing it! The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour—the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday—will know her no more.

* * * * * *

8. She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after day-break. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but, as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep.

9. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams,

that they were of her journeyings with the old man: they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used them kindly; for she often said, "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music, which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

10. Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead at first.

* * * * * *

11. And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice—rang its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strengthened health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb.

12. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim, and senses failing; grandmothers who might have died ten years ago, and still been old; the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living, dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave. What was the death it would shut in, to that which still would crawl and creep above it!

13. Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it—whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven, in its mercy, had brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

14. They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

15. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath. Many a stifled sob was heard

Some—and they were not a few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

16. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the pavement-stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing, with her pensive face, upon the sky.

17. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet; and even to climb the tower-stair, with no more light than that of the moon-rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick old wall.

18. A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed. Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared, in time, of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

19. They saw the vault covered, and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall and arch, and most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

CHARLES DICKENS.

XLIV.—THE LAST SLEEP.

He watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro

So silently we seemed to speak,
  So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our prayers
  To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
  Our fears our hopes belied,
We thought her dying when she slept,
  And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
  And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
  Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

XLV.—THE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE CONQUEROR.

PRONOUNCE, shrieks, progress, recesses, ignorance, enthusiastic, bequeaths.

1. THERE is nothing which the adversaries of improvement are more wont to make themselves merry with than what is termed the "march of intellect," and here I will confess that I think, as far as the phrase goes, they are in the right. It is a very absurd, because a very incorrect expression. It is little calculated to describe the operation in question. It does not picture an image at all resembling the proceedings of the true friends of mankind. It much more resembles the progress of the enemy to all improvement. The conqueror moves in a march. He stalks onward with the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of war"—banners flying—shouts rending the air—guns thundering—and martial music pealing, to drown the shrieks of the wounded, and the lamentations for the slain.

2. Not thus the schoolmaster, in his peaceful vocation. He meditates and prepares in secret the plans which are to bless mankind; he slowly gathers round him those who are to further their execution—he quietly, though firmly, advances in his humble path, laboring steadily, but calmly, till he has opened to the light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots the weeds of vice. His is a

progress not to be compared with anything like a march; but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph, and to laurels more imperishable than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world, ever won.

3. Such men—men deserving the glorious title of Teachers of Mankind—I have found, laboring conscientiously, though, perhaps, obscurely, in their blessed vocation, wherever I have gone. I have found them, and shared their fellowship, among the daring, the ambitious, the ardent, the indomitably active French; I have found them among the persevering, resolute, industrious Swiss; I have found them among the laborious, the warm-hearted, the enthusiastic Germans; I have found them among the high-minded, but enslaved Italians; and in our own country, God be thanked, their number, everywhere abound, and are every day increasing.

4. Their calling is high and holy; their fame is the property of nations; their renown will fill the earth in after ages, in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times. Each one of those great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in peace, performs his appointed course; awaits in patience the fulfillment of the promises; and, resting from his labors, bequeaths his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble but not inglorious epitaph, commemorating "one in whom mankind lost a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy."

LORD BROUGHAM.

XLVI.—FAREWELL TO SCHOOL.

DO NOT PAUSE at the end of a line in poetry, unless the sense requires it. There should be a certain cadence and partial suspension of voice to mark the end of the line, but it should not amount to a distinct and decided pause, unless a pause is required by the meaning.

WRITE OUT this lesson as prose after the following model: (2nd stanza). And, when they are gone, I sit ° dreaming Of my childhood, too lovely to last—Of love ° that my heart will remember ° While it wakes ° to the pulse of the past, Ere the world and its wickedness ° made me A partner ° of sorrow and sin; When the glory of *God* ° was about me, And the glory of *gladness* ° within.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me
To bid me good-night and be kissed;

Oh the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace!
Oh the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And, when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last—
Of love that my heart will remember
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
E'er the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fount of my feelings will flow,
When I think of the paths, steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go—
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them—
Of the tempests of Fate, blowing wild:
Oh there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
Oh those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayers would bound back to myself:
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning for me.

I shall miss them at morn and even—
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

CHARLES DICKINSON.

SPELL AND EXPLAIN, congenial, subterranean, perforation, verger, monastic cloister, funereal, azure, effigies, obliterate, buttress, parsimony, doling.

1. ON one of those sober and rather melancholy days, in the latter part of Autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening

in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies of three of the early abbots; the epitaphs were entirely effaced; the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times.

5. I remained some little while, musing over these casual relics of antiquity, thus left like wrecks upon this distant shore of time, telling

no tale but that such beings had been, and had perished; teaching no r [illegible] hopes still to exact hom-
age [illegible] er, and
ever [illegible] nt will
ceas [illegible] these
grav [illegible] verbe-
ratii [illegible] rs.

6 [illegible] time
sou [illegible] which,
like [illegible] rsued
my [illegible] On
ent [illegible] n the
min [illegible] gaze
with [illegible] arches
sprin [illegible] lering
abou [illegible] th his
own [illegible] edifice
produ [illegible] y and
softly [illegible] f the
tomb; [illegible] atters
amon [illegible] have
interr [illegible]

7. [illegible] upon
the sc [illegible] e feel
that [illegible] nen of
past t [illegible] earth
with [illegible] vanity
of hu [illegible] jostled
in the [illegible] y nook,
a gloo [illegible] n alive,
kingd [illegible] ms, and
artifices, are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

SECTION 5.—Upon this ° I began to consider with myself′ what innumerable multitudes of people′ lay confused together′ under the pavement ° of that ancient Cathedral; how men′ and women‵, friends′ and enemies‵, priests′ and soldiers‵, monks‵ and prebendaries″, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together ° in one common mass‵; how beauty‵, strength‵, and youth′, with old age′, weakness‵ and deformity′, lay undistinguished ° in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

TO BE READ in slow time, and with prolonged inflections.

1 WHEN I am in a serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place, and the

use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable.

2. I, yesterday, passed the whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in these two circumstances that are common to all mankind.

3. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons, who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died.

4. Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave, and saw in every shovelful of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull, intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body.

5. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in one common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

6 I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but, for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can, therefore, take a view of Nature in her deep and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror.

7. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow.

8. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect, with sorrow and astonishment, on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

XLIX.—SAYINGS OF POOR RICHARD.

WRITE OUT the contrasted words in this lesson.
WHAT EMPHASIS do they require?

1. I HAVE heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchant's goods.

2. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, "Pray, *Father Abraham*, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?"

3. *Father Abraham* stood up, and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it to you in short, 'For a word to the wise is enough,' as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows: "Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us.

4. "We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the Government cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us—'God helps them who helps themselves,' as Poor Richard says.

5. "What signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands; or if I have, they are smartly taxed.'

6. "'He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor,' as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for 'At the working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.' Nor will the bailiff or the constable; for 'Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.' What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy. 'Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry.'

7. "If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country and your king. Handle your tools without mittens; remember that 'The cat in gloves catches no mice,' as Poor Richard says.

8. "So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone and die not worth a groat at last. 'A fat kitchen makes a lean will;' and

> 'Many estates are spent in the getting,
> Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
> And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.'

9. "'If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.'

10. "Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for 'What maintains one vice would bring up two children.'

11. "You may think, perhaps, that a diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be

no great matter; but remember, 'Many a little makes a mickle.' Beware of little expenses; 'A small leak will sink a great ship,' as Poor Richard says; and again, 'Who dainties love shall beggars prove;' and moreover, 'Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.'

12. "Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and nick-nacks. You call them *goods*, but if you do not take care they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may, far less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you.

13. "Remember what Poor Richard says, 'Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries;' and again, 'At a great pennyworth pause a while.' He means that the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, 'Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.' Again, 'It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance,' and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanac.

14. "Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have half-starved themselves and their families. 'Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,' as Poor Richard says. These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them?

15. "By these, and other extravagances, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised; but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly that 'A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,' as Poor Richard says.

16. "Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think 'It is day, and will never be night;' that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but 'Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom,' as Poor Richard says; and then, 'When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.'

17. "But this they might have known before if they had taken his advice:—If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for 'He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing,' as

Poor Richard says; and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick further advises, and says—

'Fond Pride of dress is sure a very curse;'
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.'

18. "And again, 'Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.' When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, 'It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.' And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

'Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.'

19. "It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, 'Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt;' 'Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.' And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune."

20. "What madness must it be to run in debt for superfluities? For only think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses; and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for 'The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt,' as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, 'Lying rides upon debt's back,' whereas a free-born man ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living.

21. "But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. 'It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.' What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical?

22. "And yet you put yourself under such tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in jail till you shall be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as poor Richard says, 'Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are great observers of set days and times.

23. "The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short: time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. 'Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter.'

24. "At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but—

'For age and want save while you may,'
No morning sun lasts a whole day.'

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and, 'It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,' as Poor Richard says; so rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

'Get what you can and what you get hold,
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.'

And when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

25. "This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much on your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things, for they may be all blasted without the blessing of Heaven; and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

26. "And now, to conclude, 'Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,' as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for, it is true, 'We may give advice but we cannot give conduct.' However, remember this, 'They that will not be counselled

cannot be helped;' and further, that 'If you will not hear Reason, she will rap your knuckles,' as Poor Richard says."

27. Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, for the auction opened and they began to buy extravagantly.

DR. FRANKLIN.

L.—LABOR.

Do not divide every line by a pause in the middle of it. This produces a monotonous and unpleasant sing-song. A bad reader will divide the last line thus: "Till from its nourishing | stem it is riven."

STUDY THE FIRST VERSE as marked, and write out the remainder, marking it in a similar way.

Give the rule for each inflection that you mark.

PAUSE not ° to dream of the future before us′;
Pause not ° to weep the wild cares ° that come o'er us′:
Hark! how Creation's ° deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting′, goes up into heaven!
Never ° the ocean-wave falters ° in flowing′;
Never ° the little seed stops ° in its growing′;
More and more richly ° the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till ° from its nourishing stem ° it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing.
Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower:
Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

"Labor is life!" 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth!
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

Labor is glory! the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest, from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from world-sirens that lead us to ill.
Work,—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work,—thou shalt ride o'er care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness,—a clod!
Work,—for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

LI.—A HERO.

ARTICULATE DISTINCTLY THE FINAL CONSONANTS in, transcends, moment, accident, friend, eminent, held, patient, flinch, mangled, slipped.

1. "THERE is an endearing tenderness," says Washington Irving, "in the love of a mother for her son, that transcends all other affections of the heart." We have just heard a touching illustration of the fact, that the love of a son for his mother may also transcend and swallow up all other affections, at a moment, too, when he might well be pardoned for remembering only his own great trials.

2. Some two years ago, a young man, belonging to Philadelphia, was returning by railroad to that city, from the town of Reading, Pennsylvania. By an accident which happened to the train as it was approaching town, and while he was standing upon the platform,

he was thrown off, and fell partly under the wheel of the succeeding car, and his right arm, "marrow, bones, and all," was crushed to a jelly, and dropped uselessly at his side.

3. This, however, was fortunately his only injury. He was a young man of determined nerve, and of the noblest spirit. He uttered no complaint—not even a groan. When the train arrived at the depot, a carriage was immediately called, when, attended by his friend, he said to the coachman, "Drive at once to Dr. M——'s, in Walnut street."

4. "Hadn't you better go immediately home?" asked his friend "No," said he, "I don't want them to know anything about me, until it is all over."

5. "Our hero," for he *was* a hero, was deaf to all the counter-remonstrances of his friend, and they drove rapidly to the house of the eminent surgeon alluded to. They were shown into the parlor, and the doctor was summoned. After an examination, "Well, my dear fellow," said the surgeon, for he was well acquainted with his patient, "you know, I suppose, what must be done?"

6. "I do," he replied, "and it is for the purpose of *having* it done that I am here." "My surgical-table," said the doctor, "is below." "Can it not be done *without* that?" asked the sufferer. "I cannot be tied—I cannot be held. Amputate my arm *here*, doctor," he continued, holding out his dangling limb over the back of the sofa "Do it *here*, doctor; I shall not flinch; I shall not interfere with your operations."

7. The limb was bared; two attendants, medical students in the house, were summoned: the arm was taken off above the elbow. while the patient sat as he had requested, uttering no groan, nor speaking a single word, while the operation was being performed.

8. The dressings were applied; and, attended by his friend, the patient had reached the door, on his way to his own house, which was very near by, when he turned round to the surgeon and said, "Doctor, I should like to look at my arm once more; pray, let me see it."

9. The surgeon raised the mangled limb; the patient glanced at the bloodless hand and said, "Doctor, there is *a ring* upon the middle finger of that hand; won't you take it off for me? My MOTHER gave me that ring when she was on her death-bed I can part with my arm, but while I live, I can't part with that ring."

10. The ring was slipped from the cold white finger. "Put it on *that* finger," said he, holding out the same finger on his left hand. As he was leaving the door, with his attendant, to enter the carriage, he said, "*How* shall I break this thing to my poor sister?" Is not this a true "hero," reader?

KNICKERBOCKER

LII.—THE GENTLEMAN.

SOUND the t, in gentleman. DO NOT SAY, gen'leman. SOUND the u, in accurate, occupied, scrupulous, arguments, insinuates, educated.
SPELL AND EXPLAIN, initiative, parallel, intellect, disciple.

1. IT is almost a definition of a gentleman, to say he is one who never inflicts pain This description is both refined, and, as far as it goes, accurate; for certainly he may be represented as one who, while he abounds in services and civilities to others, aims (so to say) at others obtaining without his giving, at offering without obtruding, and at being felt without being seen.

2. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself.

3. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature: like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them.

4. The true gentleman in like manner, carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at his ease and at home.

5. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate: he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring.

6. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out.

7. From a long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insult; he is too busy to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable; to bereavement, because it is irreparable; and to death, because it is his destiny.

8. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, though less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it.

9. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents; he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits.

10. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent; he honors the ministers of religion, and he is contented with declining its mysteries, without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling which is the attendant on civilization.

11. Not that he may not hold a religion too, in his own way, even when he is not a Christian. In that case his religion is one of imagination and sentiment; it is the embodiment of those ideas of the sublime, majestic, and beautiful, without which there can be no large

philosophy. Sometimes he acknowledges the being of a God, sometimes he invests an unknown principle or quality with the attributes of perfection.

12. And this deduction of his reason, or creation of his fancy, he makes the occasion of such excellent thoughts, and the starting point of so varied and systematic a teaching, that he even seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very accuracy and steadiness of his logical powers, he is able to see what sentiments are consistent in those who hold any religious doctrine at all, and he appears to others to feel and to hold a whole circle of theological truths, which exist in his mind no otherwise than as a number of deductions.

DR. NEWMAN.

LIII.—THE NATURAL POSSESSIONS OF MAN.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, chamois, glacier, quay, chasms, epicure, veneer, horizon, couched, cataract, practised.

1. WHAT are the powers of the human being? I speak of those powers only which are the objects of education. There are some which work of themselves for the preservation of life, and with which we have nothing to do but to let them work freely. The heart beats, the stomach digests, the lungs play, the skin transpires, without any care of ours, and we have only to avoid hindering any of these actions.

2. Next, man has four limbs. Of these, two have to be trained to move him from place to place in a great variety of ways. There are many degrees of agility between the bow-legged cripple, set too early upon his feet, and the chamois hunter of the Alps, who leaps the icy chasms of the glacier, and springs from point to point of the rock. The two seem hardly to be of the same race; yet education has made each of them what he is.

3. The two other limbs depend upon training for much of their strength and use. Look at the pale student, who lives shut up in his study, never having been trained to use his arms and hands, but for dressing and feeding himself, turning over books, and guiding the pen. Look at his spindles of arms and his thin fingers, and compare them with the brawny limbs of the blacksmith, or the hands of the quay porter, whose grasp is like that of a piece of strong machinery. Compare the feeble and awkward touch of the bookworm.

who can hardly button his waistcoat, or carry his cup of tea to his mouth, with the power that the modeller, the ivory carver, and the watch-maker have over their fingers. It is education which has made the difference between these.

4. Man has five senses. Though much is done by the incidents of daily life to exercise all the five, still a vast difference ensues upon varieties of training. A fireman in London, and an Indian in the prairie, can smell smoke when nobody else is aware of it. An epicure can taste a cork in wine, or spice in a stew, to the dismay of the butler, and the delight of the cook, when every one else is insensible. One person can feel by the skin whether the wind is east or west before he gets out of bed in the morning; while another has to hold up a handkerchief in the open air, or look at the weather-cock, before he can answer the question—"How's the wind?"

5. As for the two nobler senses, there are great constitutional differences among men. Some are naturally short sighted, and some dull of hearing; but the differences caused by training are more frequent and striking. If, of two boys born with equally good eyes and ears, one is very early put, all alone, to keep sheep on a hillside, where he never speaks or is spoken to, and comes home only to sleep, and the other works with his father at joiner's work, or in sea-fishing, or at a water-mill, they will, at manhood, hardly appear to belong to the same race. While the one can tell veneer from mahogany in passing a shop-window, the other cannot see any difference between one stranger's face and another's.

6. While the sleepy clown cannot distinguish sea from land half a mile off, the fisherman can see the grayest sail of the smallest sloop among the billows on the horizon. While the shepherd does not hear himself called till the shout is in his ear, the miller tells by the fireside, by the run of the water, whether the stream is deepening or threatening to go dry. Of course, the quickness or slowness of the mind has much to do with these differences of eye and ear; but besides that, the eye and ear differ according to training.

7. The miller, with his mind and ear all awake, would hear, with all his efforts, only four or five birds' notes in a wood, where a naturalist would hear twenty; and the fisherman might declare the wide air to be vacant, when a mountain sportsman would see an eagle, like a minute speck, indicating by its mode of flight where the game lay below.

8. Man has a capacity for pleasure and pain. This is an all-important part of his nature, of which we can give no account, because it is incomprehensible. How he feels pleasure and pain, and why one sensation or thought delights him, and another makes him miserable, nobody ever knew yet, or perhaps ever will know. It is enough for us that the fact is so. Of all the solemn considerations involved in the great work of education, none is so awful as this—the right exercise and training of the sense of pleasure and pain.

9. The man who feels most pleasure in putting brandy into his stomach, or in any other way gratifying his nerves of sensation, is a mere beast. One whose chief pleasure is in the exercise of the limbs, and who plays without any exercise of the mind, is a more harmless sort of animal, like the lamb in the field, or the swallow skimming over meadow or pool. He whose delight is to represent nature by painting, or to build edifices by some beautiful idea, or to echo feelings in music, is of an immeasurably higher order.

10. Higher still is he who is charmed by thought above everything —whose understanding gives him more satisfaction than any other power he has. Higher still is he who is never so happy as when he is making other people happy—when he is relieving pain, and giving pleasure to two, or three, or more people about him. Higher yet is he whose chief joy it is to labor at great and eternal thoughts, in which lies bound up the happiness of a whole nation and perhaps a whole world, at a future time when he will be mouldering in his grave.

11. Any man who is capable of this joy, and at the same time of spreading comfort and pleasure among the few who live round about him, is the noblest human being we can conceive of. He is also the happiest. It is true that his capacity for pain is exercised and enlarged, as well as his power of feeling pleasure. But what pains such a man is the vice, and folly, and misery of his fellow-men; and he knows that these must melt away hereafter in the light of the great ideas which he perceives to be in store for them: while his pleasure being in the faith of a better future, is as vivid and as sure as great thoughts are clear and eternal.

12. Before man can feel pleasure or pain from outward objects or from thoughts, he must perceive them. To a new-born infant, or a blind person enabled to see for the first time, objects before the eyes can hardly be said to exist. The blue sky and a green tree beside a

white house are not seen but as a blotch of colors which touches the eye. This is the account given by persons couched for cataract, who have never before seen a ray of light. They see as if they saw not. But the power is in them. By degrees they receive the images, and perceive the objects.

13. A child learns to receive sounds separately; then to perceive one voice among others; then to distinguish one tone from another—the voice of soothing from that of playfulness—the tone of warning from that of approbation; then it receives thoughts through the sounds; and so on, till the power is exercised to the fullest extent that we know of—when distinct ideas are admitted from the minutest appearances or leadings—strange bodies detected in the heavens, and fresh truths in the loftiest regions of human speculations.

14. It depends much on training whether objects and thoughts remain for life indistinct and confused before the perceptive power, as before infant vision, or whether all is clear and vivid as before a keen and practised eye.

LIV.—THE NATURAL POSSESSIONS OF MAN-(Continued.)

Sound the o in memory (not mem'ry); the second u in voluptuary, the first u in stimulus, individual, occupied.

1. We know not how memory acts, any more than we understand how we feel pleasure and pain. But we all know how the power of recalling images, words, thoughts, and feelings, depends on exercise. A person whose power of memory has been neglected has little use of his past life. The time, and people, and events that have passed by have left him little better than they found him; while every day, every person, and every incident deposits some wealth of knowledge with him whose memory can receive and retain his experience.

2. Then there are other powers which will be enough merely to mention here, as we shall have to consider them more fully hereafter. Man has the power, after perceiving objects and thoughts, to compare them, and see when they differ and agree; to penetrate their nature, and understand their purpose and action. It is thus that he obtains a knowledge of creation, and the curious powers, whether hidden or open to view, which are forever at work in it.

3. He can reason from what he knows to what he has reason to suppose, and put his idea to the proof. He can imitate what he sees, and also the idea in his mind, and hence comes invention, and that wise kind of guess into what is possible which leads to great discovery—discovery sometimes of a vast continent, sometimes of a vast agency in nature for men's uses, sometimes of a vast truth which may prove a greater acquisition to men's souls than a new hemisphere for their habitation.

4. Man has also a wonderful power of conceiving of things about which he cannot reason. We do not know how it is, but the more we dwell on what is beautiful and striking, what is true before our eyes and impressive to our minds, the more able we become to conceive of things more beautiful, striking, and noble, which have never existed, but might well be true.

5. None of our powers require more earnest and careful exercise than this grand one of the Imagination. Those in whom it is suppressed can never be capable of heroic acts, of lofty wisdom, of the purest happiness. Those in whom it is neglected may exercise the little power they have in a fruitless direction, probably aggravating their own faults, and certainly wasting the power on ideas too low for it, as the voluptuary who dreams of selfish pleasure, or the despot, grand or petty, who makes visions of unchecked tyranny.

6. Then, the emotions of men are so many powers, to be recognized and trained. Of the power of Hope, there is no need to speak, for all see what it is as a stimulus, both in particular acts, and through the whole course of a life. Fear is hardly less important, though it is intended to die out, or rather to pass into other and higher kinds of feeling. A child who has never known a sensation of fear (if there be such an one) can never be a man of a high order. He must either be coarsely made in body, or unable to conceive of anything but what is familiar to him.

7. A child whose heart beats at shadows and the fitful sounds of the invisible wind, and who hides his face on his mother's bosom when the stars seem to be looking at him as they roll, is no philosopher at present; but he is likely to grow into one if this fear is duly trained into awe, humility, thoughtfulness, till, united with knowledge, it becomes contemplation, and grows into that glorious courage which searches all through creation for ultimate truth.

8. Out of Fear, too, grows our power of Pity. Without fear

of pain we could not enter into the pain of others. Fear must be lost in reverence and love; but reverence and love could never be so powerful as they ought to be, if they were not first vivified by the power of Fear.

9. What the power of Love is, in all its forms, there is no need to declare to any one who has an eye and a heart. In the form of Pity, how it led Howard to spend his life in loathsome prisons, crowded with yet more loathsome guilt! In other forms, how it sustains the unwearied mother watching through long nights over her wailing infant! How it makes of a father, rough perhaps to all other, a holy and tender guardian of his pure daughters, and how it makes ministering angels of them to him in turn!

10. How we see it, everywhere in the world, making the feeble and otherwise scantily endowed strong in self-denial, cheerful to endure, fearless to die! A mighty power surely is that which, breathing from the soul of an individual man, can "conquer Death and triumph over time."

11. Then there is in man a force by which he can win and conquer his way through all opposition of circumstance, and the same force in others. This power of Will is the greatest force on earth—the most important to the individual, and the most influential over the whole race. A strong Will turned to evil lets hell loose upon the world. A strong Will wholly occupied with good might do more than we can tell to bring down Heaven into the midst of us.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

LV.—LADY CLARE.

THE CHANGE OF SPEAKERS should be denoted by a change of voice. There should be heard three separate voices; that of the narrator (in the narrative portions); that of Lady Clare, and that of Alice, the nurse, in the dialogue.

NOTE.—The article a in reading has the short sound of a in fat, and not the long sound of a in fate.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long-betroth'd were they:
They two shall wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare;
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, now child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie:
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so: but I will know,
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse;
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so;
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown—
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of all the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He—laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next of blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be—Lady Clare."

Alfred Tennyson.

LVI.—AFTER DARK.

Find out the words that have a double meaning, and make them slightly emphatic.

1. It was near the stroke of midnight when the clock opened the subject thus: "Ah, me! I feel, to-night, as if I was going to have one of my ill turns; my constitution was always delicate. Now, it may sound spleeny, but, upon the honor of a clock, I'm sure to run down every eight days; and, indeed, all our family are inclined that way; it's hereditary, you see."

2. "Take anything?" queried the secretary. "*Qui*-nine, *to* be sure! I'd give something to be as stout as you are; you must have a constitution of iron." "Walnut, if you please." "A mighty hard nut to crack, I fancy."

3. "Well, I don't know; every one has a weak point. I have so much on my shelves, so many valuables in charge, so many secrets to preserve, that I don't dare say my pigeon-holes are my own; I'm in such mortal dread of burglars, it keeps me on the lookout constantly. But it's the price one must pay for filling a responsible position."

4 "Speaking of responsibility," continued the clock, "it seems to me that I have about as much of that as anybody; it's just as much as my two hands can do to keep up to the mark; and then—I don't mind the family—but it is awkward to have callers stare one out of countenance, and doubt one's word. Then, if any one loses the train, I'm to blame; or if the roast is overdone, it's my fault; or if the baby wakes up, it's because I mentioned the hour out loud. Indeed, there's no pleasing some people."

5. "Dear me," muttered the carpet, "you would'nt notice such trifles, if you knew what *I* have to undergo. Every one looks down on me; all the world tramples me under foot. I sometimes fear that I shall be worn to a shadow."

6. "Yes, but you have a holiday now and then. I've often envied you when I've seen you pack up and drive into the country."

7. "Pshaw! Now I don't mind telling you all, in private, that they send me to the calaboose, and have me regularly beaten at such times. Yes, and then they complain that I grow thin, as if one *would'nt* grow thin living in a tread-mill."

8. "That's a very queer tune," said the piano-forte; "it reminds me of 'Buy a Broom.'" "Don't suggest it," interrupted the carpet, hastily; "I'm acquainted with new brooms to my cost." "O, dear! I'm sorry I mentioned it; if it were'nt for fear of disturbing the household, you should hear me put your affairs into harmony."

9. "Nonsense!" said the clock; "that's only one of your crotchets." "Very true. Did you ever study music?" "I understand time perfectly." "It may be a very fine thing to make so much noise that one can't hear one's self stitch," cried the sewing-machine; "but it appears to me much finer to be able to hem without hands and sew without eyes."

10 "I never could do it in the world!" exclaimed a pair of spectacles near. "Of course not; very few could. The only drawback about the business is, that while I'm doing my very best, some one *will* persist in treading on my toe; and do you know, though it

gives me a stitch in my side, I positively hav'nt the face to cry out!" "Leave that to me," yawned the bellows.

11. "Ah!" groaned the sofa; "there are other woes than yours in the world. I myself have had hair-breadth escapes." "Horse-hair," laughed the machine in derision. "But I prefer to keep them confined within my own breast," continued the sofa; "and I leave it to the piano-forte, if the springs of action in many of us have not something in common."

12. "Very likely; only I've not had time to reflect upon the theme. Indeed, I feel quite unstrung, to-day; some one heedlessly left the window open last evening, and the night air played upon me with such effect, that every chord in my body is out of tune. I am aware that it sounds ill to complain; but I never note minor trials, unless they reach beyond the pitch of endurance."

13. "You have a great deal of fortitude," quoth a high chair in the corner; "but here I've been waiting full twenty-five years for a little rosy fellow, who used to climb into my arms and eat his supper. How we loved each other then! But he never comes now—*never!* I wonder what has befallen him. I've sometimes half a mind to ask that young man with the mustache, who sits here at night reading before the fire; but he never looks my way. Still, it is very hard to be always waiting."

14. "I don't think you have much to complain of, if that's all," whistled the stove; "my highest ambition, for these two years, has been to smoke; but whenever I attempt it, they threaten to send me to the junkman, till I'm scared into good behavior. But I won't quite give up. I *do* think I'm old enough to smoke, if ever I'm going to be."

15. "It's amazing!" began the mirror, "the attention I receive; it must be because I'm such a thinker; that is, I reflect a great deal, you know." "I won't contest the point," said the candle; "but every one acknowledges that I throw light on a subject." "Yes," replied the mirror, "but you exhaust yourself with the effort."

16. All this time a pretty Japanese tea-poy had stood near in silence. "She doesn't understand English," said the clock. "Nor anything else useful," put in the sewing-machine. "She's a little dear," persisted the clock. "I agree with you," rejoined the secretary. "She cost me a good gold guinea." "You misunderstand me; my heart goes pit-a-pat whenever I think of her."

17. "Ah," sighed the piano, "you have my cordial sympathy, at least. I had a love-passage, myself, once; I—I loved Yankee doodle, but something dreadful happened; I don't quite like to speak of it." "Confide in me," said the secretary, jealous of every secret.

18. "He was murdered one day," continued the piano, sadly. "When? How? Where?" exclaimed all. "On the rack!" "Dreadful!" cried the scissors; "I'm steeled against such misfortunes."

19. "Speaking of that sort of thing," said the stove, "I've done a good deal of sparking myself, in my day. I've had more flames than a few, I assure you; but, alas! I have met a damper with each success. It is indeed discouraging to be put out at every turn."

20. Down under the rug there was an old silver sixpence, battered and drilled. "How you all chatter!" he grumbled; "I'm bored within an inch of my life; for a person of my sense and experience to be brought to such a pass is a little trying. If I were the bellows, I would blow you up sky-high; but all I can do is to counterfeit indifference. Well, well, I was bullion once; I suppose I'm nothing but brummagem to-day; how one *does* change!"

21. Just then the tendrils of a hanging plant trembled somewhat, as if longing for utterance. "The Wandering Jew!" signified the clock; "he used to have the round globe for his parade ground; now can he possibly content himself rooted to a handful of earth? As for me——" But the clock had run down.

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LVII.—THE REJECTED.

EXCLAMATIONS SHOULD BE READ with the rising inflection, when they are equivalent to questions asked by a verb.

What words are contrasted in the 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th stanzas. WHAT KIND OF EMPHASIS do these words require?

NOT have me! Not love me! Oh, what have I said?
Sure never was lover so strangely misled.
Rejected! and just when I hoped to be blessed!
You can't be in earnest! It must be a jest.

Remember—remember how often I've knelt,
Explicitly telling you all that I felt,
And talked about poison in accents so wild,
So very like torture, you started—and smiled.

Not have me! Not love me! Oh, what have I done!
All natural nourishment did I not shun?
My figure is wasted; my spirits are lost;
And my eyes are deep sunk, like the eyes of a ghost.

Remember—Remember, aye, madam, you must—
I once was exceedingly stout and robust;
I rode by your palfrey, I came at your call,
And nightly went with you to banquet and ball.

Not have me! Not love me! Rejected! Refused!
Sure never was lover so strangely ill used!
Consider my presents—I don't mean to boast—
But, madam, consider the money they cost!

Remember you've worn them! and just can it be
To take all my trinkets, and not to take me?
Nay, don't throw them at me!—You'll break—do not start—
I don't mean my gifts—but you *will* break my heart!

Not have me! Not love me! Not go to the church!
Sure never was lover so left in the lurch!
My brain is distracted, my feelings are hurt;
Oh, madam, don't tempt me to call you a flirt.

Remember my letters; my passion they told;
Yes, all sorts of letters, save letters of gold;
The amount of my notes, too—the notes that I penn'd,
Not banks notes—no, truly, I had none to send!

Not have me! Not love me! And is it, then, true,
That opulent Age is the lover for you?
'Gainst rivalry's bloom I would strive—'tis too much
To yield to the terrors of rivalry's crutch.

Remember—remember I might call him out;
But, madam, you are not worth fighting about;
My sword shall be stainless in blade and in hilt;
I thought you a jewel —I find you a jilt.

T. H. Bayley

LVIII.—ON THE INCREASED LOVE OF LIFE WITH AGE.

WRITE OUT THREE PARAGRAPHS, marking the different degrees of emphasis, as in Lessons VII. and XXVI.

1. AGE, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigor of youth we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind, and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

2. Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity, and sensation assures me that those I have felt are stronger than those to come.

3. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardor to continue the game.

4. Whence, then, is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil?

5. Life would be insupportable to an old man who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigor of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial, and life acquires an imaginary value in proportion as its real value is no more.

6. Our attachment to every object around us increases in general from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not choose,"

says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance.

7. From hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages, not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

8. Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows:

9. "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted with my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress.

10. "As yet dazzled with the splendor of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations are all dead, and I am forgotten.

11. "Permit me, then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace. I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy unless I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed—in that prison from which you were pleased to release me."

12. The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and imbitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet for all this it is but little regarded.

13. To us who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has

no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

LIX.—MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glow'd the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing fill'd her breast,—

A wish that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid:

And ask'd a draught from the spring that flow'd
Through the meadow across the road.

She stoop'd where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tatter'd gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaff'd."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talk'd of the haying, and wonder'd whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listen'd, while a pleased surprise
Look'd from her long-lash'd hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller look'd and sigh'd; "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry, and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge look'd back as he climb'd the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he humm'd in court an old lone-tune

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watch'd a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Look'd out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He long'd for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnish'd rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sigh'd, with a secret pain,
"Ah! that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearn'd and poor,
And many children play'd round her door.

But care, and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretch'd away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turn'd,
The tallow candle an astral burn'd

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both, and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

LX.—RICHARD DOUBLEDICK'S STORY.

Pronounce, Exmouth (Exmuth); regiment, cavalry, betrothed, dissipated, narrowed, terrace, acquiescence, guineas, extolled, Buonaparte.

1. In the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, a relative of mine came limping down on foot, to this town of Chatham. I call it this town, because if anybody present knows to a nicety

where Rochester ends and Chatham begins, it is more than I do. He was a poor traveler, with not a farthing in his pocket. He sat by the fire in this very room, and he slept one night in a bed that will be occupied to-night by some one here.

2. My relative came down to Chatham, to enlist in a cavalry regiment, if a cavalry regiment would have him; if not, to take King George's shilling from any corporal or sergeant who would put a bunch of ribbons in his hat. His object was, to get shot; but, he thought he might as well ride to death as be at the trouble of walking.

3. My relative's Christian name was Richard, but he was better known as Dick. He dropped his own surname on the road down, and took up that of Doubledick. He was passed as Richard Doubledick; age, twenty-two; height, five feet ten; native place, Exmouth; which he had never been near in his life. There was no cavalry in Chatham when he limped over the bridge here with half a shoe to his dusty foot, so he enlisted into a regiment of the line, and was glad to get drunk and forget all about it.

4. You are to know that this relative of mine had gone wrong and run wild. His heart was in the right place, but it was sealed up. He had been betrothed to a good and beautiful girl whom he had loved better than she—or perhaps even he—believed; but, in an evil hour, he had given her cause to say to him, solemnly, "Richard, I will never marry any other man. I will live single for your sake, but Mary Marshall's lips"—her name was Mary Marshall—"never address another word to you on earth. Go, Richard! Heaven forgive you!" This finished him. This brought him down to Chatham. This made him Private Richard Doubledick, a deep determination to be shot.

5. There was not a more dissipated and reckless soldier in Chatham barracks, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, than Private Richard Doubledick. He associated with the dregs of every regiment, he was as seldom sober as he could be, and was constantly under punishment. It became clear to the whole barracks, that Private Richard Doubledick would very soon be flogged.

6. Now, the Captain of Richard Doubledick's company was a young gentleman not above five years his senior, whose eyes had an expression in them which affected Private Richard Doubledick in a

very remarkable way. They were bright, handsome, dark eyes—what are called laughing eyes, generally, and, when serious, rather steady than severe—but, they were the only eyes now left in his narrowed world that Private Richard Doubledick could not stand.

7. Unabashed by evil report and punishment, defiant of everything else and everybody else, he had but to know that those eyes looked at him for a moment, and he felt ashamed. He could not so much as salute Captain Taunton in the street, like any other officer. He was reproached and confused—troubled by the mere possibility of the captain's looking at him. In his worst moments he would rather turn back and go any distance out of his way, than encounter those two handsome, dark, bright eyes.

8. One day, when Private Richard Doubledick came out of the Black Hole, where he had been passing the last eight-and-forty hours, and in which retreat he spent a good deal of his time, he was ordered to betake himself to Captain Taunton's quarters. In the stale and squalid state of a man just out of the black hole, he had less fancy than ever for being seen by the captain; but, he was not so mad yet as to disobey orders, and consequently went up to the terrace overlooking the parade-ground, where the officers' quarters were; twisting and breaking in his hands, as he went along, a bit of the straw that had formed the decorative furniture of the black hole.

9. "Come in!" cried the Captain, when he knocked with his knuckles at the door. Private Richard Doubledick pulled off his cap, took a stride forward, and felt very conscious that he stood in the light of the dark bright eyes. There was a silent pause. Private Richard Doubledick had put the straw in his mouth, and was gradually doubling it up into his windpipe and choking himself.

10. "Doubledick," said the Captain, "Do you know where you are going to?" "To ruin, sir?" faltered Doubledick. "Yes," returned the Captain. "And very fast." Private Richard Doubledick turned the straw of the black hole in his mouth, and made a miserable salute of acquiescence. "Doubledick," said the Captain, "since I entered his Majesty's service, a boy of seventeen, I have been pained to see many men of promise going that road; but, I have never been so pained to see a man determined to make the shameful journey, as I have been, ever since you joined the regiment, to see you."

11. Private Richard Doubledick began to find a film stealing

over the floor at which he looked; also to find the legs of the Captain's breakfast table turning crooked, as if he saw them through water. "I am only a common soldier, sir," said he. "It signifies very little what such a poor brute comes to." "You are a man," returned the Captain with grave indignation, "of education and superior advantages; and if you say that, meaning what you say, you have sunk lower than I had believed. How low that must be, I leave you to consider; knowing what I know of your disgrace, and seeing what I see."

12. "I hope to get shot soon, sir," said Private Richard Doubledick; "and then the regiment, and the world together, will be rid of me." The legs of the table were becoming very crooked. Doubledick, looking up to steady his vision, met the eyes that had so strong an influence over him. He put his hand before his own eyes, and the breast of his disgrace-jacket swelled as if it would fly asunder.

13. "I would rather," said the young Captain, "see this in you, Doubledick, than I would see five thousand guineas counted out upon this table for a gift to my good mother. Have you a mother?" "I am thankful to say she is dead, sir." "If your praise," returned the Captain, "were sounded from mouth to mouth through the whole regiment, through the whole army, through the whole country, you would wish she had lived, to say with pride and joy, 'He is my son!'"

14. "Spare me sir," said Doubledick. "She would never have heard any good of me. She would never have had any pride and joy in owning herself my mother. Love and compassion she might have had, and would have always had, I know; but not ——. Spare me, sir! I am a broken wretch, quite at your mercy!" And he turned his face to the wall, and stretched out his imploring hand

15. "My friend ——," began the Captain. "God bless you, sir!" sobbed Private Richard Doubledick. "You are at the crisis of your fate. Hold your course unchanged, a little longer, and you know what must happen. I know even better than you can imagine, that after that has happened, you are lost. No man who could shed those tears could bear those marks." "I fully believe it, sir," in a low, shivering voice, said Private Richard Doubledick,

16. "But a man in any station can do his duty," said the young Captain, "and, in doing it, can earn his own respect, even if his

case should be so very unfortunate and so very rare, that he can earn no other man's. A common soldier, poor brute though you called him just now, has this advantage in the stormy times we live in, that he always does his duty before a host of sympathizing witnesses. Do you doubt that he may so do it as to be extolled through a whole regiment, through a whole army, through a whole country? Turn while you may yet retrieve the past, and try."

17. "I will! I ask for only one witness, sir," cried Richard, with a bursting heart. "I understand you. I will be a watchful and a faithful one." I have heard from Private Richard Doubledick's own lips, that he dropped down upon his knees, kissed that officer's hand, arose, and went out of the light of the dark bright eyes, an altered man.

18. In that year, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, the French were in Egypt, in Italy, in Germany, where not? Napoleon Buonaparte had likewise begun to stir against us in India, and most men could read the signs of the great troubles that were coming on. In the very next year, when we formed an alliance with Austria against him, Captain Taunton's regiment was on service in India. And there was not a finer non-commissioned officer in it—no, nor in the whole line—than Corporal Richard Doubledick.

19. In eighteen hundred and one the Indian army were on the coast of Egypt. Next year was the year of the proclamation of the short peace, and they were recalled. It had then become well known to thousands of men, that wherever Captain Taunton, with the dark bright eyes, led, there, close to him, ever at his side, firm as a rock, true as the sun, and brave as Mars, would be certain to be found, while life beat in their hearts, that famous soldier, Sergeant Richard Doubledick.

20. Eighteen hundred and five, besides being the great year of Trafalgar, was a year of hard fighting in India. That year saw such wonders done by a Sergeant-Major, who cut his way, single-handed, through a solid mass of men, recovered the colors of his regiment which had been seized from the hand of a poor boy shot through the heart, and rescued his wounded captain, who was down, and in a very jungle of horses' hoofs and sabres—saw such wonders done, I say, by this brave Sergeant-Major, that he was specially made the bearer of the colors he had won; and Ensign Richard Doubledick had risen from the ranks.

LXI—RICHARD DOUBLEDICK'S STORY—(Continued)

1. Sorely cut up in every battle, but always reinforced by the bravest of men—for, the fame of following the old colors, shot through and through, which Ensign Richard Doubledick had saved, inspired all breasts—this regiment fought its way through the Peninsular war, up to the investment of Badajos in eighteen hundred and twelve. Again and again it had been cheered through the British ranks until the tears had sprung into men's eyes at the mere hearing of the mighty British voice so exultant in their valor; and there was not a drummer-boy but knew the legend, that wherever the two friends, Major Taunton, with the dark bright eyes, and Ensign Richard Doubledick, who was devoted to him, were seen to go, there the boldest spirits in the English army became wild to follow.

2. One day, at Badajos—not in the great storming, but in repelling a hot sally of the besieged upon our men at work in the trenches, who had given way, the two officers found themselves hurrying forward, face to face, against a party of French infantry who made a stand. There was an officer at their head, encouraging his men—a courageous, handsome, gallant officer of five-and-thirty—whom Doubledick saw hurriedly, almost momentarily, but saw well. He particularly noticed this officer waving his sword, and rallying his men with an eager and excited cry, when they fired in obedience to his gesture, and Major Taunton dropped.

3. It was over in ten minutes more, and Doubledick returned to the spot where he had laid the best friend man ever had, on a coat spread upon the wet clay. Major Taunton's uniform was opened at the breast, and on his shirt were three little spots of blood. "Dear Doubledick," said he, "I am dying." "For the love of Heaven, no!" exclaimed the other, kneeling down beside him, and passing his arm round his neck to raise his head. "Taunton! My preserver, my guardian angel, my witness! Dearest, truest, kindest of human beings! Taunton! For God's sake!"

4. The bright dark eyes—so very, very dark now, in the pale face—smiled upon him; and the hand he had kissed thirteen years ago, laid itself fondly on his breast. "Write to my mother. You will see home again. Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me."

5. He spoke no more, but faintly signed for a moment towards his hair as it fluttered in the wind. The Ensign understood him. He smiled again when he saw that, and gently turning his face over on the supporting arm, as if for rest, died, with his hand upon the breast in which he had revived a soul.

6. No dry eye looked on Ensign Richard Doubledick, that melancholy day. He buried his friend on the field, and became a lone, bereaved man. Beyond his duty he appeared to have but two remaining cares in life; one, to preserve the little packet of hair he was to give to Taunton's mother; the other, to encounter that French officer who had rallied the men under whose fire Taunton fell. A new legend now began to circulate among our troops; and it was, that when he and the French officer came face to face once more, there would be weeping in France.

7. The war went on—and through it went the exact picture of the French officer on the one side, and the bodily reality upon the other —until the battle of Toulouse was fought. In the returns sent home appeared these words: "Severely wounded, but not dangerously, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick."

8. At Midsummer time, in the year eighteen hundred and fourteen, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, now a browned soldier, seven-and-thirty years of age, came home to England, invalided. He brought the hair with him, near his heart. Many a French officer had he seen, since that day; many a dreadful night, in searching with men and lanterns for his wounded, had he relieved French officers lying disabled; but the mental picture and the reality had never come together.

9. Though he was weak and suffered pain, he lost not an hour in getting down to Frome, in Somersetshire, where Taunton's mother lived. In the sweet, compassionate words that naturally present themselves to the mind to-night, "He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

10. It was a Sunday evening, and the lady sat at her quiet garden-window, reading the Bible; reading to herself, in a trembling voice, that very passage in it as I have heard him tell. He heard the words, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!"

11. He had to pass the window; and the bright dark eyes of his debased time seemed to look at him. Her heart told her who he was; she came to the door, quickly, and fell upon his neck. "He

saved me from ruin, made me a human creature, won me from infamy and shame. O, God, for ever bless him! As He will, He will!" "He will," the lady answered. "I know he is in Heaven!" Then she piteously cried, "But, O, my darling boy, my darling boy!"

12. Never, from the hour when Private Richard Doubledick enlisted at Chatham, had the Private, Corporal, Sergeant, Sergeant-Major, Ensign, or Lieutenant, breathed his right name, or the name of Mary Marshall, or a word of the story of his life, into any ear, except his reclaimer's. The previous scene in his existence was closed. He had firmly resolved that his expiation should be to live unknown; to disturb no more the peace that had long grown over his old offences; to let it be revealed when he was dead, that he had striven and suffered, and had never forgotten; and then, if they could forgive him and believe him—well, it would be time enough—time enough!

13. But, that night, remembering the words he had cherished for two years, "Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her as it comforts me," he related everything. It gradually seemed to him, as if in his maturity he had recovered a mother; it gradually seemed to her, as if in her bereavement she had found a son. During his stay in England, the quiet garden into which he had slowly and painfully crept, a stranger, became the boundary of his home; when he was able to rejoin his regiment in the spring, he left the garden, thinking, was this, indeed, the first time he had ever turned his face toward the old colors, with a woman's blessing!

14. He followed them—so ragged, so scarred and pierced now, that they would scarcely hold together. He stood beside them, in an awful stillness of many men, shadowy through the mist and drizzle of a wet June forenoon, on the field of Waterloo. And down to that hour, the picture in his mind of the French officer had never been compared with the reality.

15. The famous regiment was in action early in the battle, and received its first check, in many an eventful year, when he was seen to fall. But it swept on to avenge him, and left behind no such creature in the world of consciousness, as Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

16. Through pits of mire, and pools of rain; along deep ditches, once roads, that were pounded and ploughed to pieces by artillery, heavy wagons, tramp of men and horses, and the struggle of every

wheeled thing that could carry wounded soldiers; jolted among the dying and the dead, so disfigured by blood and mud as to be hardly recognizable for humanity; undisturbed by the moaning of men and the shrieking of horses, which, newly taken from the peaceful pursuits of life, could not endure the sight of the stragglers lying by the way-side, never to resume their toilsome journey; dead, as to any sentient life that was in it, and yet alive; the form that had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick with whose praises England rang, was conveyed to Brussels. There it was tenderly laid down in hospital; and there it lay, week after week, through the long bright summer days, until the harvest, spared by war, had ripened and was gathered in.

17. Over and over again, the sun rose and set upon the crowded city; over and over again, the moonlight nights were quiet on the plains of Waterloo; and all that time was a blank to what had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick. Rejoicing troops marched into Brussels, and marched out; brothers and fathers, sisters, mothers, and wives, came thronging thither, drew their lots of joy or agony, and departed; so many times a day the bells rang; so many times, the shadows of the great buildings changed; so many lights sprang up at dusk; so many feet passed here and there upon the pavements; so many hours of sleep and cooler air of night succeeded; indifferent to all, a marble face lay on a bed, like the face of a recumbent statue on the tomb of Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

18. Slowly laboring, at last, through a long heavy dream of confused time and place, presenting faint glimpses of army surgeons whom he knew, and of faces that had been familiar to his youth—dearest and kindest among them, Mary Marshall's, with a solicitude upon it more like reality than anything he could discern—Lieutenant Richard Doubledick came back to life. To the beautiful life of a calm autumn evening sunset. To the peaceful life of a fresh quiet room with a large window standing open; a balcony beyond, in which were moving leaves and sweet-smelling flowers; beyond, again, the clear sky, with the sun full in his sight, pouring its golden radiance on his bed.

19. It was so tranquil and so lovely, that he thought he had passed into another world. And he said in a faint voice, "Taunton, are you near me?" A face bent over him. Not his; his mother's. "I came to nurse you. We have nursed you many weeks. You

were moved here long ago. Do you remember nothing?" "Nothing." The lady kissed his cheek, and held his hand, soothing him. "Where is the regiment? What has happened? Let me call you mother. What has happened, mother?" "A great victory, dear. The war is over, and the regiment was the bravest in the field."

20. His eyes kindled, his lips trembled, he sobbed, and the tears ran down his face. He was very weak; too weak to move his hand. "Was it dark just now?" he asked presently. "No." "It was only dark to me? Something passed away, like a black shadow. But as it went, and the sun—O, the blessed sun, how beautiful it is! —touched my face, I thought I saw a light white cloud pass out at the door. Was there nothing that went out?" She shook her head, and, in a little while, he fell asleep; she still holding his hand, and soothing him.

LXII.—RICHARD DOUBLEDICK'S STORY—(Concluded.)

Pronounce, Avignon, chateau, courteous, genuine (to rhyme with *win*, not *wine*); corridors, balustrade, lineament, fete (fate), appreciated.

1. From that time, he recovered. Slowly, for he had been desperately wounded in the head, and had been shot in the body; but, making some little advance every day. When he had gained sufficient strength to converse as he lay in bed, he soon began to remark that Mrs. Taunton always brought him back to his own history. Then he recalled his preserver's dying words, and thought, "it comforts her."

2. One day he awoke out of a sleep, refreshed, and asked her to read to him. But the curtain of the bed softening the light, which she always drew back when he awoke, that she might see him from her table at the bed-side, where she sat at work, was held undrawn, and a woman's voice spoke, which was not hers.

3. "Can you bear to see a stranger?" it said softly. "Will you like to see a stranger?" "Stranger!" he repeated. The voice awoke old memories, before the days of Private Richard Doubledick. "A stranger now, but not a stranger once," it said in tones that

thrilled him. "Richard, dear Richard, lost through so many years, my name——"

4. He cried out her name, "Mary!" and she held him in her arms, and his head lay on her bosom. "I am not breaking a rash vow, Richard. These are not Mary Marshall's lips that speak. I have another name." She was married. "I have another name, Richard. Did you ever hear it?" "Never!"

5. "He looked into her face, so pensively beautiful, and wondered at the smile upon it through her tears. "Think again, Richard. Are you sure you never heard my altered name?" "Never!"

6. "Don't move your head to look at me, dear Richard. Let it lie here while I tell my story. I loved a generous, noble man; loved him with my whole heart; loved him for years and years; loved him faithfully, devotedly; loved him with no hope of return; loved him, knowing nothing of his highest qualities—not even knowing that he was alive. He was a brave soldier. He was honored and beloved by thousands of thousands, when the mother of his dear friend found me, and showed me that in all his triumphs he had never forgotten me. He was wounded in a great battle.

7. "He was brought dying here, into Brussels. I came to watch and tend him, as I would have joyfully gone, with such a purpose, to the dreariest ends of the earth. When he knew no one else, he knew me. When he suffered most, he bore his sufferings, barely murmuring, content to rest his head where yours rests now. When he lay at the point of death he married me, that he might call me wife before he died. And the name, my dear love, that I took on that forgotten night——"

8. "I know it now!" he sobbed. "The shadowy remembrance strengthens. It is come back. I thank heaven that my mind is quite restored! My Mary, kiss me; lull this weary head to rest, or I shall die of gratitude. His parting words are fulfilled. I see home again!"

9. Well! They were happy. It was a long recovery, but they were happy through it all. The snow had melted on the ground, and the birds were singing in the leafless thickets of the early spring, when these three were first able to ride out together, and when people flocked about the open carriage to cheer and congratulate Captain Richard Doubledick.

10. But, even then, it became necessary for the Captain, instead

of returning to England, to complete his recovery in the climate of Southern France. They found a spot upon the Rhone, within a ride of the old town of Avignon, and within view of its broken bridge, which was all they could desire; they lived there, together, six months; then returned to England. Mrs. Taunton growing old after three years—though not so old as that her bright dark eyes were dimmed—and remembering that her strength had been benefited by the change, resolved to go back for a year to those parts. So she went with a faithful servant, who had often carried her son in his arms; and she was to be rejoined and escorted home, at the year's end, by Captain Richard Doubledick.

11. She wrote regularly to her children (as she called them now), and they to her. She went to the neighborhood of Aix; and there, in their own chateau near the farmer's house she rented, she grew into intimacy with a family belonging to that part of France. The intimacy began, in her often meeting among the vineyards a pretty child; a girl with a most compassionate heart, who was never tired of listening to the solitary English lady's stories of her poor son and the cruel wars.

12. The family were as gentle as the child, and at length she came to know them so well, that she accepted their invitation to pass the last month of her residence abroad, under their roof. All this intelligence she wrote home, piecemeal as it came about, from time to time; and, at last, enclosed a polite note from the head of the chateau, soliciting, on the occasion of his approaching mission to that neighborhood, the honor of the company of Captain Richard Doubledick.

13. Captain Doubledick, now a hardy handsome man in the full vigor of life, broader across the chest and shoulders than he had ever been before, dispatched a courteous reply, and followed it in person. Traveling through all that extent of country after three years of peace, he blessed the better days on which the world had fallen.

14. The corn was golden, not drenched in unnatural red; was bound in sheaves for food, not trodden under foot by men in mortal fight. The smoke rose up from peaceful hearths, not blazing ruins. The carts were laden with the fair fruits of the earth, not with wounds and death. To him who had so often seen the terrible reverse, these things were beautiful indeed, and they brought him in a

softened spirit to the old chateau near Aix, upon a deep blue evening.

15. It was a large chateau of the genuine old ghostly kind, with round towers, and extinguishers and a high leaden roof, and more windows than Aladdin's Palace. The lattice blinds were all thrown open, after the heat of the day, and there were glimpses of rambling walls and corridors within. Then, there were immense outbuildings fallen into partial decay, masses of dark trees, terrace-gardens, balustrades; tanks of water, too weak to play and too dirty to work; statues, weeds, and thickets of iron railing, that seemed to have overgrown themselves like the shrubberies, and to have branched out in all manner of wild shapes. The entrance doors stood open, as doors often do in that country when the heat of the day is past; and the Captain saw no bell or knocker, and walked in.

16. He walked into a lofty stone hall, refreshingly cool and gloomy after the glare of a southern day's travel. Extending along the four sides of this hall, was a gallery, leading to suites of rooms; and it was lighted from the top. Still, no bell was to be seen. "Faith," said the Captain, halting, ashamed of the clanking of his boots, "this is a ghostly beginning!"

17. He started back, and felt his face turn white. In the gallery, looking down at him, stood the French officer; the officer whose picture he had carried in his mind so long and so far. Compared with the original, at last—in every lineament how like it was! He moved, and disappeared, and Captain Richard Doubledick heard his steps coming quickly down into the hall. He entered through an archway. There was a bright, sudden look upon his face. Much such a look as it had worn in that fatal moment.

18. Captain Richard Doubledick? Enchanted to receive him! A thousand apologies! The servants were all out in the air. There was a little fete among them in the garden. In effect, it was the fete day of my daughter, the little cherished and protected of Madame Taunton. He was so gracious and so frank, that Captain Richard Doubledick could not withhold his hand. "It is the hand of a brave Englishman," said the French officer, retaining it while he spoke. "I could respect a brave Englishman, even as my foe; how much more as my friend! I, also, am a soldier."

19. "He has not remembered me, as I have remembered him;

he did not take such note of my face, that day, as I took of his," thought Captain Richard Doubledick. "How shall I tell him?"

20. The French officer conducted his guest into a garden, and presented him to his wife; an engaging and beautiful woman, sitting with Mrs. Taunton in a whimsical old-fashioned pavilion. His daughter, her fair young face beaming with joy, came running to embrace him; and there was a boy-baby to tumble down among the orange trees on the broad steps, in making for his father's legs. A multitude of children-visitors were dancing to sprightly music; and all the servants and peasants about the chateau were dancing too. It was a scene of innocent happiness that might have been invented for the climax of the scenes of peace which had soothed the captain's journey.

21. He looked on, greatly troubled in his mind, until a resounding bell rang, and the French officer begged to show him his rooms. They went up stairs into the gallery from which the officer had looked down; and Captain Richard Doubledick was cordially welcomed to a grand outer chamber, and a smaller one within, all clocks and draperies, and hearths, and brazen dogs, and tiles, and cool devices, and elegance, and vastness. "You were at Waterloo," said the French officer "I was," said Captain Richard Doubledick. "And at Badajos."

22. Left alone with the sound of his own stern voice in his ears, he sat down to consider. What shall I do, and how shall I tell him? At that time, unhappily, many deplorable duels had been fought between English and French officers, arising out of the recent war; and these duels, and how to avoid this officer's hospitality were the uppermost thought in Captain Richard Doubledick's mind.

23. He was thinking and letting the time run out in which he should have dressed for dinner, when Mrs. Taunton spoke to him outside the door, asking if he could give her the letter he had brought from Mary. "His mother, above all," the Captain thought, "How shall I tell *her?*"

24. "You will form a friendship with your host, I hope," said Mrs. Taunton, whom he hurriedly admitted, "that will last for life. He is so true-hearted and so generous, Richard, that you can hardly fail to esteem one another. If he had been spared," she kissed (not without tears,) the locket in which she wore his hair, "he would have appreciated him with his own magnanimity, and would have

been truly happy that the evil days were past, which made such a man his enemy."

25. She left the room; and the Captain walked first to one window, whence he could see the dancing in the garden, then to another window, whence he could see the smiling prospect and the peaceful vineyards.

26. "Spirit of my departed friend," said he, "is it through thee, these better thoughts are rising in my mind! Is it thou who hast shown me, all the way I have been drawn to meet this man, the blessings of the altered time! Is it thou who hast sent thy stricken mother to me, to stay my angry hand! Is it from thee the whisper comes, that this man did his duty as thou didst—and as I did, through thy guidance, which has wholly saved me, here on earth—and that he did no more!"

27. He sat down, with his head buried in his hands, and, when he rose up, made the second strong resolution of his life: That neither to the French officer, nor to the mother of his departed friend, nor to any soul while either of the two was living, would he breathe what only he knew. And when he touched that French officer's glass with his own, that day at dinner, he secretly forgave him in the name of the Divine Forgiver of injuries.

CHARLES DICKENS.

LXIII.—THE UNSEEN BATTLE-FIELD.

THERE is an unseen battle-field
  In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
  But where they seldom rest.

That field is vailed from mortal sight,
  'Tis only seen by One
Who knows alone where victory lies,
  When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,
  Their chief of demon form;
His brow is like the thunder-cloud,
  His voice the bursting storm.

His captains, Pride, and Lust, and Hate,
Whose troops watch night and day,
Swift to detect the weakest point,
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force
Is but a little band;
Yet there, with an unquailing front,
Those warriors firmly stand!

Their leader is a God-like form,
Of countenance serene;
And glowing on his naked breast
A simple cross is seen.

His captains, FAITH, and HOPE, and LOVE,
Point to that wondrous sign;
And gazing on it, all receive
Strength from a Source divine.

They feel it speak a glorious truth,
A truth as great as sure,
That to be victors they must learn
To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime in wildest strife,
Imparts a holy calm;
For every deadly blow a shield,
For every wound a balm.

And when they win that battle-field,
Past toil is quite forgot;
The plain where carnage once had reigned,
Becomes a hallowed spot;

A spot where flowers of joy and Peace
Spring from the fertile sod,
And breathe the perfume of their praise,
On every breeze—to God.

LXIV.

SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other! we kept the great pace,
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit;
Nor galloped less steadily Roland, a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;

At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime;
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black, every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance.
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely—the fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!'

How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan,
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer,
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good;
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

LXV.—THE NATURAL BRIDGE; OR, ONE NICK THE HIGHEST.

SPELL AND EXPLAIN, butment, abyss, niche, dilemma, precipice, emerging pier, album, jutting, predecessors, unconsciously.

1. THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day.

2. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key-rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth.

3. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done man can do" is their watchword, while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

4. They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name that will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of WASHINGTON. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors.

5. It was a glorious thought of the boy to write his name side by side with that of the great "Father of his Country." He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a gain into the limestone about a foot above where he stands; he

then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but, as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall.

6. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again.

7. The graduations of his ascending-scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now, for the first time, casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock.

8. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meager chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment.

9. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

10. Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting, with all the energy of despair, "William! William! don't look down! Your mother and Henry and Harriet are all here,

praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye toward the top!"

11. The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint toward heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife; he cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below.

12. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers! resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

13. The sun is now half-way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above or with ladders below.

14. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under the lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets.

15. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and, ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave.

16. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment! There! One foot swings off! he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above. The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders.

17. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him; and, with the words "*God!*" and "*mother!*" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of the last shallow niche.

18. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting, such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

E. Burritt.

LXVI.—THE PLEASANT DAYS OF OLD.

Pronounce and explain, joust, tournament, bastion, troubadour, chivalry, serf, wold.

Oh! the pleasant days of old, which so often people praise!
True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace our modern days:
Bare floors were strewed with rushes—the walls let in the cold;
Oh! how they must have shivered in those pleasant days of old!

Oh! those ancient lords of old, how magnificent they were!
They threw down and imprisoned kings—to thwart them who might dare?
They ruled their serfs right sternly; they took from Jews their gold—
Above both law and equity were those great lords of old!

Oh! the gallant knights of old, for their valor so renowned!
With sword and lance, and armor strong, they scoured the country round!
And whenever aught to tempt them they met by wood or wold,
By right of sword they seized the prize—those gallant knights of old!

Oh! the gentle dames of old! who, quite free from fear or pain,
Could gaze on joust and tournament, and see their champion slain;

They lived on good beefsteaks and ale, which made them strong and bold—
Oh! more like men than women were those gentle dames of old!

Oh! those mighty towers of old! with their turrets, moat, and keep,
Their battlements and bastions, their dungeons dark and deep.
Full many a baron held his court within the castle hold;
And many a captive languished there, in those strong towers of old

Oh! the troubadours of old! with their gentle minstrelsie
Of hope and joy, or deep despair, whiche'er their lot might be—
For years they served their ladye-love ere they their passion told—
Oh! wondrous patience must have had those troubadours of old!

Oh! those blessed times of old! with their chivalry and state;
I love to read their chronicles which such brave deeds relate;
I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their legends told—
But, Heaven be thanked! I live not in those blessed times of old.

FRANCES BROWN.

LXVII.—RISE OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.

SOUND DISTINCTLY the first syllable in, de-tailing, com-paratively, ob-scure, ap-proach, se-rene, com-pelled, re-quest, ad-vanced, re-publicans, re-sumed, re-moved, ap-preciation, de-posit, re-main, de-spair, re-puted.

1. THE following little sketch, detailing the rise of the family of Rothschilds from a comparatively obscure to a distinguished and affluent condition, has been frequently laid before the public, and is given on undoubted authority:—

2. On the approach of the republican army to the territories of the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, in the early part of the French revolutionary wars, his serene highness, like many other princes of Germany, was compelled to flee. In his passage through the imperial city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, he paid a hasty visit to Moses Rothschild, a Jewish banker of limited means, but of good repute both for integrity and ability in the management of his business.

3. The purpose of the prince in visiting Moses was to request him to take charge of a sum, in money and jewels, amounting in value

to several millions of thalers. The Jew at first positively refused so dangerous a charge; but, upon being earnestly pressed to take it at the risk of the prince, without even giving him receipt for it, he at length consented.

4. The money and the jewels were speedily but privately conveyed from the prince's treasury to the Jew's residence; and, just as the advanced corps of the French army had passed through the gates of Frankfort Moses had succeeded in burying the treasure in a corner of his garden. He of course received a visit from the republicans; but, true to his trust, he hit upon the following expedient for saving the money and jewels of the fugitive prince, who had placed such implicit confidence in his honesty.

5. He did not attempt to conceal any of his own property, which amounted to only forty-two thousand thalers, or about thirty thousand dollars; but, after the necessary grumbling and remonstrances with his unwelcome visitors, and a threat or two that he would report them to the general-in-chief, he suffered them to carry it off.

6. As soon as the republicans had evacuated the city, Moses Rothschild resumed his business as banker and money-changer,—at first, indeed, in an humble way, but daily increasing and extending it by the Prince of Hesse-Cassel's money. In the course of a comparatively short time he was considered the most stable and opulent banker in all Germany.

7. In the year 1802, the prince returning to his dominions, visited Frankfort in his route. He was almost afraid to call upon his Jewish banker, apprehending that, if the French had left anything, the honesty of Moses would not be proof against so strong a temptation as he had been compelled, from dire necessity, to put in his way. On being introduced into Rothschild's private apartment, he, in a tone of despairing carelessness, said, "I have called on you, Moses, as a matter of course, but I fear the result. Did the rascals take all?"

8. "Not a thaler," replied the Jew, gravely. "What say you?" returned the prince; "not a thaler? Why, I was informed that the rascals had emptied all your coffers and made you a beggar: I even read so in the gazettes." "Why, so they did," replied Moses; "but I was too cunning for them; for, by letting them take my own little stock, I saved your great one.

9. "Being reputed wealthy, I knew, if I should remove any of

my own gold and silver, that the robbers would be sure to search for it, and, in doing so, would not forget to dig in the garden. It is wonderful what a keen scent these fellows have. They actually poured water over some of my neighbors' kitchen and cellar floors, in order to discover, by the rapid sinking of the fluid, whether the tiles and earth had been recently dug up.

10. "Well, as I was about to say, I buried your treasure in the garden, and there it remained until the robbers left Frankfort. When quiet was restored in our city, I began to look about me for business. Several good opportunities of making a very handsome profit presented themselves; but I had no capital: the rascals had taken everything. The temptation of converting your money to present use haunted my thoughts by day and my dreams by night.

11. "Not to detain your highness with a long story, I dug up your treasure, and deposited your jewels in this strong box, from which they have never since been moved. I employed your gold and silver in my business: my speculations were profitable, and I am now able to restore your deposit, with five per cent. interest since the day on which you left it under my care."

12. "I thank you heartily, my good friend," said the prince, "for the great care you have taken and the sacrifices you have made. As to the interest of five per cent., let that replace the sum which the French took from you; I beg you will add to it whatever other profits you have made. To show you my appreciation of your singular honesty, I shall leave my cash in your hands for twenty years longer, at the low rate of two per cent. per annum; and even this will be charged more as an acknowledgment of the deposit in the case of the death of either of us, than with a view of making a profit by you."

13. The prince and his banker parted well satisfied with each other. Nor did the gratitude and good will of the prince stop here; on every occasion in which he could serve his interests, he did so to the full extent of his influence. He recommended him to various European sovereigns, to corporations, and to private individuals. Moses was consequently employed in several great transactions for raising loans, by which he realized a vast profit.

14. In time he became immensely rich, and put his three sons into the same kind of business in the three chief capitals of Europe—London, Paris and Vienna. All of them prospered. They became the wealthiest private men whom the world has ever known. The

one that lived in London left at his death about thirty-five millions of dollars. The other two have been created barons, and are, perhaps, not less wealthy. Thus, a family whose purse has maintained war and brought about peace owes all its greatness to one act of extraordinary honesty

CHAMBERS.

LXVIII.—THE OLD MAN BY THE WAYSIDE.

DO NOT EMPHASIZE prepositions and conjunctions—especially at the beginning of the line.

BE CAREFUL not to cut up the lines into metrical feet, regardless of the sense, thus:—By the | wayside | on a | mossy | stone, Sat a | hoary | pilgrim | sadly | musing.

REMEMBER that prepositions and articles should be joined with the words that follow, not with the words that go before them.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing:
Poor, unknown—
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimm'd hat,
Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding,
Silver buttons, queue, and crimpt cravat,
Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding—
There he sat!
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimm'd hat.

Seem'd it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin gray hair,
And the furrows all so mutely pleading
Age and care:
Seem'd it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads and little maidens,
Taught the motto of the "Dunce's stool,"
(Its grave import still my fancy ladens,)—
"HERE'S A FOOL!"
It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seem'd to mark our play,
Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted;
I remember well, too well, that day!
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started—
Would not stay—
When the stranger seem'd to mark our play!

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell:
Ah! to me her name was always heaven!
She besought him all his grief to tell,
(I was then thirteen, and she eleven,)
ISABEL!
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

"Angel," said he, sadly, "I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow:
Yet, why I sit here thou shalt be told."
Then his eye betray'd a pearl of sorrow;
Down it roll'd!
"Angel," said he, sadly, "I am old!

"I have totter'd here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have totter'd here to look once more!

"All the picture now to me how dear!
E'en this gray old rock where I am seated
Is a jewel worth my journey here:
Ah, that such a scene must be completed
With a tear!
All the picture now to me so dear!

"Old stone school-house! it is still the same!
There's the very step I so often mounted;
There's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game!
Old stone school-house! it is still the same!

"In the cottage yonder I was born;
Long my happy home that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat and corn,
There the spring, with limpid nectar swelling.
Ah, forlorn!
In the cottage yonder I was born.

"There's the orchard where we used to climb
When my mates and I were boys together,
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather—
Past its prime!
There's the orchard where we used to climb!

"There's the mill that ground our yellow grain!
Pond and river still serenely flowing;
Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing—
Mary Jane!
There's the mill that ground our yellow grain!

"There's the gate on which I used to swing,
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable;
But, alas! no more the morn shall bring
That dear group around my father's table—
Taken wing!
There's the gate on which I used to swing!

"I am fleeing! all I loved are fled!
Yon green meadow was our place for playing;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said
When around it I and Jane were straying:
She is dead!
I am fleeing! all I loved are fled!

"Yon white spire—a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story—
So familiar to my dim old eye,
Points me to seven that are now in glory
There on high!
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky!

"Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod,
Sire and sisters, and my little brother;
Gone to God!
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod!

"There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways:
Bless the holy lesson! but, ah, never
Shall I hear again those songs of praise,
Those sweet voices, silent now forever!
Peaceful days!
There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways!

"There my Mary blest me with her hand,
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,
Ere she hasten'd to the spirit-land;
Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing:
Broken band!
There my Mary blest me with her hand!

"I have come to see that grave once more,
And the sacred place where we delighted—
Where we worship'd in the days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have come to see that grave once more,

"Angel," said he, sadly, "I am old!
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow:
Now, why I sit here thou hast been told."
In his eye another pearl of sorrow—
Down it roll'd!
"Angel," said he, sadly, "I am old!"

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Still I mark'd him, sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing:
Poor, unknown—
By the wayside, on a mossy stone!

RALPH HOYT.

LXIX.—THE SULKS.

TO BE READ in a conversational style, exactly in the tone of familiar but correct talking.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, anniversary, hideous, superstitious, soliloquies, blasphemer, contrition.

1. I HEREBY authorize the boys of this empire to have what tempers they choose, with one sole exception—the Sulks. Once, and once only, during one of the longest and best-spent lives on record, was I in the mood described, and it endured most of a whole day. The anniversary of that day I always observe, in severest solitude, with a salutary horror. And it is my birth-day.

2. Ask me not, my friends, to reveal the cause. Aloof from confession before men, we must keep to ourselves, as John Foster says, a corner of our own souls. A black corner it is; and, enter it with or without a light, you see here or there something dismal, hideous, shapeless, nameless, each lying in its own place on the floor. There lies the cause.

3. It was the morning of my ninth year. As I kept sitting high up stairs by myself, one family face after another kept ever and anon looking at me, all with one expression. And one familiar voice after another, all with one tone, kept muttering at me, "He's in his sulks."

4. How I hated them with an intense hatred, and chiefly them I had loved best, at each opening and each shutting of that door. How I hated myself as my blubbered face grew hotter; and I knew how ugly I must be, with my fixed fiery eyes; it was painful to sit on such a chair for hours in one posture, and to have chained a child would have been great cruelty.

5. But I was resolved to die rather than change it; and had I been told by any one under an angel to get up and go to play, I

would have spit in his face. It was a lonesome attic, and I had the fear of ghosts; but not then, my superstitious fancy was quelled by my troubled heart.

6. "Had I not deserved to be allowed to go? Could any one of them give a reason for not allowing me to go? What right had they to say that if I did go I should never be able to find my way, by myself, back? What right had they to say that Roundy was a blackguard, and that he would lead me to the gallows? Never before in all the world had a good boy been so used on his birth-day.

7. "They pretend to be sorry when I am sick; and when I say my prayers, they say theirs too; but I am sicker now, and they are not sorry, but angry; there is no use in prayers, and I won't read one verse in my Bible this night, should my aunt go down on her knees." And in the midst of such unworded soliloquies did the young blasphemer fall asleep.

8. I know not how long I slept, but on waking, I saw an angel with a most beautiful face and most beautiful hair—a little young angel—about the same size as myself, sitting on a stool at my feet. "Are you quite well now, Christopher? Let us go to the meadow and gather flowers."

9. Shame, sorrow, remorse, contrition, came to me with those innocent words; we wept together, and I was comforted. "I have been sinful." "But you are forgiven." Down the stairs hand in hand we glided, and there was no longer anger in my eyes; the whole house was happy. All voices were kinder, if that were possible, than they had been when I rose in the morning, a boy in his ninth year.

10. Parental hands smoothed my hair, parental lips kissed it, and parental greetings, only a little more cheerful than prayers, restored me to the love I had never lost, and which I felt now had animated that brief and just displeasure. Never has Christopher been in his sulks since that day. Beyond doubt, I was that day possessed with a devil; and an angel it was that drove him out.

JOHN WILSON.

LXX.—THE OLD FISHERMAN.

BE CAREFUL NOT to pause at the end of every line, regardless of the meaning. The end of the line is marked by a very slight suspension of the voice, but it should not amount to a distinct pause, unless the sense requires it.

THERE was a poor old man
Who sat and listened to the raging sea,
And heard it thunder, lunging at the cliffs
As like to tear them down. He lay at night:
And "Lord have mercy on the lads," said he,
"That sailed at noon, though they be none of mine;
For when the gale gets up, and when the wind
Flings at the window, when it beats the roof,
And lulls and stops and rouses up again,
And cuts the crest clean off the plunging wave,
And scatters it like feathers up the field,
Why then I think of my two lads: my lads
That would have worked and never let me want,
And never let me take the parish pay.
No, none of mine; my lads were drowned at sea—
My two—before the most of these were born.
I know how sharp that cuts, since my poor wife
Walked up and down, and still walked up and down,
And I walked after, and one could not hear
A word the other said, for wind and sea
That raged and beat and thundered in the night—
The awfulest, the longest, lightest night
That ever parents had to spend. A moon.
That shone like daylight on the breaking wave.
Ah, me! and other men have lost their lads,
And other women wiped their poor dead mouths,
And got them home and dried them in the house,
And seen the driftwood lie along the coast,
That was a tidy boat but one day back,
And seen next tide the neighbors gather it
To lay it on their fires.
"Ay, I was strong
And able-bodied—loved my work;—but now
I am a useless hull: 'tis time I sunk;

I am in all men's way; I trouble them;
I am a trouble to myself; but yet
I feel for mariners of stormy nights,
And feel for wives that watch ashore. Ay, ay,
If I had learning I would pray the Lord
To bring them in: but I'm no scholar, no;
Book-learning is a world too hard for me:
But I make bold to say: 'O Lord, good Lord,
I am a broken-down poor man, a fool
To speak to Thee: but in the Book 'tis writ,
As I hear say from others that can read,
How, when Thou camest, Thou didst love the sea,
And live with fisherfolk, whereby 'tis sure
Thou knowest all the peril they go through,
And all their trouble.

"'As for me, good Lord,
I have no boat; I am too old, too old—
My lads are drowned; I buried my poor wife;
My little lasses died so long ago
That mostly I forget what they were like.
Thou knowest, Lord, they were such little ones;
I know they went to Thee, but I forget
Their faces, though I missed them sore.

"'O Lord,
I was a strong man; I have drawn good food
And made good money out of Thy great sea;
But yet I cried for them at nights; and now,
Although I be so old, I miss my lads,
And there be many folk this stormy night
Heavy with fear for theirs. Merciful Lord,
Comfort them; save their honest boys, their pride,
And let them hear next ebb the blessedest,
Best sound—the boat-keels grating on the sand.'

"I cannot pray with finer words; I know
Nothing; I have no learning, cannot learn;
Too old, too old. They say I want for naught,
I have the parish pay; but I am dull
Of hearing, and the fire scarce warms me through.

God save me—I have been a sinful man,—
And save the lives of them that still can work,
For they are good to me; ay, good to me.
But, Lord, I am a trouble! and I sit,
And I am lonesome; and the nights are few
That any think to come and draw a chair,
And sit in my poor place and talk awhile.
Why should they come forsooth? Only the wind
Knocks at my door; oh, long and loud it knocks,
The only thing God made that has a mind
To enter in."

Yea, thus the old man spake,
These were the last words of his aged mouth—
BUT ONE DID KNOCK. One came to sup with him,
That humble, weak old man; knocked at his door
In the rough pauses of the laboring wind.
I tell you that One knocked while it was dark,
Save where their foaming passion had made white
Those livid seething billows. What He said
In that poor place where He did talk awhile,
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
That when the neighbors came the morrow morn,
What time the wind had bated, and the sun
Shone on the old man's floor, they saw the smile
He passed away in, and they said: "He looks
As he had woke and seen the face of Christ,
And with that rapturous smile held out his arms
To come to Him!"

JEAN INGELOW.

LXXI.—THE ATMOSPHERE.

SPELL AND EXPLAIN, atmosphere, spherical, tenuity, impalpable, gossamer, refractory, vivifies, carbonic, oxygen, magnolias, rhododendrons, exhaled, lotus, myrtles, cisterns.

1. A PHILOSOPHER of the East, with a richness of imagery truly oriental, describes the atmosphere as "a spherical shell which surrounds our planet to a depth which is unknown to us, by reason of its grow-

ing tenuity. Its upper surface cannot be nearer to us than fifty, and can scarcely be more remote than five hundred miles.

2. "It surrounds us on all sides, yet we see it not; it presses on us with a load of fifteen pounds on every square inch of surface of our bodies, or from seventy to one hundred tons on us in all, yet we do not so much as feel its weight. Softer than the softest down; more impalpable than the finest gossamer; it leaves the cobweb undisturbed, and scarcely stirs the lightest flower that feeds on the dew it supplies; yet it bears the fleets of nations on its wings around the world, and crushes the most refractory substances with its weight.

3. "When in motion, its force is sufficient to level the most stately forests and stable buildings with the earth: to raise the waters of the ocean into ridges like mountains, and dash the strongest ships to pieces like toys. It warms and cools by turns the earth and the living creatures that inhabit it: it draws up vapors from the sea and land, retains them dissolved in itself, or suspended in cisterns of clouds, and throws them down again as rain or dew when they are required: it bends the rays of the sun from their path, to give us the twilight of evening and of dawn: it disperses and refracts their various tints to beautify the approach and the retreat of the orb of day.

4. "But for the atmosphere, sunshine would burst on us and fail us at once, and at once remove us from midnight darkness to the blaze of noon. We should have no twilight to soften and beautify the landscape; no clouds to shade us from the scorching heat; but the bald earth, as it revolved on its axis, would turn its tanned and weakened front to the full and unmitigated rays of the lord of day.

5. "It affords the gas which vivifies and warms our frames, and receives into itself that which has been polluted by use, and is thrown off as noxious: it feeds the flame of life exactly as it does that of the fire: it is in both cases consumed, and affords the food of consumption; in both cases it becomes combined with charcoal, which requires it for combustion, and is removed by it when this is over."

6. "It is only the girdling encircling air," says another philosopher, "that flows above and around all, that makes the whole world kin. The carbonic acid with which to-day our breathing fills the air, to-morrow seeks its way around the world. The date trees that grow around the falls of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it to add to their stature; the cocoa-nuts of

Tahita will grow rapidly upon it; and the palms and bananas of Japan will change it into flowers.

7. "The oxygen we are breathing was distilled for us some short time ago by the magnolias of the Susquehanna, and the great trees that skirt the Orinoco and the Amazon: the giant rhododendrons of the Himalayas contributed to it, and the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon tree of Ceylon, and the forest older than the flood, buried deep in the heart of Africa, far behind the mountains of the Moon.

8. "The rain we see descending was thawed for us out of the icebergs which have watched the polar star for ages; and the lotus lilies have soaked up from the Nile, and exhaled as vapor, snows that rested on the summit of the Alps."

M. F. Maury.

LXXII.—THE RAILWAY TRAVELER'S FAREWELL.

'Twas business called a Father to travel by the Rail;
His eye was calm, his hand was firm, although his cheek was pale.
He took his little boy and girl, and set them on his knee;
And their mother hung about his neck, and her tears flowed fast and free.

I'm going by the Rail, my dears—Eliza, love, don't cry—
Now, kiss me both before I leave, and wish Papa good-by.
I hope I shall be back again, this afternoon, to tea,
And then, I hope, alive and well, that your Papa you'll see.

I'm going by the Rail, my dears, where the engines puff and hiss;
And ten to one the chances are that something goes amiss;
And in an instant, quick as thought—before you could cry "Ah!"
An accident occurs, and—say good-by to poor Papa!

Sometimes from scandalous neglect, my dears, the sleepers sink,
And then you have the carriages upset, as you may think.
The progress of the train, sometimes, a truck or coal-box checks,
And there's a risk for poor Papa's, and everybody's necks.

Or there may be a screw loose, a hook, or bolt, or pin—
Or else an ill-made tunnel may give way, and tumble in;
And in the wreck the passengers and poor Papa remain
Confined, till down upon them comes the next Excursion-train.

If a policeman's careless, dears, or if not over-bright,
When he should show a red flag, it may be he shows a white;
Between two trains, in consequence, there's presently a clash,
If poor Papa is only bruised, he's lucky in the smash.

Points may be badly managed, as they were the other day,
Because a stingy Company for hands enough won't pay;
Over and over goes the train—the engine off the rail,
And poor Papa's unable, when he's found, to tell the tale.

And should your poor Papa escape, my darlings, with his life,
May he return on two legs, to his children and his wife—
With both his arms, my little dears, return your fond embrace,
And present to you, unaltered, every feature of his face.

I hope I shall come back, my dears—but, mind, I am insured—
So, in case the worst may happen, you are so far all secured.
An action then will also lie for you and your Mamma—
And don't forget to bring it—on account of poor Papa.

PUNCH.

LXXIII.—JOHN CARTER.

SOUND THE ING DISTINCTLY in, drawing, robbing, hearing, getting, moving.

SOUND THE O in the second syllable of, dissolute, composition.

1. The chief attraction in one of the New York picture galleries is John Carter's "Rat-catcher and his Dogs," a small drawing in India ink, which awakens wonder and admiration in every one who looks at it, and reads the story of the artist.

2. John Carter, whose name was, until recently, wholly unknown to a majority of American readers, was an English silk weaver by trade. In his youth he was idle and dissolute, continually getting

into wild scrapes, and disliked by all the neighborhood. A poaching excursion at length nearly cost him his life, and put an end to his wild courses.

3. While robbing a rookery he fell from a fir tree to the ground, and was taken up and carried home for dead. He revived, however; and though so badly injured in the spine as to be deprived of all use of his arms and the lower portion of his body, his mental faculties, and the powers of sight, hearing, and speech, were unimpaired.

4. But he was, apparently, worse than dead. The power of moving his head and neck remained; the rest of his body was as insensible and lifeless as clay. But John Carter was not without friends. His wife and sister waited on him with the unwearying assiduity of love; and whatever others could do, to occupy and ease his mind, was done.

5. At length a fortunate day brought to his knowledge the case of a young lady who, being deprived of the use of her hands, learned to draw with her mouth! He caught at the idea, and made the trial himself.

6. Having contrived a desk for his paper, fixed in a convenient position near his head, he began by attempting to draw butterflies and flowers, in water colors. This he found too difficult, and took a more easily mastered method, that of drawing with a brush in India ink.

7. His mode of working was painful and laborious. His wife or sister would fill the brush. Taking it in his mouth he would twirl it round so as to throw off all the superfluous ink and bring the hairs to a fine point. He would then work at his drawing stroke by stroke, slowly, and not without much effort and weariness, resting after every touch and studying the next one.

8. In this manner he executed a large number of exquisite works, characterized by very high artistic qualities. Many an artist who has all the use of his hands would be glad to attain the firmness, the precision, and the delicacy of touch which Carter acquired.

9. He was about twenty years old when injured, and up to that time he had never studied drawing, nor had he evinced any care for pictures. That in his disabled condition he should acquire a knowledge of drawing and of the principles of composition, is one of the marvels of human experience.

THE GALAXY.

LXXIV.—ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
  One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
  Do not strive to catch them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
  Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee;
  Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
  Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given—
  Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
  Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee—
  Shadows passing through the land.

Do not laugh at life's long sorrow;
  See how small each moment's pain:
God will help thee for to-morrow;
  Every day begin again.

Every hour, that fleets so slowly,
  Has it task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
  If thou set each gem with care.

Hours are golden links—God's token
  Reaching heaven; but one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken
  Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

MISS PROCTER.

LXXV.—THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

ARTICULATE DISTINCTLY the double consonants in, sally, valley, brimming, swimming, chatter, babble, bubble, trebles, pebbles, fallow, mallow, swallows, shallows.

READ in a lively, sprightly manner, not dwelling on the vowel sounds.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern;
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred ridges;

Till last by Philip's farm I flow,
To join the brimming river:
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret;
By many a field and fallow,
By many a fairy foreland, set
With willow-weed and mallow,

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river:
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling;

And here and there a foaming flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery water-break,
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river:
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make my netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars,
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
And men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LXXVI.—EXERCISES IN ELOCUTION. 4.

A series of particulars gradually increasing in importance is called a climax.

RULE XII.—The successive steps of a climax should be read with gradually increasing force.

Do not confound force with loudness. The last step of a climax is often the lowest, though the strongest.

EXAMPLES.

1. IF I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms, n e v e r, NEVER, NEVER.

2. Strike--till the last armed foe expired;
Strike—for your altars and their fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land.

3. And darest thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No! by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms! what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall!

4. What! while our arms can wield these blades,
Shall we die tamely—die alone?
Without one victim to our shades,
One moslem heart where, buried deep,
The sabre from its toil may sleep?
No—though of all earth's hope bereft,
Life, swords, and VENGEANCE still are left.

5. Come as the winds come, when forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when navies are stranded;
Faster come, faster come, faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom, tenant and master.

6. Now for the fight—now for the cannon peal!
Forward—through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire!
On, then, hussars! Now give them rein and heel!

7. No one venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my lords, I must say, that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more; I can say, and will say, that as a peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this right honorable house, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me,—as a MAN,—I am, at this time, as much respected as the proudest peer I now look down upon.

LXXVII.—THE AMERICAN FLAG.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, azure, baldric, symbol, harbinger, cowering, welkin.

WRITE OUT this piece, marking the degree of stress on each word, as slight, medium, full, strong, or very strong, as in Lesson 26.

READ in slow time and with prolonged inflections.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war.
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.

Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven,
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

my *alley-tors* or *commoneys* lately, (both of which I understand to be species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town,) made use of this remarkable expression:—"How would you like to have another father?"

9. I shall prove to you further, gentlemen, that, about a year ago, Pickwick suddenly began to absent himself from home during long intervals, as if with the intention of gradually breaking off from my client; but I shall show you, also, that his resolution was not at that time sufficiently strong, or that his better feelings conquered,—if better feelings he has,—or that the charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed over his unmanly intentions, by proving to you that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms offered her marriage,—previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witnesses to their solemn contract.

10. And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties,—letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervid, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications; but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery,—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye,—letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—"Garraway's, twelve o'clock—Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick." Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and tomato sauce! Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! and tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these?

11. The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious: "Dear Mrs. B.—I shall not be at home to-morrow. Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression: "Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan!" The warming pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed about a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will

add, gentlemen, a comforting, article of domestic furniture! Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to some preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion.

12. And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you! But enough of this, gentlemen.

13. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined; and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down; but there is no tenant! Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass; but there is no invitation for them to inquire within, or without! All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his "alley-tors," and his "commoneys," are alike neglected; he forgets the long-familiar cry of "knuckle-down," and at tip-chesse, or odd-and-even, his hand is out.

14. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in Goswell street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages—is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen.

CHARLES DICKENS.

LXXIX.—RIENZI TO THE ROMANS.

WRITE OUT this lesson marking the inflections and emphatic words. STUDY the examples of climax.

FRIENDS,′
I come not here to talk\. You know too well
The story of our thraldom\. We are SLAVES\!
The bright sun rises to his course′, and lights
A RACE of SLAVES! He sets′, and his last beam
Falls on a slave; not such as ° swept along
By the full tide of power′, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame′′,
But base\, IGNOBLE SLAVES\! slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants\, feudal despots\! lords
Rich in some dozen paltry villages,′
Strong in some hundred spearmen′—only great
In that strange spell′—a name.

Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,
He toss'd not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood?

Such shames are common
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,
I had a brother once—a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy—there was the look
Of heaven upon his face which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,

A summer bloom on his fair cheek; a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
The pretty, harmless boy was slain!

I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse ye, Romans! Rouse ye, slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distain'd,
Dishonor'd; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answer'd by the lash!

Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus—once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free!

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

LXXX.—PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

MARK CLEARLY by a change of voice the transition from narrative to dialogue, and from one speaker to the other.

FIND OUT the emphatic words and examples of climax.

READ the line "Lord Angus, thou hast lied!" with the strongest force, and in a suppressed voice. The three lines beginning "No, by St. Bride," require the loudest voice that the reader can command.

NOT far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troops array,
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.
The train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu.

"Though something I might 'plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stay'd,
Part we in friendship from your land;
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone;
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire:
And "This to me!" he said,
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
And Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),
I tell thee thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth: "And darest thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms! what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall!"

Lord Marmion turn'd—well was his need—
And dash'd the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.
The steed along the drawbridge flies
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim.
And, when Lord Marmion reach'd his band,
He halts, and turn'd with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he rein'd his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name:
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood:
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried;
"Bold he can speak, and fairly ride;
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LXXXI.—THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, malefactors, solstice, infuriate, invective, delirium, ghastliest, rupees.

1. THE prisoners had been left at the disposal of the officers of the guard, who determined to secure them for the night in the common dungeon of the fort, a dungeon known to the English by the name of "the Black Hole,"—its size only eighteen feet by fourteen; its airholes only two small windows, and these overhung by a low veranda.

2. Into this cell, hitherto designed and employed for the confinement of some half dozen malefactors at a time, was it now resolved to thrust a hundred and forty-five European men and one English woman, some of them suffering from recent wounds, and this in the night of the Indian summer solstice, when the fiercest heat was raging! Into this cell accordingly the unhappy prisoners, in spite of their expostulations, were driven at the point of the sabre; the last, from the throng and narrow space, being pressed in with considerable difficulty, and the doors being then by main force closed and locked behind them.

3. Of the doleful night that succeeded, narratives have been given by two of the survivors, Mr. Holwell and Mr. Cooke. The former, who even in this extremity was still in some degree obeyed as chief, placed himself at a window, called for silence, and appealed to one of the Nabob's officers, an old man, who had shown more humanity than the rest, promising him a thousand rupees in the morning if he would find means to separate the prisoners into two chambers. The old man went to try, but returned in a few minutes with the fatal sentence that no change could be made without orders from the Nabob,—that the Nabob was asleep,—and that no one dared to disturb him.

4. Meanwhile within the dungeon the heat and stench had become intolerable. It was clear to the sufferers themselves that, without a change, few, if any, amongst them would see the light of another day. Some attempted to burst open the door; others, as unavailingly, again besought the soldiers to unclose it. As their dire thirst increased, amidst their struggles and their screams, "Water! Water!" became the general cry.

5. The officer, to whose compassion Mr. Holwell had lately appealed, desired some skins of water to be brought to the window; but they proved too large to pass through the iron bars, and the sight of this relief, so near and yet withheld, served only to infuriate and well-nigh madden the miserable captives; they began to fight and trample one another down, striving for a nearer place to the windows, and for a few drops of the water.

6. These dreadful conflicts, far from exciting the pity of the guards, rather moved their mirth; and they held up lights to the bars, with fiendish glee, to discern the amusing sight more clearly. On the other hand, several of the English, frantic with pain, were now endeavoring by every term of insult and invective to provoke these soldiers to put an end to their agony by firing into the dungeon.

7. "Some of our company," says Mr. Cooke, "expired very soon after being put in; others grew mad, and, having lost their senses, died in a high delirium." At length, and by degrees, these various outcries sunk into silence—but it was the silence of death.

8. When the morning broke, and the Nabob's order came to unlock the door, it became necessary first to clear a lane, by drawing out the corpses, and piling them in heaps on each side, when, walking one by one through the narrow outlet, of the one hundred and forty-six persons who had entered the cell the evening before, only twenty-three came forth; the ghastliest forms, says Mr. Orme, that were ever seen alive. LORD MAHON.

LXXXII.—GEMS.

TIME.

1. Still on it creeps,
Each little moment at another's heels,
Till hours, days, years, and ages are made up
Of such small parts as these, and men look back,
Worn and bewildered, wond'ring how it is.
Thou trav'lest like a ship in the wide ocean,
Which hath no bounding shore to mark its progress.
JOANNA BAILLIE

2. Out upon time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before!

Out upon time! who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be;
What we have seen, our sons shall see;
Remnants of things that have pass'd away,
Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay!

BYRON

8. The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done!

YOUNG.

4. Youth is not rich in time, it may be poor:
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what it's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell

YOUNG

5. It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.

SHAKESPEARE.

6 As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of Time.

MASON.

KNOWLEDGE.

7. 'Tis the property of all true knowledge, especially spiritual, to enlarge the soul by filling it; to enlarge it without swelling it; to make it more capable, and more earnest to know, the more it knows.

BISHOP SPRAT.

8. Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft times no connection. Knowledge dwells

In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

COWPER.

9. Not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime Wisdom; what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concern,
Unpractised, unprepar'd, and still to seek.

MILTON.

LEARNING.

10. The end of Learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love Him, and imitate Him, as we may the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue.

MILTON.

11. He that wants good sense is unhappy in having Learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that has sense knows that Learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.

STEELE.

12. To be proud of Learning is the greatest ignorance.

BISHOP TAYLOR.

LXXXIII.—VALUE OF TIME AND KNOWLEDGE.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, covetous, leisure, inexhaustible, effectual, groveling, mathematician, alchemy, interesting, approximation.

1. LET me call your attention to the importance of improving your time. The infinite value of time is not realized. It is the most precious thing in all the world; "the only thing of which it is a virtue to be covetous, and yet the only thing of which all men are prodigal."

2. In the first place, then, reading is a most interesting and pleasant method of occupying your leisure hours. All young people have, or may have, time enough to read. The difficulty is, they are not careful to improve it.

3. Their hours of leisure are either idled away, or talked away, or spent in some other way equally vain and useless; and then they complain that they have no time for the cultivation of their minds and hearts.

4. Time is so precious that there is never but one moment in the world at once, and that is always taken away before another is given. Only take care to gather up the fragments of time, and you will never want leisure for the reading of useful books. And in what way can you spend your unoccupied hours more pleasantly than in holding converse with the wise and the good, through the medium of their writings? To a mind not altogether devoid of curiosity, books form an inexhaustible source of enjoyment.

5. It is a consideration of no small weight, that reading furnishes materials for interesting and useful conversation. Those who are ignorant of books must, of course, have their thoughts confined to very narrow limits. What occurs in their immediate neighborhood, the state of the market, the idle report, the tale of scandal, the foolish story—these make up the circle of their knowledge, and furnish the topics of their conversation. They have nothing to say of importance, because they know nothing of importance.

6. A taste for useful reading is an effectual preservative from vice. Next to the fear of God implanted in the heart, nothing is a better safeguard to character than the love of good books. They are the handmaids of virtue and religion. They quicken our sense of duty, unfold our responsibilities, strengthen our principles, confirm our habits, inspire us in the love of what is right and useful, and teach us to look with disgust upon that which is low and groveling and vicious.

7. The high value of mental cultivation is another weighty motive for giving attendance to reading. What is it that mainly distinguishes a man from a brute? Knowledge. What makes the vast difference there is between savage and civilized nations? Knowledge. What forms the principal difference between men, as they appear in the same society? Knowledge.

8. What raised Franklin from the humble station of a printer's boy to the first honors of his country? Knowledge. What took Sherman from his shoemaker's bench, gave him a seat in Congress, and there made his voice to be heard among the wisest and best of his compeers? Knowledge. What raised Simpson from the weaver's

loom to a place among the first of mathematicians? and Herschel, from being a poor fifer's boy in the army, to a station among the first of astronomers? Knowledge.

9. Knowledge is power. It is the philosopher's stone, the true alchemy, that turns every thing it touches into gold. It is the sceptre that gives us our dominion over nature; the key that unlocks the storehouse of creation, and opens to us the treasures of the universe.

10. The circumstances in which you are placed, as the members of a free and intelligent community, demand of you a careful improvement of the means of knowledge you enjoy. You live in an age of great mental excitement. The public mind is awake, and society in general is fast rising in the scale of improvement. At the same time, the means of knowledge are most abundant.

11. The road to wealth, to honor, to usefulness and happiness is open to all, and all who will may enter upon it with the almost certain prospect of success. In this free community there are no privileged orders. Every man finds his level. If he has talents he will be known and estimated, and rise in the respect and confidence of society.

12. Added to this, every man is here a freeman. He has a voice in the election of rulers, in making and executing the laws, and may be called to fill important places of honor and trust in the community of which he is a member. What, then, is the duty of persons in these circumstances? Are they not called to cultivate their minds, to improve their talents, and to acquire the knowledge which is necessary to enable them to act, with honor and usefulness, the part assigned them on the stage of life?

13. A diligent use of the means of knowledge accords well with your nature as rational and immortal beings. God has given you minds which are capable of indefinite improvement; he has placed you in circumstances peculiarly favorable for making such improvement; and, to inspire you with diligence in mounting up the shining course before you, he points you to the prospect of an endless existence beyond the grave.

14. If you, who possess these powers, were destined, after spending a few days on earth, to fall into non-existence—if there were nothing in you which death can not destroy, nor the grave cover—there would, indeed, be but little inducement to cultivate your minds. "For who would take pains to trim a taper which shines but for a moment, and can never be lighted again?"

15. But if you have minds which are capable of endless progression in knowledge, of endless approximation to the supreme intelligence—if, in the midst of unremitting success, objects of new interest will be forever opening before you—O, what prospects are presented to the view of man! what strong inducements to cultivate his mind and heart, and to enter upon that course of improvement here which is to run on, brightening in glory and in bliss, ages without end!

HAWES.

LXXXIV.—LITTLE AND GREAT.

RULE XIII.—Parallel words have a similar stress, slightly exceeding the medium.

EXAMPLES of parallel words in this lesson: love=age; dormouse=birds; glory=blessing; lamp=beacon-ray=flame; whisper=breath; brother=soul; germ=fount=word=thought. (Note the climax in these four words.)

EXAMPLES of contrasted words: old, new; strong, true; thought, issue; small, great; little, mighty; first, last.

A TRAVELER, through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe his early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink:
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that Toil might drink.

He passed again—and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old—and yet 'twas new:
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great;
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

CHARLES MACKAY.

LXXXV.—THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER.

PRONOUNCE, SPELL, AND EXPLAIN, ferule, presages, clarified, orient, whetting, conjunction.

WRITE OUT the parallel words: also the contrasted words.

THERE is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed, as that of a schoolmaster; the reasons whereof I conceive to be these:

First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession, but only a rod and a ferule.

Secondly, others, who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling.

Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best, by the miserable reward, which, in some places, they receive; being masters to the children, and slaves to their parents. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books, and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And, though it may seem difficult for him, in a great school, to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all (saving some few exceptions) to these general rules:

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presages much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where his master whips him once, shame whips him all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think, with the hare in the fable, that, running with snails (so they count the rest of their schoolfellows), they shall come soon enough to the post; though sleeping a good while before their starting. O, a good rod would finely take them napping.

3. Those that be dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed, by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India, are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth, acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country; and therefore their dullness is at first to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself, who beats nature in a boy for a fault.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in

the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boatmakers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him. He is moderate in inflicting even deserved correction.

Many a schoolmaster seemeth to understand that schooling his pupils meaneth scolding and scoring them; and, therefore, in bringing them forward, he useth the lash more than the leading-string.

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. The tyranny of such a man hath caused the tongues of many to stammer, which spake plainly by nature, and whose stuttering, at first, was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence.

FULLER.

LXXXVI.—UNIVERSAL AND PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

PRONOUNCE, SPELL, AND EXPLAIN, imbecile, halcyon, harangue, myriads, simultaneous, aggrandizement, arena, recognition, theoretic.

1. Is IT wonderful that we of the South have achieved greatness in one department only of human effort, since our educational system and our policy did not arouse all our faculties throughout our entire population? The sailor and the blacksmith may have great strength, but this lies in the arm. It is not the healthful development of the perfect man.

2. And so with us. One class only has been developed to the highest point, and that development has been in but a single direction—toward political life. Our mighty men have been strong like the sailor and the blacksmith, for one species of effort, and for one only.

3. The educated man of the South was like the hero of the fairy tale; in the legislative chamber he was a mail-clad warrior, armed at all points, ready to assail, and invulnerable to attack; but as soon as he recrossed the portal of the enchanted hall, his armor fell off,

his sword crumbled to dust, his tough and cord-like sinews became soft and flexible as those of a delicate woman. The invincible champion was changed into the feeble imbecile.

4. It was unfortunate even in our halcyon days of ease and prosperity, to have had a system of instruction adapted specially to one class of society. It was doubly unfortunate that this training qualified that class for pre-eminence in but a single vocation.

5. Nature delights in variety. If we look above at those bright orbs which make the heavens resplendent, we see one star differing from another star in glory. Each of the countless myriads of luminaries differs from its fellows in form, color, specific gravity, and period of revolution.

6. If we look down, the very atoms beneath our feet are all unlike in shape, size, and weight. If we look abroad on some boundless forest, we find each tree, each twig and shrub without a counterpart; yea, of the millions of millions of leaves that are dancing greenly in the breeze or lying withered upon the ground, there are no two exactly alike in texture and configuration.

7. Exclusiveness in education, giving a single aim and tendency, is contrary then to the whole economy of nature. It does violence to our mental organization. It is a wrong to the individual, as it denies him that simultaneous development of the faculties which is essential to true greatness. It is a wrong to society, as it fails to arouse and stimulate those mental activities which might benefit and enrich mankind.

8. This twofold wrong was involved in the plan of instruction when we were free and wealthy. To characterize it aright now, we need only say that it teaches those things we cannot use, and leaves those untaught which are of inestimable value.

9. Now that labor has been dignified and cherished, we want it to be recognized in our schools and colleges. We do not want it to be the labor of the mule and the ox. We want it controlled and directed by education, and to have all the appliances of art and science thrown around it. We ask for a practical recognition on the part of those who have the teaching of our youth of the state of things now existing.

10. Is the science of mind useful to us just now, when our highest duty is to mind our own business? Will the flowers of rhetoric plant any roses in our "burnt districts?" Will oratory benefit those

who have no constituents to harangue, no legislative halls to enter? Will political economy be as valuable to an impoverished people as a knowledge of household economy? Will the figurative digging of Greek and Latin roots aid us in extracting the real articles from our neglected fields?

11. The old plan of education in the palmy days of the South gave us orators and statesmen, but did nothing to enrich us, nothing to promote material greatness. Let not that be said of us which Buonaparte said of the Bourbons: "They learned nothing; they forgot nothing." It is lawful to be taught by those who have far excelled us in developing the resources of the country.

12. We want a comprehensive plan of instruction, which will embrace the useful rather than the profound, the practical rather than the theoretic; a system which will take up the ignorant in his degradation, enlighten his mind, cultivate his heart, and fit him for the solemn duties of an immortal being; a system which will come to the poor in his poverty, and instruct him in the best method of procuring food, raiment, and the necessaries of life; a system which will give happiness to the many, and not aggrandizement to the few; a system which will foster and develop mechanical ingenuity and relieve labor of its burden; which will entwine its laurel wreath around the brow of honest industry, and frown with contempt upon the idle and worthless.

13. When our young men come forth from schools, academies and colleges, with their minds and hearts imbued with this sublime teaching, to enter upon the busy arena of life, they will be fully qualified to turn their strong hands and well-stored minds to any and every useful employment. Then the wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing. Then shall the captivity of our people be removed, "and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof; they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them. They shall be planted upon their land, and shall no more be pulled up out of the land," which the Lord their God giveth them.

GEN. D. H. HILL.

LXXXVII.—THE NOBILITY OF LABOR.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, exhalation, gorgeous, Elysian, heroism, laboratory, feudal, opprobrium, dingy, scarred, heraldic.

WRITE OUT the parallel words; the contrasted words; the words that require ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

GIVE THE RULES for the inflections marked in the eighth paragraph.

1. WHY, in the great scale of things, is labor ordained for us? Easily, had it so pleased the great Ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself might have been a mighty machinery for producing all that man wants. Houses might have risen like an exhalation, gorgeous furniture might have been placed in them, and soft couches and luxuriant banquets spread by hands unseen; and man, clothed with fabrics of nature's weaving, rather than with imperial purple, might have been sent to disport himself in those Elysian palaces.

2. "Fair scene!" I imagine you are saying: "fortunate for us had it been the scene ordained for human life!" But where then had been human energy, perseverance, patience, virtue, heroism? Cut off labor, with one blow, from the world, and mankind had sunk to a crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries. No! it had not been fortunate! Better, that the earth be given to man as a dark mass, whereupon to labor. Better, that rude and unsightly materials be provided in the ore-bed and in the forest, for him to fashion in splendor and beauty.

3. Better, I say, not because of that splendor and beauty, but because the act of creating them is better than the things themselves; because exertion is nobler than enjoyment; because the laborer is greater and more worthy of honor than the idler. If man stood on the earth passively and unconscious, imbibing the dew and sap, and spreading his arms to the light and air, he would be but a tree. If he grew up capable neither of purpose nor of improvement, with no guidance but instinct, and no powers but those of digestion and locomotion, he would be but an animal.

4. But he is more than this: he is a man; he is made to improve; he is made, therefore, to think, to act, to work. Labor is his great function, his peculiar distinction, his privilege. Can he not think so? Can he not see, that, from being an animal, to eat, and drink,

and sleep, to become a worker, to put forth the hand of ingenuity, and to pour his own thoughts into the moulds of nature, fashioning them into forms of grace and fabrics of convenience, and converting them to purposes of improvement and happiness,—can he not see, I repeat, that this is the greatest possible step in privilege?

5. Labor, I say, is man's great function. The earth and the atmosphere are his laboratory. With spade and plow; with mining shafts, and furnaces, and forges; with fire and steam; amidst the noise and whirl of swift and bright machinery; and abroad in the silent fields, beneath the roofing sky; man was made to be ever working, ever experimenting. And while he, and all his dwellings of care and toil, are borne onward with the circling skies, and the shows of heaven are around him, and their infinite depths image and invite his thought, still, in all the worlds of philosophy, in the universe of intellect, man must be a worker. He is nothing, he can be nothing, he can achieve nothing, fulfill nothing, without working.

6. I call upon those whom I address, to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down, for ages. Let it, then, be built up again; here, if anywhere, on these shores of a new world, of a new civilization. But how, it may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do, indeed, toil; but they too generally do it because they must.

7. Many submit to it, as in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth, as to escape from it. They fulfill the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should hasten, as a chosen, coveted theatre of improvement. But so is he not impelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting.

8. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil'? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field'; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war'; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother Nature has embroidered, midst sun and rain, fire and

stea.n, her own heraldic honors'? Ashamed of these tokens and titles', and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity'? It is treason to nature\; it is impiety to Heaven\; it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance.\ Toil\, I repeat',—toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand'', is the only true manhood\, the only true nobility\.

Orville Dewey.

LXXXVIII.—AMERICAN GENIUS.

The Yankee-boy, before he's sent to school,
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye
Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby;
His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,
Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it;
And, in the education of the lad,
No little part that implement hath had.
His pocket-knife, to the young whittler brings
A growing knowledge of material things.
Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,
His chestnut whistle, and his shingle dart,
His elder pop-gun, with his hickory rod,
Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,
His corn-stalk fiddle, and the deeper tone
That murmurs from his pumpkin-stalk trombone,
Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed
His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed,
His wind-mill, raised the passing breeze to win,
His water-wheel, that turns upon a pin;
Or, if his father lives upon the shore,
You'll see his ship, "beam ends upon the floor,"
Full rigged, with raking masts, and timbers staunch,
And waiting, near the washtub, for a launch.
Thus, by his genius and his jack-knife driven,
Ere long he'll solve you any problem given;
Make any jim-crack musical or mute,
A plough, a coach, an organ, or a flute;

Make you a locomotive or a clock,
Cut a canal, or build a floating-dock,
Or lead forth Beauty from a marble-block;
Make anything, in short, for sea or shore,
From a child's rattle to a seventy-four;
Make it, said I?—Ay, when he undertakes it,
He'll make the *thing* and the *machine* that makes it.
And when the thing is made, whether it be
To move in earth, in air, or on the sea;
Whether on water, o'er the wave to glide,
Or upon land to roll, revolve, or slide;
Whether to whirl, or jar, to strike, or ring;
Whether it be a piston or a spring,
Wheel, pully, tube sonorous, wood, or brass,
The thing designed shall surely come to pass;
For, when his hand's upon it, you may know
That there's *go* in it, and he'll *make* it go.

J. Pierpont.

LXXXIX.—LIFE IN A VILLAGE FORTY YEARS AGO.

Sound the last syllable distinctly in, gathering, putting, botanizing, fancying, spending, introducing, saying, moving, amusing, carrying, nutting, running, building, spending, stopping, playing, looking, shaking.

1. Our village lay in a lovely valley surrounded by mountains, with a beautiful river running through it; large meadows, narrow, romantic roads, with hills on one side and precipices on the other, leading to the water; woods filled with wild flowers, laurel, bright-colored berries, and singing birds. What happy holidays were passed wandering about in them, gathering flowers and putting them in tin boxes for botanizing friends, or building huts and fancying ourselves on a desert island; doing all that children like most, but which when brought up in cities they cannot do.

2. In the autumn the mountains glowed with every shade of red and yellow. This was the nutting season. There were many very noble walnut, chestnut and butternut trees, and the fruit was so abundant that it took only a short time to fill our baskets. Then,

gathered round a cheerful fire of large logs, we roasted our chestnuts in the hot embers, taking the precaution to make a hole in each for the heated air to escape. Sometimes this was neglected, when, bang! they flew all over the room. In the winter the pleasures were various, but you shall hear about the coasting by and by.

3. We were fortunate in finding some pleasant families in so retired a place, and, after spending the summer with agreeable friends, decided to remain for some years. These friends had been settled there for a long time before our arrival, and gave us many humorous accounts of their experiences in servants, or *help*, as they called themselves, though the name did not always describe them. House-bells were unknown, and one lady on introducing them into her house thought she was going to save much trouble.

4. The first time she rang, no one answered; again and again she pulled the bell. At last, Betty put her head into the parlor saying: "The more you ring, the more I won't come." But bells soon tinkled in many houses, and, on moving into our new homestead, we had the first one hung by our front door, though the old-fashioned lion-headed knocker remained.

5. Tea handed round, or "*lap-tea*," was universal at parties. At one of them two servant girls entered carrying a huge waiter between them, one on each side. This was a most unexpected demonstration for the lady of the house, who quietly went out and told them to bring in separate trays. An amusing instance of the primitive state of the inhabitants was this. We sent a plated toast-rack to the watchmaker to be mended. This unknown article in his shop window excited curiosity, and it was noised abroad that Mrs. —— had a silver mouse trap!

6. Most of you learn music, or have friends who play for you. Our village did not contain a piano-forte, and when ours arrived, the wonder among the country people was great. It was equal to that of the man who described his first impressions on hearing one to a friend of mine in this way—"There was a large wooden box, and when it was opened, he thumped and thumped, and the music flew out like all nature."

7. The villagers used to wander by the house slowly, stopping to listen, and often coming into the front garden. Once a young girl, while playing, heard a loud noise, and looking round saw a man who had entered unheard, shaking a large stick and telling her how

wicked it was for her to spend her time in that way! A young man representing one of the professions came to hear the piano. He sat with a quiet smile on his face during the performance of an intricate composition. When it was ended he said, "It sounds like squirrels running over a brush-fence."

8. The village church was situated on high land, unsheltered by trees, the hottest place in summer, and the windiest in winter, with no stove or furnace to make the cold endurable. Our modern conveniences make children more attentive and devotional; it is hard to follow a sermon with aching feet. It was the custom to preach long discourses upon different doctrines, not telling you what you ought to do, but what you ought to think.

9. A young man had been recently settled there in place of the aged and reverend clergyman, who seldom now occupied the pulpit. As usual there was an interchange with ministers from the adjacent villages. One very old preacher was always unwelcome. When we saw his venerable head above the pulpit we knew we should have a long argument which we could not understand.

10. He invariably divided his subject into thirteen, fourteen, or fifteen parts, in this way: "Ahem, twelfthly;" "But—thirteenthly;" "But—furder, fourteenthly;" "Furdermore, fifteenthly." One memorable Sunday he got up to eighteenthly, and ended with: "Ahem, but—furdermore, *par*-ticularly nineteenthly."

11. The church choir was guided by a violin, while a violoncello grumbled behind—these are not sacred looking instruments; there was an entire ignorance of arrangement; the sharp and strong voices reminded one of vinegar and mustard, though they did not mix so well. The leader was very earnest, and his enthusiasm prompted him to teach singing gratis two evenings of the week in the village school-house. On these occasions his zeal carried him entirely away. With arms upraised and knees bending at every beat of the time, he made the circuit of the room, singing, nodding, waving, bending; frowning on one, encouraging another, and enjoying it as much as if he understood what he was about.

12. Education was very much furthered by collegians who came in their vacation to teach arithmetic, chemistry, &c. One of those, though very thorough, used to excite a smile sometimes by asking us to add up the "kelyums," and attend to our "methemetics." In

the public school were taught the elementary branches. In the one private school the advantages were very limited.

13. The village doctor was a person of importance. How we used to dread his visits! He was very kind and amiable, but when he drew out a large leather wallet, our hearts died within us; for curiously arranged within, neatly lying side by side, were white papers fitted with jalap, calomel, tartar emetic, and other horrors; and if we had a slight attack of headache or fever, some of these were taken out, and we were told to mix them in jam or *jell*, and promised that we "should not taste 'em."

14. The worthy doctor used to look about the rooms and lament he could not enjoy the pictures on the walls—they all looked *flat* to him; the distant hills were near, there was no perspective, or, as he expressed it: "I never can *raise* a picture."

15. There were some things he could raise, for he was the village dentist also. Now, my young readers no doubt think it a dreadful thing to go to one of our experienced dentists, to take ether, and submit to their practiced hands and perfect tools; and it does require great courage, but congratulate yourselves that you do not live in the days of hooks. A hook, with a handkerchief wound round the hand grasping the handle, was the instrument of torture. We used to sit on a footstool and put our heads between his knees; then he, bending over us—but oh! it is too disagreeable to think of! Once he came to the house to operate, the victim not being well, and he sat astride the bed-post to get a "purchase," as he called it. Three pulls were without success, fortunately, for it was decided that, after all, the tooth ought not to be removed.

16. After a time we had traveling musicians who gave concerts in the village, traveling jugglers, and, best of all, traveling menageries. In one of these was a huge elephant, and when the term of his exhibition was over, it was thought dangerous for him to cross the bridge. It was decided to let him swim the river.

17. You can imagine what an excitement there was. On the day appointed, all kinds of vehicles might be seen on the banks of the river, and crowds of people from the neighboring towns. The boys as usual got the highest and best places, climbing up the arches of the bridge, and covering the piers. Soon a heavy tramp was heard; the animal taking kindly to the water, splashed and swam with a loud noise, and got safely over. As he went up the opposite bank,

the water streaming from his huge sides, and his big ears flapping, he was a sight worth seeing.

18. In a few years some families of cultivation settled in the place. The country people found it very much for their advantage to have an increase in the population. The small jealousies inseparable from life in a small place were subdued, a feeling of cordial friendship substituted, and, on leaving, the pleasantest memories remained.

19. The last time we went to our village everything was changed. New York bankers drove four-in-hand over the well-known roads. It had become a fashionable summer resort. Pianos sounded from all the houses. Hops and Germans were given during the sultry evenings. The natural features were the same. The mountains, though looking lower than my youthful fancy had painted them, were beautiful; and the clouds cast their varied shadows upon them, enhancing their beauty as much as in former days.

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XC.—FORTY YEARS AGO.

WRITE OUT the unaccented prepositions in this lesson. Be careful to lay no stress on them in reading.

I've wandered to the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground,
That sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know,
Who played with us upon the green,
Just forty years ago.

The grass was just as green, Tom;
Barefooted boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay.
But the master sleeps upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place,
Some forty years ago.

The old school-house is altered some;
The benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same
Our jack-knives had defaced.
But the same old bricks are in the wall,
And the bell swings to and fro,
Its music's just the same, dear Tom,
'Twas forty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,
Close by the spreading beech,
Is very low; 'twas once so high
That we could scarcely reach;
And kneeling down to take a drink,
Dear Tom, I started so,
To think how very much I've changed,
Since forty years ago.

Near by that spring, upon an elm,
You know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,
And you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark;
'Twas dying sure, but slow,
Just as she died whose name you cut
There forty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom,
But tears came in my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well,
Those early broken ties.
I visited the old church-yard,
And took some flowers to strow
Upon the graves of those we loved
Just forty years ago.

Some are in the church-yard laid,
Some sleep beneath the sea,
But none are left of our old class,
Excepting you and me.

And when our time shall come, Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope we'll meet with those we loved
Some forty years ago.

XCI.—STORY FROM SPANISH HISTORY.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, facilitate, impregnable, capitulate, laconic, beleaguered, sovereign, enthusiastic.

1. SOME centuries ago two kings were contending for the crown of Castile. We forget their names for the present; but to facilitate the telling of my story, we shall call one Alfonso and the other John. Alfonso proclaimed, of course, that John was a usurper and a rebel, and John returned the compliment. Well, John at last defeated his rival, horse and foot, and carried everything triumphantly before him, with the exception of a single town, which Alfonso had intrusted to a stout old knight called Aguilar, and which, after a long siege, still remained impregnable.

2. "You have done enough for honor," said King John one day to the knight, "surrender and you shall have the most liberal terms." "If you had read the history of your country," answered Aguilar, "you would have known that none of my race ever capitulated." "I will starve you, proud and obstinate fool." "Starve the eagle, if you can." "I will put you and the whole garrison to the sword." "Try," was the laconic reply, and the siege went on.

3. One morning, as the rising sun was beginning to gild with its rays the highest towers of the beleaguered city, a parley sounded from the camp of the enemy. The old knight appeared on the wall, and looked down on the king below. "Surrender," said John again. "My rival, Alfonso, is dead, and the whole of Castile recognizes my sway, as that of its legitimate sovereign." "Sire, I believe you, but I must see my dead master." "Go, then, to Seville, where his body lies. You have my royal word that I shall attempt nothing against you on your way; nor against the city in your absence."

4. The knight came out with banner flying, and a small escort of grim-visaged warriors. Behind him the gates closed; before him the dense battalions of the enemy opened their ranks, and as he passed along, slowly riding his noble war-horse, shouts of admiration burst wide and far from the whole host who had so often witnessed his deeds of valor, and the echoes of the loud and enthusiastic greeting accompanied him until the red plume which waved in his helmet was out of sight.

5. He arrived at Seville, and went straight to the Cathedral, where he found the tomb of his former sovereign. He had it opened, and gazing awhile with moist eyes at the pale face which met his look, he thus addressed the dead monarch: "Sire, I had sworn never to deliver to any body but yourself the keys of the town, which you had intrusted to my care. Here they are. I have kept my oath." And he deposited them on the breast of King Alfonso. Then, bestriding his good steed, he galloped back to his post.

6. As soon as he approached, again the ranks of the enemy opened, and King John confronted him. "Well," said the King, "are you satisfied, and do you now give up the contest?" "Yes, Sire." "Where are the keys of the town?" "On King Alfonso's breast. Go and get them. We meet no more." "By heaven! we shall never part," exclaimed the king; "get the keys back yourself and remain in command of the town in my name." The followers of the king murmured, and complained of his rewarding a rebel. "He is no longer one," said King John; "such rebels, when won, become the best subjects."

CHAS. E. A. GAYARRÉ.

XCII.—REBELLION IN SCHOOL.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, autograph, gymnasium, unanimous, portend, discipline, acquiescing, forfeit, seditious, etiquette, preceding, insubordination.

1. "MR. NORRIS, OUR RESPECTED PRINCIPAL:

"We, the undersigned, members of your school, feeling severely the burden of the new monitor system, and being unable to reconcile its requirements with our ideas of manly and honorable dealing, or with your teachings and examples of what is generous and above

board, do herein most earnestly but respectfully petition you, our esteemed master, to relieve us from the harshness and unpleasantness of a check which has never before been necessary in the school, and which now causes constant distress and discontent.

"Signed calmly and peaceably by your

"FIFTY-SEVEN SCHOLARS."

2. Then followed an immense circle in which to put our names. Each of our little set wrote his autograph, and then we carried the paper to every one of our schoolmates, and in half an hour more the remonstrance was completed and laid on Mr. Norris's desk, for him to find at evening prayers.

3. That mistaken affair was the work of a Thursday afternoon. No notice was taken of the petition either that evening, the next morning, or the evening following. Mr. Norris treated us as usual, and acted as if our document had never met his eye. When on Saturday, even the morning's usual address, announcing the rolls of merit and demerit, finishing with allusions of commendation or reproof for any marked events of the week, was concluded without the slightest notice of our grand remonstrance, we boys collected, by tacit agreement, in the gymnasium, and there excitedly discussed the matter.

4. Monday morning came, and when the then officer of the day, who by the monitor system was expected, besides conducting inspections and roll-calls, to note all misconduct that came under his sight in or out of school, and had to report such or be personally responsible—when that officer had called our names and noted absentees, he read from a paper, furnished him by Mr. Norris, the new appointments: "Officer of the day and general school monitor, Richard Gracie."

5. "No you don't," was murmured from Dick's place in the line. A little laugh ran down the ranks at Dick's reply, and that was succeeded by a partly suppressed groan from several of the boys. "Night monitor for Room No. 1, Brinsmade." At that, a general groan, louder than the first sign of insubordination, rose from us boys.

6. In that way were all the room monitors, and then the class monitors, announced and the appointments received; each volley of groans surpassing the preceding in loudness and emphasis, until our Principal appeared in the hall, and asked the meaning of such an

unusual noise. No reply being made, he merely said, "Let me hear no more of it," and disappeared. The groans ceased.

7. Roll-call being finished, we went to the wash-room, where we were allowed fifteen minutes in which to make our toilets; but not a fellow touched basin, water or towel; no, the excitement would not permit such common-place duty as making ourselves clean. So soon as all were in the wash-room, Grant shut the doors and called out, "Let's see the monitors! Come, step out all who got appointments this morning."

8. In a moment there were fifteen monitors standing together—the officer of the day, seven room monitors, and seven class monitors. "Now," said Grant, "as we all signed the petition, I take it for granted that both monitors and no monitors are united in hatred of the system, and in desire to abolish it." "Yes," was the unanimous answer.

9. "Then what you have to do is to hand in *blanks* when your reports are called for. What do you say?" "Yes, yes, yes," the monitors responded, and Rough's big bass voice added, "The fellow who backs out and makes a report shall suddenly visit the earth from a third-story window." Laughing and chattering, we turned to our basins and tooth-brushes.

10. Before dispersing from the study-hall at night, Mr. Norris came in, as was his custom, and called for the head monitor's report. Gracie stepped forward and handed him a paper. Mr. Norris looked at it, and then said, "No report: an unusually orderly day. Thank you, young gentlemen." That did not sound pleasantly to our ears. Somehow, Mr. Norris's want of suspicion of our true position or his calm determination in regard to it—we could not tell which it was—began to make us doubt the justice of our cause and our ability to carry it on victoriously.

11. That night there was much talking and disorder in the bedrooms. Our drill-master, the Captain, and Mr. Riley, (commonly called "Old Riley,") were up and down the halls ordering silence first in this room, then in that; but as fast as the tread of their feet died away down the halls, the noise recommenced.

12. When assembled after prayers next morning, Mr. Norris called for reports of the room monitors. As he opened each one and saw the blanks, his look grew very stern. Folding the papers carefully, he took them in his left hand, and then laying the other

hand with a nervous clutch on the chair beside him, he gave a cough to clear his throat—a sign which we fellows well knew to portend trouble to us—like the two quick, distinct whistles of a locomotive when something is on the track ahead, as much as to say, "I warn you, boys, put on the brakes; quick, or take care!"—and then he merely said, very slowly and coolly:

13. "The room monitors make no reports, but there was much noise in each room last night. It has been reported by the teachers. As I do not believe one of these monitors would tell a falsehood, I must conclude that the omissions to report are deliberate refusals to do their duty. However, they shall not be punished this time for such serious breach of discipline, except on the monitor plan: that where there is disorder unreported, the monitor who should make the report must suffer for those who cause the disturbance requiring report, so that by forcing the monitor's silence, or acquiescing in his neglect to obey orders, those over whom he is placed selfishly put the entire punishment on him.

14. "Brinsmade, monitor of Room No. 1,"—our Principal proceeded to call the names of all the bedroom monitors—"you are all forbidden to enter the play-ground or gymnasium, to go out of school bounds, or to play any game for ten days. You are to forfeit spending-money for two Saturdays, and you are each to copy five hundred lines of 'Telemachus' in French."

15. Then Mr. Norris paused for a second—coughed again—put both hands on the chair, and his eyes seeming to look right into each of us with a glance that it was hard to meet or defy, he proceeded as slowly but with more warmth than before—"I purposely neglected to notice your remonstrance, because I wished this to be the last, as it is the first in this school, of such papers. Come to me, your friend, as well as master, if you feel yourselves treated unfairly by any rule of mine. But a Round Robin always looks to me cowardly and seditious. If there is nothing disrespectful or improper in what you have to express, why should any one of you be afraid to put his name first to such paper.

16. "You have, I believe, the incorrect idea that it requires something derogatory to your honor. Have I ever asked anything of such character of you?" He paused, and for reply there came a hearty and genial "No." "Well, as a gentleman, I assure you that I ask it not now. A band of criminals must not permit an in-

former—their aim is wrong. But a company of honest men or boys, whose aim is right, join in the best means of securing it.

17. "Here, for instance, in a school, teachers and pupils are supposed to be united in seeking improvement, moral, mental, and physical. Therefore whatever works against that must be resisted, and I would not have that resistance come merely from your teachers, but from yourselves; I would have you share in the fight for right—have, masters and boys, a common interest in advancing ourselves.

18. "The monitor system does this: it makes each one in return responsible for his fellows, and each learns to obey and—that harder lesson—to command. There is nothing underhand about it. The monitor is known. And when you try being responsible for others, you learn to feel with your teachers proper, and to understand the difficulties of those who govern. If you are joined in a common cause—ah! only succeed in feeling this and making it a principle, and you give school-life its real dignity and its success—if you are working in a common cause, why not share its burdens and its honors as well as its tasks and its pleasures?

19. "Give up the idea that there is anything small or dishonorable in the monitor system itself. It can be abused, like all good things. But in reality it is the proving and practice of honor. It is only new in this school. The system is old and proved. It is in reality the axis of army discipline; and if you look to West Point as a school of honor and of the etiquette of honor, the monitor system sustains all government and movement there.

20. "My dear boys, let this unfortunate affair pass and be forgotten. I forgive it. Those I have named to punishment I gladly pardon. Come, my friends, make my system a strength in our school. Take hold with me. Help me in my labors for you."

21. There was not an expression of dissent on any face in that room. Even Barry and the blackest sheep were conquered for the time by our Principal's words, and by his manner, so firm yet so friendly. So passed away, with April sports and April showers, the April Rebellion.

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XCIII.—THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, gait, litigate, unceremonious, cronies, balmy, odorous.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent and his gait was slow,
His long, thin hair was as white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
And he sang every night as he went to bed:
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing and reading, and history, too;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew:
"Learn while you're young," he often said,
"There is much to enjoy, down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was hardly known in his school;
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Beside, it was painful, he sometimes said:
"We should make life pleasant, down here below,
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor;

"I need so little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasantest times that he had, of all,
Were the sociable hours he used to pass,
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
Over a pipe and a friendly glass:
This was the finest pleasure, he said,
Of the many he tasted here below;
"Who has no cronies, had better be dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry, from cellar to tiles:
"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,
"I have lingered a long while, here below;
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving his tenderest kisses there,
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown:
And, feeling the kisses, he smiled and said,
'Twas a glorious world, down here below;
"Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-wind whispered: "Rest!"

Gently, gently, he bowed his head . . .
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

GEORGE ARNOLD

XCIV.—THE EVILS OF WAR.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, inscrutable, vicissitudes, belligerent, unhinges, germinate, baleful, premature, enervated, execrable, subjugating.

1. WAR, pestilence and famine, by the common consent of mankind, are the three greatest calamities which can befall our species; and war, as the most direful, justly stands foremost and in front. Pestilence and famine, no doubt for wise although inscrutable purposes, are inflictions of Providence, to which it is our duty, therefore, to bow with obedience, humble submission and resignation. Their duration is not long, and their ravages are limited. They bring, indeed, great affliction while they last, but society soon recovers from their effects.

2. War is the voluntary work of our own hands, and whatever reproaches it may deserve, should be directed to ourselves. When it breaks out, its duration is indefinite and unknown—its vicissitudes are hidden from our view. In the sacrifice of human life, and in the waste of human treasure—in its losses and in its burdens—it affects both belligerent nations, and its sad effects of mangled bodies, of death, and of desolation, endure long after its thunders are hushed in peace.

3. War unhinges society, disturbs its peaceful and regular industry, and scatters poisonous seeds of disease and immorality, which continue to germinate and diffuse their baneful influence long after it has ceased. Dazzling by its glitter, pomp and pageantry, it begets a spirit of wild adventure and romantic enterprise, and often disqualifies those who embark in it, after their return from the bloody fields of battle, for engaging in the industrious and peaceful vocations of life.

4. History tells the mournful tale of conquering nations and conquerors. The three most celebrated conquerors in the civilized world

were Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon. The first, after ruining a large portion of Asia, and sighing and lamenting that there were no more worlds to subdue, met a premature and ignoble death. His lieutenants quarreled and warred with each other as to the spoils of his victories, and finally lost them all.

5. Cæsar, after conquering Gaul, returned with his triumphant legions to Rome, passed the Rubicon, won the battle of Pharsalia, trampled upon the liberties of his country, and expired by the patriot hand of Brutus. But Rome ceased to be free. War and conquest had enervated and corrupted the masses. The spirit of true liberty was extinguished, and a long line of emperors succeeded, some of whom were the most execrable monsters that ever existed in human form.

6. And Napoleon, that most extraordinary man, perhaps, in all history, after subjugating all Continental Europe, occupying almost all its capitals—seriously threatening proud Albion itself—and decking the brows of various members of his family with crowns torn from the heads of other monarchs, lived to behold his own dear France itself in possession of his enemies, was made himself a wretched captive, and, far removed from country, family and friends, breathed his last on the distant and inhospitable rock of St. Helena.

7. The Alps and the Rhine had been claimed as the natural boundaries of France, but even these could not be secured in the treaties to which she was reduced to submit. Do you believe that the people of Macedon or Greece, of Rome, or of France, were benefited, individually or collectively, by the triumphs of their captains? Their sad lot was immense sacrifice of life, heavy and intolerable burdens, and the ultimate loss of liberty itself.

H. Clay.

XCV.—SOMEBODY'S DARLING

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls
Where the dead and the dying lay—
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one day.

Somebody's darling! so young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful, blue-veined face
Brush every wandering, silken thread;
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once for *somebody's* sake;
Murmur a prayer, soft and low;
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were somebody's pride you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love?
Somebody's heart enshrined him here;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand—

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart:
There he lies—with the blue eyes dim,
And smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"*Somebody's darling lies buried here!*"

SOUTH SONGS

XCVI.—PEACE A NATION'S TRUE POLICY.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, subjugated, phenomena, encompassed, morasses, impede.

SOUND the second o in, omnipotent, and the u in, occupy.

1. I AM opposed to war as a friend to human improvement, to human civilization, to human progress and advancement. Never in the history of the world has there occurred a period so remarkable. The chemical and mechanical powers have been investigated and applied to advance the comforts of human life, in a degree far beyond all that was ever known before. Civilization has been spreading its influence far and wide, and the general progress of human society has outstripped all that had been previously witnessed.

2. The invention of man has seized upon and subjugated two great agencies of the natural world, which never before were made the servants of man. I refer to *steam* and to *electricity*, under which I include magnetism in all its phenomena. We have been distinguished by Providence for a great and noble purpose, and I trust we shall fulfill our high destiny.

3. A peaceful intercourse with the nations of the earth points to that inspiring day which philosophers have hoped for, which poets have seen in their bright dreams of fancy, and which prophecy has seen in holy vision—when men shall learn war no more. Who can contemplate a state of the world like this, and not feel his heart exult at the prospect? And who can doubt that, in the hand of an omnipotent Providence, a free and unrestricted commerce shall prove one of the greatest agents in bringing it about?

4. I am against war, because peace—peace is pre-eminently our policy. Our great mission as a people is to occupy this vast domain—there to level forests, and let in upon their solitude the light of day; to clear the swamps and morasses, and redeem them to the plow and the sickle; to spread over hill and dale the echoes of human labor, and human happiness and contentment; to fill the land with cities and towns; to unite its opposite extremities by turnpikes and railroads; to scoop out canals for the transmission of its products, and open rivers for its internal trade.

5. War can only impede the fulfillment of this high mission of Heaven; it absorbs the wealth, and diverts the energy which might

be so much better devoted to the improvement of our country. All we want is peace—established peace; and then time, under the guidance of a wise and cautious policy, will soon effect for us all the rest. Where we find that natural causes will of themselves work out our good, our wisdom is to let them work; and all our task is to remove impediments. In the present case, one of the greatest of these impediments is found in our impatience.

6. Yes, time—ever-laboring time—will effect every thing for us. Our population is now increasing at the annual average of six hundred thousand. Let the next twenty-five years elapse, and our increase will have reached a million a year; and at the end of that period we shall count a population of forty-five millions. Before that day it will have spread from ocean to ocean. The coasts of the Pacific will then be as densely populated, and as thickly settled with villages and towns, as is now the coast of the Atlantic.

7. If we can preserve peace, who shall set bounds to our prosperity, or to our success? With one foot planted on the Atlantic, and the other on the Pacific, we shall occupy a position between the two old continents of the world—a position eminently calculated to secure to us the commerce and the influence of both. If we abide by the counsels of common sense, if we succeed in preserving our constitutional liberty, we shall then exhibit a spectacle such as the world never saw.

8. I know that this one great mission is encompassed with difficulties; but such is the inherent energy of our political system, and such its expansive capability, that it may be made to govern the widest space. If by war we become great, we cannot be free; if we will be both great and free, our policy is peace.

J. C. CALHOUN.

XCVII.—THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

READ slowly and in a low, soft voice, dwelling on the vowel sounds. Make "to die" emphatic by pausing before it—"And he came to his native land...to die." Make "the father" emphatic by pausing after it. "The father...had prayed o'er his only son."

THE muffled drum rolled on the air,
Warriors with stately step were there;

On every arm was the black crape bound,
Every carbine was turned to the ground;
Solemn the sound of the measured tread,
As silent and slow they followed the dead.
The riderless horse was led in the rear,
There were white plumes waving over the bier;
Helmet and sword were laid on the pall,
For it was a soldier's funeral.

That soldier had stood on the battle-plain,
Where every step was over the slain;
But the brand and the ball had passed him by,
And he came to his native land to die!
'Twas hard to come to that native land,
And not clasp one familiar hand!
'Twas hard to be numbered amid the dead,
Or ere he could hear his welcome said!
But 'twas something to see its cliffs once more,
And to lay his bones on his own loved shore;
To think that the friends of his youth might weep
O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's sleep.

The bugles ceased their wailing sound,
As the coffin was lowered into the ground;
A volley was fired, a blessing said,
One moment's praise—and they left the dead!
I saw a poor and an aged man,
His step was feeble, and his lip was wan;
He knelt him down on the new-raised mound,
His face was bowed on the cold, damp ground;
He raised his head, his tears were done—
The FATHER had prayed o'er his only son.

MISS LANDON.

XCVIII.—AMERICAN HISTORY.

Pronounce rests, asylum, pro-fane, sc-rene, e-mergency, accu racy, apolo-gist, Utopian, economists.

1. The study of the history of most other nations fills the mind with sentiments not unlike those which the American traveler feels on entering the venerable and lofty cathedral of some proud old city of Europe. Its solemn grandeur, its vastness, its obscurity, strike awe to the heart. From the richly-painted windows, filled with sacred emblems and strange antique forms, a dim religious light falls around. A thousand recollections of romance, poetry, and legendary story come thronging in upon him. He is surrounded by the tombs of the mighty dead, rich with the labors of ancient art, and emblazoned with the pomp of heraldry.

2. What names does he read upon them? Those of princes and nobles, who are now remembered only for their vices; and of sovereigns at whose death no tears were shed, and whose memories lived not an hour in the affection of their people. There, too, he sees other names, long familiar to him for their guilty or ambitious fame. There rest the blood-stained soldier of fortune, the orator who was ever the ready apologist of tyranny—great scholars, who were the pensioned flatterers of power—and poets who profaned the high gift of genius to pamper the vices of a corrupted court.

3. Our history, on the contrary, like that poetical temple of fame, reared by the imagination of Chaucer and decorated by the taste of Pope, is almost exclusively dedicated to the memory of the truly great. Or, rather, like the Pantheon of Rome, it stands in calm and severe beauty amid the ruins of ancient magnificence and "the toys of modern state." Within, no idle ornament encumbers its simplicity. The pure light of heaven enters from above, and sheds an equal and serene radiance around.

4. As the eye wanders about its extent, it beholds the unadorned monuments of brave and good men who have bled or toiled for their country; or it rests on votive tablets inscribed with the names of the best benefactors of mankind.

"Patriots are here in Freedom's battle slain;
Priests whose long lives were closed without a stain;

Bards worthy him who breathed the poet's mind:
Founders of arts that dignify mankind;
And lovers of our race, whose labors gave
Their names a memory that defies the grave."

5. We have been repeatedly told, and sometimes, too, in a tone of affected impartiality, that the highest praise which can fairly be given to the American mind is that of possessing an enlightened selfishness; that if the philosophy and talents of this country, with all their effects, were forever swept into oblivion, the loss would be felt only by ourselves; and that if to the accuracy of this general charge the labors of Franklin present an illustration, it is still but a solitary exception.

6. If Europe has hitherto been wilfully blind to the value of our example, and the exploits of our sagacity, courage, invention and freedom, the blame must rest with her, and not with America. Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self government, uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity, such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing, in moral science, to have anticipated, in sober reality, numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are, but now, received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe?

7. Is it nothing to have been able to call forth on every emergency, either in war or in peace, a body of talents always equal to the difficulty? Is it nothing to have, in less than a half-century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches; to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue; of learning, eloquence, and valor, never exerted save for some praiseworthy end?

8. Land of Liberty! thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the Muse's footstep is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers; yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of

peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations.

9. Land of Refuge! Land of Benedictions! Those prayers still arise, and they still are heard: May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces! May there be no decay, nor leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets! May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven!

Gulian C. Verplanck.

XCIX.—IS THERE ANY NEWS OF THE WAR?

"Is there any news of the war?" she said.
"Only a list of the wounded and dead,"
Was the man's reply, without raising his eye
To the face of the woman standing by.
"'Tis the very thing I wish," she said—
"Read me a list of the wounded and dead."

He read her the list; 'twas a long array
Of the wounded and slain on that fatal day.
In the very midst was a pause, to tell
Of a gallant youth who fought so well,
That his comrades asked: "Who is he, pray?"
"The only son of the Widow Gray,"
Was the proud reply of his Captain nigh.

"Well, well, read on. Is he wounded?—quick!
O God! but my heart is sorrow-sick!"
And the man replied: "Is he wounded? Nay,
He was *killed outright* in that fatal fray."
But see! the woman has swooned away.

Slowly she opened her eyes to the light,
Faintly she murmured: "Killed outright;
Alas, and he was my only son;
But the will of the Lord, let it be done!"
God pity the cheerless Widow Gray,
And the light of His peace illumine her way!

C.—IN THE HOSPITAL.

Look around! By the torch-light unsteady,
The dead and the dying seem one.
What! paling and trembling already,
Before your dear mission's begun?
These wounds are more precious than ghastly;
Time presses her lips to each scar,
As she chaunts of a glory which vastly
Transcends all the horrors of war.

Pause here by this bedside—how mellow
The light showers down on that brow!
Such a brave, brawny visage! Poor fellow!
Some homestead is missing him now:
Some wife shades her eyes in the clearing,
Some mother sits moaning, distressed,
While the loved one lies faint, but unfearing,
With the enemy's ball in his breast.

Here's another; a lad—a mere stripling—
Picked up on the field, almost dead,
With the blood through his sunny hair rippling
From a horrible gash in the head.
They say he was first in the action,
Gay-hearted, quick-handed, and witty;
He fought, till he fell with exhaustion,
At the gates of our beautiful city.

Fought and fell 'neath the guns of that city,
With a spirit transcending his years.
Lift him up, in your large-hearted pity,
And wet his pale lips with your tears.
Touch him gently—most sacred the duty
Of dressing that poor shattered hand!
God spare him to rise in his beauty,
And battle once more for his land!

Who groaned? What a passionate murmur—
"In Thy mercy, O God! let me die!"
Ha! surgeon, your hand must be firmer;
That grapeshot has shattered his thigh.
Fling the light on those poor furrowed features;
Gray-haired and unknown, bless the brother!
O God! that one of Thy creatures
Should e'er work such woe on another!

Wipe the sweat from his brow with your kerchief;
Let the stained, tattered collar go wide.
See! he stretches out blindly to search if
The surgeon still stands at his side.
"My son's over yonder! he's wounded—
Oh! this ball that's broken my thigh!"
And again he burst out, all a-tremble,
"In Thy mercy, O God! let me die?"

Pass on! It is useless to linger
While others are claiming your care;
There's need of your delicate finger,
For your womanly sympathy, there.
There are sick ones, athirst for caressing—
There are dying ones, raving of home—
There are wounds to be bound with a blessing—
And shrouds to make ready for some.

Up and down, through the wards, where the fever
Stalks noisome, and gaunt, and impure,
You must go, with your steadfast endeavor,
To comfort, to counsel, to cure.
I grant that the task's superhuman,
But strength will be given to you
To do for these dear ones what woman
Alone in her pity can do.

And the lips of the mothers will bless you
As angels, sweet-visaged and pale!
And the little ones run to caress you,
While the wives and the sisters cry *"Hail!"*

But e'en if you drop down unheeded,
What matter? God's ways are the best!
You have poured out your life where 'twas needed,
And He will take care of the rest!

SOUTH SONGS.

CI.—EXERCISES IN ELOCUTION. 5.

RULE XIV.—Pause between the subject and predicate of a sentence.

The wind and the rain—are past.
The clouds—are divided in heaven.
The hills—shall know thee no more.
Thy wrath—was as the storm.

But not when the subject is a pronoun.

It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song.
Thou shalt fall like Morar.
Thou wert swift as a roe on the desert.
They were consumed in the flames of thy wrath.

RULE XV.—Pause after a predicate adjective when it precedes the verb.

Calm—is the noon of day.
Sweet—are thy murmurs, O stream.
Bent—is his head of age; red—his tearful eye.
Deep—is the sleep of the dead; low—their pillow of dust.

RULE XVI.—Pause after a prepositional phrase, when it precedes the verb it modifies.

Over the green hills—flies the inconstant sun.
And through the stony vale—comes down the stream of the hill.

RULE XVII.—Pause after a vocative expression, and only very slightly before it.

My tears, O Reyno—are for the dead.
Thou wert swift, O Morar—as a roe on the desert.

READ THE FOLLOWING LESSON with reference to the preceding rules. Point out all the examples under each rule.

LAMENT FOR THE DEAD.

1. *Reyno.*—THE wind and the rain are past; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven; over the green hills flies the inconstant sun; and through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream, but more

sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead. Bent is his head of age; red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? Why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood; as a wave on the lonely shore?

2. *Alpin.*—My tears, O Reyno! are for the dead; my voice for those that have passed away. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the vale; but thou shalt fall like Morar; the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall, unstrung.

3. Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm; thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was like a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath; but when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

4. Narrow is thy dwelling now; dark the place of thine abode. With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou, who wast so great before. Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye, the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth; fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

5. Who on his staff is this? Who is this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are red with tears, who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war; he heard of foes dispersed; he heard of Morar's renown: why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not.

6. Deep is the sleep of the dead, low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice, no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men, thou conqueror in the field; but the field shall see thee no more, nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendor of thy steel. Thou hast left no son; but the song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar.

OSSIAN.

CII.—A SNOW STORM.

'Tis a fearful night in the winter time,
As cold as it ever can be;
The roar of the blast is heard, like the chime
Of the waves on an angry sea;
The moon is full, but her silver light
The storm dashes out with its wings to-night;
And over the sky, from south to north
Not a star is seen, as the wind comes forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day had the snow come down—all day,
As it never came down before;
And over the hills, at sunset, lay
Some two or three feet, or more;

The fence was lost, and the wall of stone,
The windows blocked and the well-curbs gone;
The hay-stack had grown to a mountain lift,
And the woodpile like a monster drift,
As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,
While the air grows sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of a fearful blow
Is heard on the distant hill:
And the Norther! See—on the mountain peak,
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!
He shouts on the plain, Ho, ho, Ho, ho!
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
And growls with a savage will.

Such a night as this to be found abroad,
In the drifts and the freezing air,
Sits a shivering dog in the field by the road
With the snow in his shaggy hair!
He shuts his eyes to the wind, and growls;
He lifts his head, and moans, and howls;
Then crouching low from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet:
Pray, what does the dog do there?

A farmer came from the village plain,
But he lost the traveled way;
And for hours he trod with might and main,
A path for his horse and sleigh;
But colder still the cold wind blew,
And deeper still the deep drifts grew,
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
At last in her struggles floundered down,
Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,
She plunged in the drifting snow,
While her master urged, till his breath grew short,
With a word and a gentle blow;

But the snow was deep and the tugs were tight,
His hands were numb, and had lost their might;
So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh,
And strove to shelter himself till day,
With his coat and the buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein
To rouse up his dying steed,
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain,
For help in his master's need;
For a while he strives with a wistful cry,
To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,
And wags his tail if the rude winds flap
The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,
And whines when he takes no heed.

The wind goes down, and the storm is o'er:
'Tis the hour of midnight past;
The old trees writhe and bend no more
In the whirl of the rushing blast;
The silent moon, with her peaceful light,
Looks down on the hills, with snow all white
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
The blasted pine and the ghostly stump,
Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead by the hidden log,
Are they who came from the town:
The man in his sleigh, and his faithful dog,
And his beautiful Morgan brown—
In the wide snow-desert, far and grand,
With his cap on his head and the reins in his hand,
The dog with his nose on his master's feet,
And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet,
Where she lay when she floundered down.

CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

CIII.—IMPRESSMENT OF AMERICAN SEAMEN.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, expatriation, contraband, allegiance, guise, degradation, inviolability, naturalized.

1. WHO is prepared to say that American seamen shall be surrendered as victims to the British principle of impressment? And, sir, what is this principle? She contends that she has a right to the services of her own subjects; and that, in the exercise of this right, she may lawfully impress them, even although she finds them in American vessels, upon the high seas, without her jurisdiction. Now, I deny that she has any right, beyond her jurisdiction, to come on board our vessels, upon the high seas, for any other purpose than in the pursuit of enemies, or their goods, or goods contraband of war.

2. But she farther contends that her subjects cannot renounce their allegiance to her and contract a new obligation to other sovereigns. I do not mean to go into the general question of the right of expatriation. If, as is contended, all nations deny it, all nations, at the same time, admit and practise the right of naturalization. Great Britain herself does this? Great Britain, in the very case of foreign seamen, imposes, perhaps, fewer restraints upon naturalization than any other nation. Then, if subjects can not break their original allegiance, they may, according to universal usage, contract a new allegiance.

3. What is the effect of this double obligation? Undoubtedly that the sovereign having the possession of the subject would have the right to the services of the subject. If he return within the jurisdiction of his primitive sovereign, he may resume his right to his services, of which the subject, by his own act, could not divest himself. But his primitive sovereign can have no right to go in quest of him, out of his own jurisdiction, into the jurisdiction of another sovereign, or upon the high seas, where there exists no jurisdiction, or it is possessed by the nation owning the ship navigating them.

4. But, sir, this discussion is altogether useless. It is not to the British principle, objectionable as it is, that we are alone to look; it is to her practice, no matter what guise she puts on. It is in vain to assert the inviolability of the obligation of allegiance. It is in vain to set up the plea of necessity, and to allege that she can not exist without the impressment of her seamen. The naked truth is, she

comes, by her press-gangs, on board of our vessels, seizes our native as well as naturalized seamen, and drags them into her service.

5. It is the case, then, of the assertion of an erroneous principle, and of a practice not conformable to the asserted principle; a principle which, if it were *theoretically* right, must be forever *practically* wrong; a practice which can obtain countenance from no principle whatever, and to submit to which, on our part, would betray the most abject degradation.

HENRY CLAY.

CIV.—A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, unadulterated, potations, rubicund, miniature, tophet, ferule, titillation, reminiscences, sagamore, immemorial, vicinity.

1. NOON, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers chosen at March meetings, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump? The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes.

2 I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am and keep people out of the gutters.

3. At this sultry noontide, I am cup-bearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dramseller on the mall at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tip-top of my voice, "Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam,—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price: here it is by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen! walk up and help yourselves!"

4. It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cow-hide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine.

5. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely hisses down your red hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam in the miniature tophet which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.

6. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other school-boy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put

down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars.

7. Well, well, sir, no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout? Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences.

8. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strown earth, in the very spot where you now behold me, on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores drank of it, from time immemorial, till the fatal deluge of the fire-water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet, then, was of a birch-bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child.

9. For many years it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the wash-bowl of the vicinity, whither all decent folks resorted to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterward—at least the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus, one generation after another was consecrated to heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain.

10. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a town pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and, when the first decayed, another took its place, and then another, and still another, till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet.

11. Drink, and be refreshed! The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that as this wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognized by all.

12. Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

CV.—THE INQUIRY.

TELL me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot,
Where mortals weep no more;
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?—
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,

Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while and sighed to answer, "No."

And thou serenest moon,
That, with such holy face,
Dost look upon the world
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe;
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded, "No."

Tell me, my secret soul,
O, tell me, hope and faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, hope and love, best boon to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered "Yes, in heaven!"

CVI.—TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

GIVE THE SOUND of ent (not *int*) to the last syllable in excitement, merriment, establishment, incident, acknowledgment, engagement, and similar words.

1. YOUNG people commit more faults from thoughtlessness than from intent to do wrong; and want of reflection leads children astray, much oftener than want of principle. Indifference to the feelings of

the aged, a proneness to make light of peculiarities, are, however, occasionally indulged in by the young, and, in the excitement of the momentary gratification which such merriment may produce, all thought of the wrong, and all sense of the right, are equally forgotten.

2. The proverb of the wisest man saith, "The glory of young men is their strength; and the beauty of old men is the gray head." The strength of the young should protect and defend the beauty of the old. The hoary head should ever be respected, whatever may be the outward condition of its possessor; and neither sport nor ridicule should be thrown upon him, whose enfeebled strength scarce suffices to bear the weight of the many years, with which time has burdened him.

3. The following narrative, which is strictly true, illustrates what has been observed; and proves, that the just recompense of a thoughtless fault may be much more speedily repaid to those who commit it, than may be either expected or desired by them. The common saying of "waking up the wrong passenger," is peculiarly applicable to the case.

4. In one of the most populous cities of New England, a few years since, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand sleigh-ride. There were about twenty-five or thirty boys engaged in the frolic. The sleigh was a very large and splendid *establishment,* drawn by six gray horses. The afternoon was as beautiful as anybody could desire, and the merry group enjoyed themselves in the highest degree.

5. It was a common custom of the school, to which they belonged, and on previous occasions their teacher had accompanied them. Some engagement upon important business, however, occupying him, he was not at this time with them. It is quite likely had it been otherwise, that the restraining influence of his presence would have prevented the scene, which is the main feature of the present story.

6. On the day following the ride, as he entered the school-room, he found his pupils grouped about the stove, and in high merriment, as they chatted about the fun and frolic of their excursion. He stopped awhile and listened, and in answer to some inquiries which he made about the matter, one of the lads, a fine, frank and manly boy, whose heart was in the right place, though his love of sport sometimes led him astray, volunteered to give a narrative of their trip and its various incidents.

7. As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed, "O, sir! there was one little circumstance which I had almost forgotten to tell you. Toward the latter part of the afternoon, as we were returning home, we saw, at some distance ahead of us, a queer-looking affair in the road. We could not exactly make out what it was. It seemed to be a sort of half-and-half monstrosity. As we approached it, it proved to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a very slow rate, and taking up the whole road.

8. "Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley of snow-balls and a good hurra. These we gave with a relish, and they produced the right effect, and a little more, for the crazy machine turned out into the deep snow, by the side of the road, and the skinny old pony started on a full trot. As we passed, some one who had the whip gave the old jilt of a horse a good crack, which made him run faster than he ever did before, I'll warrant. And so, with another volley of snow-balls, pitched into the front of the wagon, and three times three cheers, we rushed by.

9. "With that, an *old fellow* in the wagon, who was buried up under an old hat and beneath a rusty cloak, and who had dropped the reins, bawled out, 'Why do you frighten my horse?'—'Why don't you turn out then?' says the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more; his horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded team, and, I believe, almost capsized the old creature—and so we left him."

10. "Well, boys," replied the instructor, "that is quite an incident. But take your seats, and after our morning service is ended, I will take my turn and tell you a story, and all about a sleigh-ride, too." Having finished the reading of a chapter in the Bible, and after all had joined in the Lord's prayer, he commenced as follows:

11. "Yesterday afternoon, a very venerable and respectable old man, and a clergyman by profession, was on his way from Boston to Salem, to pass the residue of the winter at the house of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying, as he proposed to do in the spring, he took with him his light wagon, and for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon.

12. "He was, just as I have told you, very old and infirm; his temples were covered with thinned locks, which the frosts of eighty years had whitened; his sight and hearing, too, were somewhat blunted by age, as yours will be should you live to be as old. He

was proceeding very slowly and quietly, for his horse was old and feeble, like his owner.

13. "His thoughts reverted to the scenes of his youth, when he had periled his life, in fighting for the liberties of his country; to the scenes of his manhood, when he had preached the Gospel of his divine Master to the heathen of the remote wilderness; and to the scenes of riper years, when the hard hand of penury had been laid heavily upon him.

14. "While thus occupied, almost forgetting himself in the multitude of his thoughts, he was suddenly disturbed, and even terrified, by loud hurras from behind, and by a furious pelting and clattering of balls of snow and ice upon the top of his wagon. In his trepidation, he dropped his reins, and, as his aged and feeble hands were quite benumbed with cold, he found it impossible to gather them up, and his horse began to run away.

15. "In the midst of the old man's trouble, there rushed by him, with loud shouts, a large party of boys, in a sleigh drawn by six horses. 'Turn out, turn out, old fellow,'—'Give us the road, old boy,'—'What 'll you take for your pony, old daddy?'—'Go it, frozen nose,'—'What's the price of oats?' were the various cries that met his ear.

16. "'Pray do not frighten my horse,' exclaimed the infirm driver. 'Turn out, then; turn out,' was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the long whip of the 'grand sleigh,' with showers of snow-balls, and three tremendous huzzas from the boys who were in it.

17. "The terror of the old man and his horse was increased, and the latter ran away with him, to the imminent danger of his life. He contrived, however, after some exertion, to secure his reins, which had been out of his hands during the whole of the affray, and to stop his horse just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded team.

18. "As he approached Salem, he overtook a young man who was walking toward the same place, and whom he invited to ride. The young man alluded to the 'grand sleigh' which had just passed, which induced the old gentleman to inquire if he knew who the boys were. He replied that he did—that they all belonged to one school, and were a set of wild fellows.

19. "'Aha!' exclaimed the former with a hearty laugh (for his

constant good nature had not been disturbed), 'do they, indeed! Why, their master is very well known to me. I am now going to his house, and I rather think I shall give him the benefit of this whole story.'

20. "A short distance brought him to his journey's end, the house of his son. His old horse was comfortably housed and fed, and he himself abundantly provided for.

21. "That son, boys, is your instructor; and that aged and infirm old man, that '*old fellow*' and '*old boy*' (who did not turn out for you, but who would have gladly given you the whole road, had he heard your approach), that '*old boy*,' and '*old daddy*,' and '*old frozen nose*,' was your master's father!"

22. It is not easy to describe, nor to imagine, the effect produced by this new translation of the boy's own narrative. Some buried their heads behind their desks; some cried; some looked askant at each other, and many hastened down to the desk of the teacher, with apologies, regrets, and acknowledgments without end. All were freely pardoned, but were cautioned that they should be more civil for the future, to inoffensive travelers, and more respectful to the aged and infirm.

23. Years have passed by—the lads are men, though some have found an early grave—the "manly boy" is "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried." They who survive, should this story meet their eye, will easily recall its scenes, and throw their memories back to the "Schoolhouse in Federal street," and to their old friend and well wisher, the teacher.

H. K. Oliver.

CVII.—THE ROMAN SOLDIER.

There was a man,
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed
That trespassed on the laws, in dungeon low
Chained down. His was a noble spirit, rough,
But generous, and brave, and kind.
He had a son; 'twas a rosy boy,
A little faithful copy of his sire
In face and gesture.

She died that gave him birth; and since, the child
Had been his father's solace and his care.

Every sport
The father shared and heightened. But at length
The rigorous law had grasped the sire, condemned
To fetters and to darkness.

The captive's lot
He felt in all its bitterness; the walls
Of his deep dungeon answered many a sigh
And heart-heaved groan. His tale was known, and touched
His jailer with compassion; and the boy,
Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled
His father's lingering hours, and brought a balm
With his loved presence that in every wound
Dropped healing. But in this terrific hour
He was a poisoned arrow in the breast
Where he had been a cure.

With earliest morn
Of that first day of darkness and amaze,
He came. The iron door was closed—for them
Never to open more! The day, the night
Dragged slowly by; nor did they know the fate
Impending o'er the city. Well he heard
The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,
And felt its giddy rocking; and the air
Grew hot at length, and thick; but in his straw
The boy was sleeping; and the father hoped
The earthquake might pass by; nor would he wake
From his sound rest th' unfearing child, nor tell
The dangers of their state. On his low couch
The fettered soldier sunk, and with deep awe
Listened to fearful sounds; with upturned eye
To the great gods he breathed a prayer; then strove
To calm himself, and lose in sleep a while
His useless terrors. But he could not sleep;
His body burned with feverish heat; his chains
Clanked loud, although he moved not; deep in earth
Groaned unimaginable thunders; sounds,

Fearful and ominous, arose and died
Like the sad moanings of November's wind
In the blank midnight. Deepest horror chilled
His blood, that burned before; cold, clammy sweats
Came o'er him; then anon a fiery thrill
Shot through his veins. Now on his couch he shrunk,
And shivered as in fear; now upright leaped,
As though he heard the battle trumpet sound,
And longed to cope with death.

He slept at last,
A troubled, dreamy sleep. Well, had he slept
Never to waken more! His hours are few,
But terrible his agony.

Soon the storm
Burst forth; the lightnings glanced; the air
Shook with the thunders. They awoke; they sprang
Amazed upon their feet. The dungeon glowed
A moment as in sunshine—then was dark.
Again a flood of white flame fills the cell,
Dying away upon the dazzled eye
In darkening, quivering tints, as stunning sound
Dies throbbing, ringing in the ear. Silence
And blackest darkness! With intensest awe
The soldier's frame was filled; and many a thought
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind,
As underneath he felt the fevered earth
Jarring and lifting, and the massive walls
Heard harshly grate and strain; yet knew he not,
While evils undefined and yet to come
Glanced through his thoughts, what deep and cureless wound
Fate had already given. Where, man of woe,
Where, wretched father, is thy boy? Thou call'st
His name in vain—he can not answer thee.

Loudly the father called upon his child;
No voice replied. Trembling and anxiously
He searched their couch of straw; with headlong haste
Trod round his stinted limits, and, low bent,

Groped darkling on the earth; no child was there.
Again he called; again at farthest stretch
Of his accursed fetters, till the blood
Seemed bursting from his ears, and from his eyes
Fire flashed; he strained with arm extended far
And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch
Though but his idol's garment. Useless toil!
Yet still renewed; still round and round he goes,
And strains and snatches, and with dreadful cries
Calls on his boy. Mad frenzy fires him now;
He plants against the wall his feet; his chain
Grasps; tugs with giant strength to force away
The deep-driven staple; yells and shrieks with rage,
And, like a desert lion in the snare
Raging to break his toils, to and fro bounds.
But see! the ground is opening; a blue light
Mounts, gently waving—noiseless; thin and cold
It seems, and like a rainbow tint, not flame;
But by its lustre, on the earth outstretched,
Behold the lifeless child! his dress singed,
And over his serene face a dark line
Points out the lightning's track.

The father saw,
And all his fury fled; a dead calm fell
That instant on him; speechless, fixed he stood,
And, with a look that never wandered, gazed
Intensely on the corpse. Those laughing eyes
Were not yet closed, and round those pouting lips
The wonted smile returned.

Silent and pale
The father stands; no tear is in his eye:
The thunders bellow, but he hears them not;
The ground lifts like a sea; he knows it not;
The strong walls grind and gape; the vaulted roof
Takes shapes like bubble tossing in the wind;
See! he looks up and smiles; for death to him
Is happiness. Yet could one last embrace
Be given, 'twere still a sweeter thing to die.

It will be given. Look! how the rolling ground,
At every swell, nearer and still more near
Moves towards the father's outstretched arm his boy.
Once he has touched his garment. How his eye
Lightens with love, and hope, and anxious fears!
Ha! see! he has him now! he clasps him round;
Kisses his face; puts back the curling locks
That shaded his fine brow; looks in his eyes;
Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands;
Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont
To lie when sleeping—and resigned awaits
Undreaded death.

And death came soon and swift,
And pangless.

The huge pile sunk down at once
Into the opening earth. Walls, arches, roof,
And deep foundation stones—all mingling fell.

ATHERSTONE.

CVIII.—INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF WILLIAM PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

PRONOUNCE, sachem, alienated. prodigious, tremendous, petulance, molested, re-member, re-peat, pre-ceding, pro-ceeded, pro-vided.

1. THE country assigned to him by the royal charter was yet full of its original inhabitants; and the principles of William Penn did not allow him to look upon that gift as a warrant to dispossess the first proprietors of the land. He had accordingly appointed his commissioners, the preceding year, to treat with them for the fair purchase of a part of their lands, and for their joint possession of the remainder; and the terms of the settlement being now nearly agreed upon, he proceeded, very soon after his arrival, to conclude the settlement, and to solemnly pledge his faith, and to ratify and confirm the treaty in sight both of the Indians and planters.

2. For this purpose a grand convocation of the tribes had been appointed near the spot where Philadelphia now stands; and it was

agreed that he and the presiding sachems should meet and exchange faith, under the spreading branches of a prodigious elm-tree that grew on the bank of the river.

3. On the day appointed, accordingly, an innumerable multitude of the Indians assembled in that neighborhood; and were seen, with their dark visages and brandished arms, moving in vast swarms in the depth of the woods, which then overshaded the whole of the now cultivated region.

4. On the other hand, William Penn, with a moderate attendance of friends, advanced to meet them. He came of course unarmed, in his usual plain dress, without banners or mace, or guard, or carriages; and only distinguished from his companions by wearing a blue sash of silk net-work, (which, it seems, is still preserved by Mr. Kett of Seething-hall, near Norwich,) and by having in his hand a roll of parchment, on which was engrossed the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity.

5. As soon as he drew near the spot where the sachems were assembled, the whole multitude of Indians threw down their weapons, and seated themselves on the ground in groups, each under his own chieftain; and the presiding chief intimated to William Penn that the nations were ready to hear him.

6. Having been thus called upon, he began: "The Great Spirit," he said, "who made him and them, who ruleth the heaven and the earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost of their power.

7. "It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They were then met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood and love."

8. After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment, and, by means of the same interpreter, conveyed to them, article by article, the conditions of the purchase, and the words of the compact then made for their eternal union. Among other things, they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits, even in the territory they had alienated, for it was to be common to them and the English.

9. They were to have the same liberty to all things therein, relating to the improvement of their grounds, and the providing of sustenance for their families, which the English had. If any disputes should arise between the two, they should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English and half Indians.

10. He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents besides from the merchandise which had been spread before them. Having done this he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again that the ground should be common to both people.

11. He then added that he would not do as the Marylanders did, that is, call them children or brothers only; for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ; neither would he compare the friendship between him and them to a chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts.

12. He then took up the parchment and presented it to the sachem, who wore a horn in his chaplet, and desired him and the other sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he himself had remained with them to repeat it.

13. The Indians, in return, made long and stately harangues, of which, however, no more seems to have been remembered, than that "they pledged themselves to live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon should endure." And thus ended this famous treaty, of which Voltaire has remarked, with so much truth and severity, "that it was the only one ever concluded between savages and Christians that was not ratified by an oath, and the only one that never was broken!"

14. Such, indeed, was the spirit in which the negotiation was entered into, and the corresponding settlement conducted, that, for the space of more than seventy years, and so long, indeed, as the Quakers retained the chief power in the government, the peace and amity which had been thus solemnly promised and concluded, never was violated; and a large and most striking, though solitary example, was afforded of the facility with which they, who are really sincere and friendly in their own views, may live in harmony even with those who are supposed to be peculiarly fierce and faithless.

15. We cannot bring ourselves to wish that there were nothing but Quakers in the world, because we fear it would be insupportably dull; but when we consider what tremendous evils daily arise from the petulance and profligacy, the ambition and irritability of sovereigns and ministers, we cannot help thinking it would be the most efficacious of all reforms, to choose all those ruling personages out of that plain, pacific and sober-minded sect.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

CIX.—THE CARELESS WORD.

A WORD is ringing through my brain:
It was not meant to give me pain;
It had no tone to bid it stay,
When other things had passed away;
It had no meaning more than all
Which in an idle hour fall:
It was when *first* the sound I heard
A lightly-utter'd, careless word.

That word—oh! it doth haunt me now,
In scenes of joy, in scenes of wo;
By night, by day, in sun or shade,
With the half smile that gently play'd
Reproachfully, and gave the sound
Eternal power through life to wound.
There is no voice I ever heard
So deeply fixed as that one word.

When in the laughing crowd some tone,
Like those whose joyous sound is gone,
Strikes on my ear, I shrink—for then
The careless word comes back again.
When all alone I sit and gaze
Upon the cheerful home-fire blaze,

Lo! freshly as when first 'twas heard,
Returns that lightly-utter'd word.

When dreams bring back the days of old,
With all that wishes could not hold;
And from my feverish couch I start
To press a shadow to my heart—
Amid its beating echoes, clear,
That little word I seem to hear;
In vain I say, while it is heard,
Why weep—'twas but a foolish word.

It comes—and with it come the tears,
The hopes, the joys of former years;
Forgotten smiles, forgotten looks,
Thick as dead leaves on autumn brooks,
And all as joyless, though they *were*
The brightest things life's spring could share
Oh! would to God I ne'er had heard
That lightly-utter'd, careless word!

It was the first, the only one
Of these which lips forever gone
Breathed in their love—which had for me
Rebuke of harshness at my glee;
And if those lips were heard to say,
"Beloved, let it pass away,"
Ah! then, perchance—but I have heard
The last dear tone—the careless word!

Oh! ye who, meeting, sigh to part,
Whose words are treasures to some heart,
Deal gently, ere the dark days come,
When earth hath but for *one* a home;
Lest, musing o'er the past, like me,
They feel their hearts wrung bitterly,
And, heeding not what else they heard,
Dwell weeping on a careless word.

MRS. NORTON.

CX —THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

CONTRASTED WORDS, 1, has been, is; 4, legions, people; 5, weakness, strength; 7, latest, last; 10, were, are not; 11, life, death; too short, too soon.

PARALLEL WORDS, 1, motives=prospects=warning. 3, proud=noble=venerable=calm. 4, Romans=Rome. 8, government=press=religion=knowledge.

GIVE THE RULE for reading contrasted words and parallel words.

1. WHEN we reflect on what has been and what is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibilities of this Republic to all future ages? What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts! What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm! What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance and moderate our confidence! The Old World has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and the end of all marvellous struggles in the cause of Liberty.

2. Greece! lovely Greece! "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," where sister republics, in fair processions, chanted the praise of liberty and the good, where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressors have bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruins.

3. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons united at Thermopylæ and Marathon; and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions—she fell by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done by her own corruptions, banishments and dissensions. Rome! republican Rome! whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun—where and what is she? The Eternal City yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death.

4. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of the empire. A mortal disease was upon her before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon; and Brutus did not restore her health by the deep probings of the Senate chamber. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the North, completed only what was begun at home. Ro-

mans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold, but the people offered the tribute money.

5. And where are the republics of modern times, which cluster around immortal Italy? Venice and Genoa exist but in name. The Alps, indeed, look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss, in their native fastnesses; but the guarantee of their freedom is in their weakness, and not in their strength. The mountains are not easily crossed, and the valleys are not easily retained.

6. When the invader comes, he moves like an avalanche, carrying destruction in his path. The peasantry sink before him. The country, too, is too poor for plunder, and too rough for a valuable conquest. Nature presents her eternal barrier on every side to check the wantonness of ambition. And Switzerland remains with her simple institutions, a military road to climates scarcely worth a permanent possession, and protected by the jealousy of her neighbors.

7. *We* stand the latest, and if we fall, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppression of tyranny. Our Constitutions never have been enfeebled by the vice or the luxuries of the world. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning: simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect.

8. The Atlantic rolls between us and a formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospects of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

9 Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France and the lowlands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North, and, moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lesson of her better days.

10. Can it be that America, under such circumstances, should be-

tray herself? That she is to be added to the catalogue of republics the inscription upon whose ruin is: "They were, but they are not!" Forbid it, my countrymen! forbid it, Heaven! I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are, and all you hope to be, resist every project of disunion; resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

11. I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring, to teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean upon your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never forsake her. I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are—whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary, in defence of the liberties of our country.

JUDGE STORY.

CXI.—GEMS.

SELF-CONTROL.

1. WHAT is the best government? That which teaches us to govern ourselves.

GOETHE.

2. He that would govern others, first should be the master of himself.

MASSINGER.

3. He is a fool who cannot be angry: but he is a wise man who will not.

ANON.

HABIT.

4. To things which you bear with impatience you should accustom yourself, and, by Habit, you will bear them well.

SENECA.

5. There are Habits contracted by bad example, or bad management, before we have judgment to discern their approaches; or because the eye of Reason is laid asleep, or has not compass of view sufficient to look around on every quarter.

TUCKER.

6. It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge. COLTON.

7. That monster, Custom, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence; the next more easy,
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. SHAKESPEARE.

CONSCIENCE.

8. Oh! Conscience! Conscience! Man's most faithful friend,
Him canst thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend:
But if he will thy friendly checks forego,
Thou art, oh! woe for me, his deadliest foe! CRABBE.

9. Yet still there whispers the Small Voice within,
Heard through gain's silence, and o'er glory's din:
Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man's Conscience is the oracle of God! BYRON.

10. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose Conscience with injustice is corrupted. SHAKESPEARE.

11. To be satisfied with the acquittal of the world, though accompanied with the secret condemnation of Conscience, this is the mark of a little mind; but it requires a soul of no common stamp to be satisfied with its own acquittal, and to despise the condemnation of the world. COLTON.

12. No man ever offended his own Conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him for it. SOUTH.

13. Be fearful only of thyself; and stand in awe of none more than of thine own Conscience There is a Cato in every man; a

severe censor of his manners. And he that reverences this judge, will seldom do anything he need repent of. FULLER.

14. We should have all our communications with men, as in the presence of God; and with God, as in the presence of men. COLTON.

15. He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon MILTON.

CXII.—DON'T FORGET.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, corroding, unobliterated, epitome, Lethean, Pleiad.

WRITE OUT the contrasted words and the parallel words.

1. OLD letters! Don't you love, sometimes, to look over old letters? Some of them are dim with years, and some are dim with tears. Here is one now, the burden of which is, "Don't forget;" the device on the seal is "Don't forget;" and the writer thereof went, winters ago, to "the narrow beds of peace." But surely she needn't have written it, for we *can't* forget if we would.

2. "Don't forget!" They are common words; we hear them, perhaps use them every day; and yet how needless, we may almost say, how meaningless they are! What is it we forget? That which was forgotten and set down in the tablets of memory long ago; set down, we may not remember where, we may not remember when, but it is there still. Remove with the palm of Time the inscriptions upon marble—eat out with its "corroding tooth" the lettering upon brass, but that thing forgotten remains unobliterated.

3. Some breath may whirl back the leaves of memory to its page—in some hour an epitome of its contents may be unrolled before us. Every thought consigned to memory is immortal; its existence runs parallel with the mind that conceives and the heart that cradled it. "Don't forget!" We cannot forget. Earth is full of strains Lethean of man's invention, but the past is with him still.

4. New days, new hopes, new loves arise; but "pleasant, yet mournful to the soul is the memory of joys that are past." Our eyes are dazzled with the clear of the present, but dimmed with the clouds of the past. Ride as we will on the swiftest billow of to-morrow, we are never out of sight of yesterday. There it stands still, with a tearful, gentle light, like some pale Pleiad through the rack of the storm.

5. "Don't forget!" Ah! the science that could teach men to forget would be more welcome than all the trickery of Mnemonics. When the heart beats sadder, and the tide of life runs slower, how the Yesterdays come drifting down to waiting Age—waiting for Him who enters hall and hovel, unbidden and unstayed.

6. "Don't forget!" Alas! who does not remember? Even Ocean itself, busy as it is in laving from its shores all records of the past, is the great memory of the natural world. Clarence's dream was no fiction, and its treasures glitter, and whiten, and sway amid the groves of red coral. But even the Sea is not oblivious, for "the sea shall give up its dead."

B. F. Taylor

CXIII.—FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

This and the following lesson may be read or spoken as a dialogue by omitting the narrative portions.

In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, Fitz-James went on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watchfire close before him burned.

Beside its embers, red and clear,
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprang with sword in hand—
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"
"A stranger." "What dost thou require?"
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."

"Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No."
"Thou dar'st not call thyself a foe!"
"I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand."
"Bold words!—but though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever reck'd where, how, or when
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts. Yet sure they lie,
Who said thou cam'st a secret spy?"
"They do, by Heaven! Come, Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest."
"If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of knight."
"Then by these tokens mayst thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."
"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed:—
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more—upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn—
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand;
But not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honor's laws:
T' assail a wearied man were shame,
And *stranger* is a holy name;

Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's Ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."
"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"
"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lakes's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

* * * * * * *

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep;
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose.
Ever the hollow path twined on
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone:
A hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The guide led through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause
He sought these wilds, traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
"I dreamed not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,

All seemed as peaceful and as still
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war:
Thus said, at least, my mountain guide;
Though deep, perchance, the villain lied."
"Yet why a second venture try?"
"A warrior thou, and ask me why!—
Moves our course by such fixed cause
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A knight's free footsteps far and wide:
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid;
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;
Yet, ere again you sought this spot,
Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine, rais'd by Mar?"
"No, by my word; of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I aught, but when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."
"Free be they flung! for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung! as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"
"Warrior, but yesternoon I knew
Nought of thy chieftain, Roderick Dhu,

Save as an outlawed desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight:
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,
"And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What reck'd the chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?
He rights such wrongs where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven."

"Still was it outrage; yet tis true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrowed truncheon of command,
The young king, mewed in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then thy chieftain's robber life
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain
His herds and harvest reared in vain—
Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn
The spoils from such foul forays borne."

CXIV.—FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU—(Continued.)

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And thus he spoke with scornful smile:
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye

Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between;
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread
For fattened steer or household bread,
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply:
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore:
I give you shelter in my breast;
Your own good blades must win the rest.'
Pent in this fortress of the north,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul! While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain—
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze—
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.
Where live the mountain chiefs who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution due?
See other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

Answered Fitz-James: "And if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be bought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid,
My life given o'er to ambuscade?"
'As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true—

I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid—
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
Save to fulfil an augury."
"Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride;
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain in lady's bower
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour
As I, until before me stand
This rebel chieftain and his band."

"Have then thy wish." He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew;
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprang up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow wand
Are bristling into ax and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given;

Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still;
Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain side they hung.
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave. Though to his heart
The lifeblood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the chief his haughty stare;
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foeman worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood—then waved his hand;
Down sank the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand, and spear, and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth;
The wind's last breath had tossed in air
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
The next but swept a lone hillside,
Where heath and fern were waving wide;

The sun's last glance was glinted back
From lance and glaive, from targe and jack,—
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold gray stone.

Fitz-James looked round, yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the chief replied,
"Fear naught—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest; I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle Ford;
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on; I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CXV.—EXECUTION OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, camisole, paroxysm, hysterical, intrepidly, baton, coup-de-grace, severed, perquisites, palpitating, saturated, fanatic, verification, elicited, contemptuously.

1. BEFORE Mary proceeded further in her preparations for the block, she took a last farewell of her weeping maidens, kissing, embracing and blessing them, by signing them with the cross, which benediction they received on their knees.

2. Her upper garments being removed, she remained in her petticoat of crimson velvet and camisole, which laced behind and covered

her arms with a pair of crimson-velvet sleeves. Jane Kennedy now drew from her pocket the gold-bordered handkerchief Mary had given her to bind her eyes. With this she placed a Corpus Christi cloth—probably the same in which the consecrated wafer sent to her by the Pope had been enveloped. Jane folded it corner-wise, kissed it, and with trembling hands prepared to execute this last office; but she and her companion burst into a fresh paroxysm of hysterical sobbing and crying.

3. Mary placed her finger on her lips reprovingly. "Hush!" said she; "I have promised for you. Weep not, but pray for me." When they had pinned the handkerchief over the face of their beloved mistress, they were compelled to withdraw from the scaffold; and "she was left alone to close up the tragedy of life by herself, which she did with her wonted courage and devotion." Kneeling on the cushion, she repeated, in her usual clear, firm voice, *In te Domine speravi*—"In thee, Lord, have I hoped; let me never be put to confusion."

4. Being then guided by the executioners to find the block, she bowed her head upon it intrepidly, exclaiming, as she did so, *In manus tuas*—"Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." The Earl of Shrewsbury raised his baton, in performance of his duty as Earl Marshal, to give the signal for the *coup-de-grace;* but he averted his head at the same time, and covered his face with his hand to conceal his agitation and streaming tears.

5. A momentary pause ensued, for the assistant executioner perceived that the queen, grasping the block firmly with both hands, was resting her chin upon them, and that they must have been mangled or cut off if he had not removed them, which he did by drawing them down and holding them tightly in his own, while his companion struck her with the ax a cruel, but ineffectual blow. Agitated alike by the courage of the royal victim, and the sobs and groans of the sympathizing spectators, he missed his aim and inflicted a deep wound on the side of the skull.

6. She neither screamed or stirred, but her sufferings were too sadly testified by the convulsion of her features, when, after the third blow, the butcherwork was accomplished, and the severed head, streaming with blood, was held up to the gaze of the people. "God save Queen Elizabeth!" cried the executioner. "So let all her enemies perish!" exclaimed the Dean of Peterborough. One

solitary voice alone responded "Amen!"—it was that of the Earl of Kent. The silence, the tears and groans of the witnesses of the tragedy, yea, even of the very assistants in it, proclaimed the feelings with which it had been regarded.

7. Mary's weeping ladies now approached and besought the executioners "not to strip the corpse of their beloved mistress, but to permit her faithful servants to fulfill her last request, by covering it as modesty required, and removing it to her bed-chamber, where themselves and her other ladies would perform the last duties." But they were rudely repulsed, hurried out of the hall and locked into a chamber, while the executioners, intent only on securing what they considered their perquisites, began, with ruffian hands, to despoil the still warm and palpitating remains.

8. One faithful attendant, however, lingered and refused to be thrust away. Mary's little Skye terrier had followed her to the scaffold unnoticed, had crept closer to her when she laid her head on the block, and was found crouching under her garments saturated with her blood. It was only by violence he could be removed, and then he went and lay between her head and body, moaning piteously.

9. Some barbarous fanatic, desiring to force a verification of Knox's favorite comparison between this unfortunate princess and Jezebel, tried to tempt the dog to lap the blood of his royal mistress; but, with intelligence beyond that of his species, the sagacious creature refused; nor could he be induced to partake of food again, but pined himself to death.

10. The head was exposed on a black velvet cushion to the view of the populace in the court-yard for an hour from the large window in the hall. No feeling but that of sympathy for her and indignation against her murderers was elicited by this woeful spectacle. The remains of this injured princess were contemptuously covered with the old oil cloth that had been torn from the billiard-table, and carried into a large upper chamber, where the process of embalming was performed the following day by surgeons from Stamford and Peterborough.

MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

CXVI.—MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I LOOKED far back into other years, and lo! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages passed away.

It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens, with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep falls;
And o'er the antique dial-stones the creeping shadow passed,
And all around the noonday sun a drowsy radiance cast.
No sound of busy life was heard, save from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn
And there five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please;
And little recked they when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than theirs;
And little even the loveliest thought, before the Virgin's shrine,
Of royal blood, and high descent from the ancient Stuart line;
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And as they flew they left behind a long-continuing light.

The scene was changed. It was the court—the gay court of Bourbon—
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps, a thousand courtiers throng;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry:—
Gray Montmorency, o'er whose head has passed a storm of years,
Strong in himself and children stands, the first among his peers;
And next the Guises, who so well fame's steepest heights assailed,
And walked ambition's diamond ridge, where bravest hearts have failed—
And higher yet their path shall be, stronger shall wax their might,
For before them Montmorency's star shall pale its waning light.
Here Louis, Prince of Conde', wears his all-unconquered sword,
With great Coligni by his side—each name a household word!
And there walks she of Medicis—that proud Italian line,
The mother of a race of kings—the haughty Catharine!

The forms that follow in her train, a glorious sunshine make—
A milky way of stars that grace a comet's glittering wake;
But fairer far than all the rest, who bask on fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride!
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond, deep love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun—
They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-souled joy bespeak.
Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that gray convent's calm, its sunshine, and its flowers?

The scene was changed. It was a bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast-receding hills, that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept—there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth;
It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends—
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends—
The land where her dead husband slept—the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and the splendors of a throne:
No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of France—
The chosen home of chivalry—the garden of romance!
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark!
One gaze again—one long, last gaze—"Adieu, fair France, to thee!"
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanched her cheek—her smile was sadder now,
The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on her brow:

And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field;
The Stuart sceptre well she swayed, but the sword she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs, perchance, that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar:
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal, and fierce domestic broils:
But hark! the tramp of armed men! the Douglas' battle-cry!
They come—they come—and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!
And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and words are vain,
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!
Then Mary Stuart brushed aside the tears that trickling fell:
"Now for my father's arm!" she said; "my woman's heart, farewell!"

The scene was changed. It was a lake, with one small, lonely isle,
And there, within the prison-walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line:—
"My lords! my lords!" the captive said, "were I but once more free,
With ten good nights on yonder shore, to aid my cause and me,
That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,
And once more reign a Stuart Queen o'er my remorseless foes!"
A red spot burned upon her cheek—streamed her rich tresses down,
She wrote the words—she stood erect—a queen without a crown!

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen once more;
She stay'd her steed upon a hill—she saw them marching by—
She heard their shouts—she read success in every flashing eye;
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away;
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers—where are they?

Scattered and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and undone—
O God! to see what she has lost, and think what guilt has won!
Away! away! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part;
Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrow in thy heart.

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen headsman stood,
And gleamed the broad ax in his hand, that soon must drip with blood.
With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
And breathless silence chained the lips, and touched the hearts of all;
Rich were the sable robes she wore—her white veil round her fell—
And from her neck there hung the cross—the cross she loved so well!
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom—
I saw that grief had decked it out—an offering for the tomb!
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone—
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrilled with every tone—
I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold—
I knew that bounding grace of step—that symmetry of mould!
Even now I see her far away in that calm convent aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her holy smile—
Even now I see her bursting forth, upon her bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born!

Alas! the change! she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block, alone!
The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the crowd
Who sunned themselves beneath her glance, and round her footsteps bowed!
Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul is passed away;
The bright—the beautiful—is now a bleeding piece of clay!
The dog is moaning piteously; and, as it gurgles o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor!
The blood of beauty, wealth and power—the heart-blood of a queen—
The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth has seen—
Lapped by a dog! Go! think of it in silence and alone;
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne!

H. G. Bell.

CXVII.—AUTUMN.

Oh, welcome to the corn-clad slope,
And to the laden tree,
Thou promised autumn—for the hope
Of nations turn'd to thee,
Through all the hours of splendor past,
With summer's bright career—
And we see thee on thy throne at last,
Crown'd monarch of the year!

Thou comest with gorgeous flowers
That make the roses dim,
With morning mists and sunny hours
And wild birds' harvest hymn;
Thou comest with the might of floods,
The glow of moonlit skies,
And the glory flung on fading woods
Of thousand mingled dyes!

O Thou, whose silent bounty flows
To bless the sower's art,
With gifts that ever claim from us
The harvests of the heart—
If thus Thy goodness crown the year
What shall the glory be,
When all Thy harvest, whitening here,
Is gather'd home to Thee!

FRANCES BROWNE.

CXVIII.—CONTRAST BETWEEN THE ARAB AND THE FRENCHMAN.

WRITE OUT the contrasted words.

1. SINCE the period when it fell into the hands of the French, Algiers has greatly changed. Save the Mosque, which has held its ground, all the lower part of the city is French. The only remains of the old city are to be found in proportion as one ascends the rising ground.

2. A prediction of a Mussulman saint who lived in the sixteenth century says: "The Franks, O Algiers! shall tread the pavements of thy streets, and thy sons' daughters shall open to them their doors." Never was prophecy more thoroughly fulfilled. How is it that the Moorish families, rich under Turkish dominion, have fallen into abject poverty under French dominion? No one but myself, perhaps, thought of asking this question. I asked it, and this is what was answered:

3. The conquest of the country deprived the Moorish families of nothing. Under Turkish rule the Moors were the proprietors of houses, and they received the rents; owners of cattle, and they sold the meat; owners of lands, and they sold the harvests. When the French arrived, the Turks left the city, then the Koloughs, the children of Turks and Moors, then the Moors followed. On leaving the city, whence their own will drove them forth, they sold, not their lands and houses—no one would have wished to buy them—but their effects, their trinkets, and all at a third of the real value. The trinkets which they did not sell in Algiers, they carried away with them, melted, and sold wherever they lived.

4. But after two or three years of voluntary exile, the exiles began to perceive that their portable resources were exhausted. They made inquiries, and learned that no harm had befallen the people who had remained in Algiers, so they returned and recovered their lands and houses. Confidence was in some degree established, but they still sold their property, and at low prices.

5. They who returned during this first period were those who had fled but a short distance; later came those who had fled to Tangier, Tetuan, Constantina and Tunis. The former began gradually to sell a little dearer, then they took in the idea of renting, and they rented their houses. In consideration of the rent, the leases were renewable every three years. But the tenants, accustomed to the ways of Europe, took care to have it put in writing that the renewal was to be at their pleasure.

6. Finally returned the people who had fled to Smyrna, Cairo and Constantinople. They did as the others did, rented their houses, sometimes even in perpetuity. For a bonus in cash the Turks made all sorts of concessions. This arose from their conviction that, at any moment, the Prophet might restore them to favor, and drive the French out of Algeria.

7. But the Prophet was not in a hurry, the bonus was soon spent, and it was impossible to wait for rent-day. They allowed a discount, gave three years for one year, six years for two, twelve for three—what odds did it make? must not the French some day quit Algeria? The French did not quit Algeria, and the people were ruined.

8. Hate exists between people and people. It is maintained by contrast. Between the Arab and us all is contrast. Would you

like to see some of the differences? they are strange. Christ promises his disciples a spiritual Paradise. Mahomet promises his followers a sensual Paradise.

9. The Frenchman can marry but one woman. The Mussulman can marry four women, and can have as many more in his harem as his fortune will allow him to take.

10. The French woman walks with uncovered face, and appears continually in the streets. The Arab woman is a prisoner in her own house, and if she goes out, can only go veiled.

11. The Arab, if there is trouble in his house, restores peace with the cudgel. The Frenchman who strikes a woman is dishonored.

12. The more wives an Arab has, the richer he is. One wife is often enough to ruin a Frenchman.

13. The Arab marries as early as he can, the Frenchman as late as possible.

14. The first question asked by a Frenchman on meeting a friend, is as to the health of his wife. To ask an Arab about his wife is one of the greatest insults that can be offered him.

15. We drink wine. Wine is forbidden to the Arabs. We wear tight garments, they wear loose ones. We say that the head should be kept cool, and the feet warm. They say that the head should be kept warm, and the feet cool.

16. We salute by taking off the hat, they by pulling the turban down on the brow. We are laughers. They are grave. We fasten the door of the house. They raise the canvas of the tent. We eat with a fork, they with their fingers. We drink often while eating. They drink but once, and that after eating.

17. Our fasts are light. Their fasts are severe. From the break of day—from the time when one can distinguish a white thread from a black one—until evening, the Arab can neither drink nor eat, smoke nor take snuff, nor kiss his wife.

18. We have, in general, more love than respect for our parents. The Arab can neither seat himself, nor smoke, nor without permission speak in the presence of his father; nor can a younger brother do so in the presence of his elder brother.

19. We love traveling for pleasure's sake, the Arab travels only on business. We always know our age. The Arab is always ignorant of his. It is a point of honor with us not to recoil a step in battle or in duel. The Arab flies without dishonor.

20. We eat the meat of animals that have been knocked on the head. The Arabs eat only the meat of animals that have been bled to death. Historical painting is with us an art. The painting of the human form is with them a sin. We worry ourselves about everything. The Arab does not worry himself about anything.

21. We believe in Providence. He is a fatalist. If some great misfortune happens, "*hakoun Erbi*," says he—the will of God. An Arab once said to me: "Put a Frank and an Arab in the same pot, boil them for three days, and you will have two different soups."

DUMAS

CXIX.—MARCO BOZZARIS.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurra,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance and wine
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of Agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
Come, in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men:
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave,
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb:
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birth-day bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells:
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch, and cottage bed;
Her soldier closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;

His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

F. G. Halleck.

CXX.—READING ALOUD.

Pronounce and explain, discretion, monotony, models (not *moddles*), individuals, exemplary, periodicals, association, intonation, millinery, recreation, disseminated, parliament, premier, enunciator.

1. We know of no accomplishment so valuable as that of reading "with good emphasis and discretion"—of catching the meaning and spirit of an author, and conveying them to others with a distinct and intelligible utterance; and yet, strange to say, there is no department of modern education so much neglected. Indeed, so general is this neglect, that scarcely one young lady or gentleman in a dozen, who boast of having "finished" their education, can, on being requested, read aloud to a private company with that ease and graceful modulation, which are necessary to the perfect appreciation of the author.

2. There is either a forced and unnatural mouthing, a hesitating and imperfect articulation, or a monotony so thoroughly painful, that one listens with impatience, and is glad when some excuse presents itself for his absence. Whatever may be the imperfections of our school tuition, this defect is rather to be attributed to a want of taste and consequent neglect of practice on the part of grown-up individuals, than to any defect of their elementary training.

3. There may be a deficiency of good models; but the main evil arises from the unequal value, which seems to be attached to good reading, as compared with music, dancing, painting, and other fashionable acquirements. Why it should be so, we can discover no good cause, but, on the contrary, see many substantial reasons why reading aloud should be cultivated as one of the most useful and attractive of domestic accomplishments.

4. To young ladies, for example, the habit of reading aloud has much to recommend it. As mere exercise, it is highly beneficial, on account of the strength and vigor which it confers on the chest and lungs; while the mental pleasure to be derived therefrom is one of the most delightful that can adorn the family circle.

5. Gathered round the winter's fire or evening lamp, what could be more cheerful for the aged and infirm, what more instructive to the younger branches, or more exemplary to the careless, than the reading aloud of some entertaining author? and who could do this with greater grace or more impressive effect than a youthful female? It requires no great effort to attain this art; no neglect of music, painting, or other accomplishment; it is, in fact, more a practice than a study, and one which the interest, excited by new books and periodicals, would always prevent from becoming dull or tiresome.

6. Were women of all ranks to adopt the practice more than they do at present, they would bind to their homes many who are otherwise disposed to go in search of unworthy enjoyments, and would add another chain of delightful associations, wherewith to attach the young to the family hearth. Another advantage, which it would confer on the fair readers themselves, would be the improved utterance and intonation, which correct reading would produce, instead of that simpering and lisping, which are so often to be met with.

7. Nor is it to women in their domestic capacity only, that the practice of reading aloud would be attended with benefit. Many young women are under the necessity of earning a livelihood by in-door employments, such as millinery, straw-plaiting, pattern-painting, and the like, and, being in general occupied in one apartment of moderate size, the reading aloud of proper books would be to them not only a source of healthful recreation, but of amusement and instruction. In such establishments, reading by turns would present a beautiful picture; and, however limited the amount of information disseminated, it would at all events, be a

thousand times preferable to that system of idle and worthless gossip, which is said now to prevail.

8. To young men, preparing for professional labors, the art of reading aloud is indispensable; and, though not equally necessary for what are called business-men, still to such it is a becoming and valuable acquirement. Ask your son, who has lately gone to the counting-room, to read you the last debate in parliament, and ten to one he will rattle through it with a jumbling indistinctness of utterance, so that you are glad when his hour calls him away, and leaves you to the quiet enjoyment of self-perusal. And why is this? Simply because the youth has never been taught to regard reading aloud in the light of a graceful accomplishment. At school he learned to know his words, and that was so far useful; but, to read as a gentleman, in the spirit and meaning of the author, this is what he has yet to acquire, by the imitation of good models, and by frequent practice.

9. That the art of reading aloud is at the low ebb we mention, any one can readily convince himself, by requesting his friend to read for him the last speech of the British premier, or message of the American president. Twenty to one he will find his friend an apt enough scholar, but a careless and indifferent enunciator—one who has all along read for himself, and whose only object has been merely to acquire the meaning of the works he perused. At the period of the Reform Bill, when newspapers were read by the million, it was customary, in the workshops of tailors, flax-dressers and others, for one to read aloud while the others were at work; those who could read fluently taking their turns of this duty, and those who could not, paying others who did, according to the amount of time spent in the exercise. In some instances, indeed, a reader was paid by the workmen, it being his duty to read the public debates and leading articles at so much per hour.

10. We have occasionally listened to such a reader (one of the workmen) and been astonished at the force and freedom of his utterance, and the manner in which he modulated his intonations, throwing himself exactly into the place of the speaker. Now, this was not the result of any superior tuition, but the effect of listening to the best public speakers, and of his daily exercise as reader to the establishment.

11. Unfortunately, the practice to which we refer died with the

excitement of the period; but we see no cause why the attention which was then given to public affairs might not be profitably directed to entertaining and instructive authors. It is true that the inquiring and studious workmen will cultivate his own mind at home; but all workmen are not inquiring and studious, and the introduction of reading aloud to each other in turn would be productive of incalculable benefit.

12. Singing for the million is cried up on all hands; why not reading aloud? We have, in almost every family and workshop, evidence of what practice in concert has done for vocal music; why not the same for reading aloud? The one art is chiefly valued as an amusement and refining accomplishment; the other is equally entertaining, quite as necessary for the adornment of public or private life, and certainly more directly productive of utility and knowledge

CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

CXXI.—GINEVRA.

TELL THIS STORY as simply and naturally as possible. Preserve the tone of easy but serious conversation. Above all things, do not "mouth it."

IF ever you should come to Modena,
Stop at a Palace near the Reggio gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain you—but before you go,
Enter the house—forget it not, I pray—
And look awhile upon a picture.

'Tis of a Lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious family;
He who observes it—ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.

She sits inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said "Beware!" her vest of gold

Broider'd with flowers, and clasp'd from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion.
An oaken-chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture-stories from the Life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some great ancestor—
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and you will not,
When you have heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child, her name Ginevra,
The joy, the pride of an indulgent father;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now frowning, smiling for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum:
And in the luster of her youth she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the nuptial feast,
When all sat down, the bride herself was wanting.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,

"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing, and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger;
But now, alas she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
But that she was not!

Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and embarking,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
The father lived, and long might you have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something;
Something he could not find, he knew not what.
When he was gone the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
When on an idle day, a day of search,
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed, and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra:
"Why not remove it from its lurking place?"
'Twas done as soon as said, but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished—save a wedding ring
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,—
"Ginevra."

There then she had found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy,
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever!

ROGERS.

CXXII.—THE BAROMETER.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, piston, mercurial, barometer, phenomenon, fluctuating, serene, monitor, prognostic, placid, hurricane, incessant.

1. GALILEO had found that water would rise under the piston of a pump, to a height only of about thirty-four feet: his pupil Torricelli, conceiving the happy thought, that the weight of the atmosphere might be the cause of the ascent, concluded that mercury, which is about thirteen times heavier than water, should only rise under the same influence to a thirteenth of the elevation; he tried and found that this was so; and the mercurial barometer was invented.

2. To afford further evidence that the weight of the atmosphere was the cause of the phenomenon, he afterwards carried the tube of mercury to the tops of buildings and of mountains, and he found that it fell always in exact proportion to the portion of the atmosphere left below it; and he found that water-pumps in different situations varied as to sucking power, according to the same law.

3. It was soon afterwards discovered, by careful observation of the mercurial barometer, that even when remaining in the same place, it did not always stand at the same elevation: in other words, that the weight of atmosphere over any particular part of the earth was constantly fluctuating; a truth which, without the barometer, could never have been suspected.

4. The observation of the instrument being carried still farther, it was found that in serene dry weather the mercury generally stood high; and that before and during storms and rain it fell: the instrument therefore might serve as a prophet of the weather; becoming a precious monitor to the husbandman or the sailor.

5. To the husbandman the barometer is of considerable use, by aiding and correcting the prognostics of the weather which he draws from local signs familiar to him; but its great use as a weather-glass seems to be to the mariner, who roams over the whole ocean, and is often under skies and climates altogether new to him.

6. The watchful captain of the present day, trusting to this extraordinary monitor, is frequently enabled to take in sail and to make ready for the storm, where, in former times, the dreadful visitation would have fallen upon him unprepared. The marine barometer

has not yet been in general use many years, and the author was one of a numerous crew who probably owed their preservation to its almost miraculous warning.

7. It was in a southern latitude. The sun had just set with placid appearance, closing a beautiful afternoon, and the usual mirth of the evening watch was proceeding, when the captain's order came to prepare with all haste for a storm. The barometer had begun to fall with appalling rapidity. As yet, the oldest sailors had not perceived even a threatening in the sky, and were surprised at the extent and hurry of the preparations; but the required measures were not completed, when a more awful hurricane burst upon them than the more experienced had ever braved.

8. Nothing could withstand it; the sails already furled and closely bound to the yards, were riven away in tatters; even the bare yards and masts were in great part disabled; and at one time the whole rigging had nearly fallen by the board. Such, for a few hours, was the mingled roar of the hurricane above, of the waves around, and of the incessant peals of thunder, that no human voice could be heard; and amidst the general consternation, even the trumpet sounded in vain.

9. In that awful night, but for the little tube of mercury which had given warning, neither the strength of the noble ship, nor the skill and energies of the commander, could have saved one man to tell the tale. On the following morning the wind was again at rest, but the ship lay upon the yet heaving waves, an unsightly wreck.

ARNOTT.

CXXIII.—LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

MAKE A CLEAR DISTINCTION between the narrative portion and the dialogue. Indicate the change of speaker by a change of tone. The seventh, eighth and ninth stanzas form a climax. Give the rule for reading a climax.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Loch-Gyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this—Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men,
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And, by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this, the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shricking;
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder grew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left the stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And while they rowed, amid the roar
Of waters fast prevailing,
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely arm was stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief:
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return, or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

CAMPBELL.

CXXIV.—OUR MODEL.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, galaxy, resplendent, crisis, consummate, recurrence, disinterestedness, pestilential.

1. LET your ambition, gentlemen, be to enroll your names among those over whose histories our hearts swell, and our eyes overflow with admiration, delight, and sympathy, from infancy to old age; and the story of whose virtues, exploits, and sufferings will continue to produce the same effect throughout the world, at whatever distance of time they may be read. It is needless, and it were endless to name them. On the darker firmament of history, ancient and modern, they form a galaxy resplendent with their luster.

2. To go no farther back, look for your model to the signers of our Declaration of Independence. You see revived in those men the spirit of ancient Rome in Rome's best day; for they were willing, with Curtius, to leap into the flaming gulf, which the oracle of their own wisdom had assured them could be closed in no other way. There was one, however, whose name is not among those signers, but who must not, nay, cannot be forgotten; for when a great and decided patriot is the theme, his name is not far off.

3. Gentlemen, you need not go to past ages nor to distant countries. You need not turn your eyes to ancient Greece or Rome, or to modern Europe. You have in your own Washington a recent model, whom you have only to imitate to become immortal. Nor must you suppose that he owed his greatness to the peculiar crisis which called out his virtues, and despair of such another crisis for the display of your own. His more than Roman virtues, his consummate prudence, his powerful intellect, and his dauntless decision and dignity of character, would have made him illustrious in any age. The crisis would have done nothing for him had not his character stood ready to match it.

4. Acquire this character, and fear not the recurrence of a crisis to show forth its glory. Look at the elements of commotion that are already at work in this vast republic, and threatening us with a moral earthquake that will convulse it to its foundation. Look at the political degeneracy which pervades the country, and which has already borne us so far away from the golden age of the revolution; look at all the "signs of the times," and you will see but little cause to indulge the hope that no crisis is likely to occur to give full scope for the exertion of the most heroic virtues.

5. Hence it is that I so anxiously hold up to you the model of Washington. Form yourselves on that noble model. Strive to acquire his modesty, his disinterestedness, his singleness of heart, his determined devotion to his country, his candor in deliberation, his accuracy of judgment, his invincible firmness of resolve, and then may you hope to be, in your own age, what he was in his—"first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of your countrymen."

6. Commencing your career with this high strain of character, your course will be as steady as the needle to the pole. Your end will be always virtuous, your means always noble. You will adorn as well as bless your country. You will exalt and illustrate the age

in which you live. Your example will shake like a tempest that pestilential pool in which the virtues of our people are already beginning to stagnate, and restore the waters and the atmosphere to their revolutionary purity.

WILLIAM WIRT

CXXV.—BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—O! break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man, this day!
Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land;
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's hue came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped from his like lead!
He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fixed and white;
He met, at last, his father's eyes—but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed; but who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze—
They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low, and wept like childhood then:
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown—
He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, to lift the sword for, now;
"My king is false—my hope betrayed! My father—O! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire, beside thee, yet!
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met!
Thou wouldst have known my spirit, then—for thee my fields were won;
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
Amid the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train;
And, with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—the king before the dead:

"Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
—Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where are they?
—If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light—be still! keep down thine ire!
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is not my sire—
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed!
Thou canst not?—and a king!—his dust be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed—his slack hand fell—upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from that sad place;
His hope was crushed, his after fate untold in martial strain—
His banner led the spears no more amid the hills of Spain.

MRS. HEMANS.

CXXVI.—BERNARDO AND ALFONZO.

WITH some good ten of his chosen men Bernardo hath appeared,
Before them all in the palace hall, the lying king to beard:
With cap in hand and eye on ground, he came in reverend guise,
But ever and anon he frowned, and flame broke from his eyes!

"A curse upon thee," cries the king "who com'st unbid to me!
But what from traitor's blood should spring, save traitor like to thee?
His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart—perchance our champion brave
May think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's grave."

"Whoever told this tale the king, hath rashness to repeat,"
Cries Bernard—"here my gage I fling before the liar's feet!
No treason was in Sancho's blood—no stain in mine doth lie:
Below the throne what knight will own the coward calumny?

"Ye swore upon your kingly faith, to set my father free;
But, curse upon your paltering breath! the light he ne'er did see:
He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alfonzo's base decree;
And visage blind, and stiffened limb, were all they gave to me.

"The king that swerveth from his word hath stained his purple black!
No Spanish lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back.
But noble vengeance shall be mine; and open hate I'll show;
The king hath injured Carpio's line, and Bernard is his foe!"

"Seize—seize him!" loud the king doth scream: "there are a thousand here;
Let his foul blood this instant stream! What! caitiffs, do ye fear?
Seize, seize the traitor!" But not one to move a finger dareth:
Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the falchion from its sheath, and held it up on high;
And all the hall was still as death.—Cries Bernard, "Here am I;
And here's the sword that owns no lord, excepting heaven and me:
Fain would I know who dares its point—king, conde, or grandee."

Then to his mouth his horn he drew—(it hung below his cloak);
His ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring they broke.
With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the circle brake,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false king to quake:

"Ha! Bernard!" quoth Alfonzo, "what means this warlike guise?
Ye know full well I jested; ye know your worth I prize!"
But Bernard turned upon his heel, and, smiling, passed away:
Long rued Alfonzo and Castile the *jesting* of that day!

LOCKHART.

CXXVII.—SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS

THE DELIVERY should be rapid, earnest, almost vehement.

WRITE OUT and study the contrasted words, and the parallel words and phrases.

GIVE due attention to the examples of CLIMAX.

RULE XVIII.—A pronoun is emphatic when it is modified by a relative phrase.

FIND two examples of this rule in the lesson.

1. THE war must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. Why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory? If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us and will carry themselves gloriously through this struggle.

2. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British

aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and can not be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

3. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

4. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

5. But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

6. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I

have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment; independence now; and independence forever.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

CXXVIII.—AMBITION OF A STATESMAN.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, alienated, aggrandizement, incarcerated, genuine, contemplating.

WRITE OUT the lesson, marking the inflections, the emphatic words, and the examples of Rules already given.

1. I HAVE been accused of ambition in presenting this measure—ambition, inordinate ambition. If I had thought of myself only, I should never have brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself—the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those we have so long tried and loved; and I know well the honest misconception both of friends and foes.

2. Ambition? If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers—if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating and prudential policy, I would have stood still and unmoved. I might even have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of state to conduct it as they could.

3. I have been, heretofore, often unjustly accused of ambition. Low, groveling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism—beings who, forever keeping their own selfish ends in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence or their aggrandizement—judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves.

4. I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives. I have no desire for office, not even the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which

the incarcerated incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom.

5. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these States, united or separated; I never wish, never expect to be Pass this bill, tranquilize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service forever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, mid my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment and fidelity, and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life.

6. Yes, I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people; once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land—the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous and fraternal people!

HENRY CLAY.

CXXIX.—GEMS.

CHARACTER.

1. THE best rules to form a young man are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

2. Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell characters. LAVATER.

3. You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good. LAVATER.

4. The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear. SOCRATES.

5. The two most precious things on this side the grave are our Reputation and our Life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to live, as not to be afraid to die. COLTON.

6. A man's character is like his shadow, which sometimes follows, and sometimes precedes him, and which is occasionally longer, occasionally shorter than he is. FROM THE FRENCH.

7. The purest treasure mortal time affords
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay. SHAKESPEARE.

8. The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day. FRANKLIN.

9. Whatever disgrace we have merited, it is almost always in our power to re-establish our reputation. LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

10. Good name, in man and woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. SHAKESPEARE.

CONDUCT.

11. I will govern my life and my thoughts as if the whole world were to see the one and to read the other; for what does it signify to make anything a secret to my neighbors, when to God (who is the searcher of our hearts) all our privacies are open? SENECA

12. Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key; be check'd for silence,
But never taxed for speech. SHAKESPEARE

13. Only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,—
By name to come, called charity,— the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier far. MILTON.

CXXX.—BUTTONS.

1. THERE, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning. There, you need'nt begin to whistle; people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you; I can't speak that you don't try to insult me. Once I used to say you were the best creature living; now, you get quite a fiend. *Do* let you rest? No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all day long; it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

2. Because *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house. You *didn't* swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, weren't you? Well, then I don't know what a passion is; and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

3. It's a pity you haven't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle-and-thread in my hand; what, with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt— why do you say "*ah*" at? I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice or

three times, at most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

4. Yes, it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then, if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves; a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in. A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one thing and another, they'd never tie themselves up to the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle?—Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

5. And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I am sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say it's very odd.

6. However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and shan't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love; that's your feeling; I know that. I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me, then; for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

CXXXI.—LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP ARCTIC.

1. It was autumn. Hundreds had wended their way from pilgrimages; from Rome and its treasures of dead art, and its glory of living nature; from the sides of the Switzer's mountains; from the capitals of various nations.

2. The hour was come. The signal-ball fell at Greenwich. It was noon also at Liverpool. The anchors were weighed; the great hull swayed to the current; the national colors streamed abroad, as if themselves instinct with life and national sympathy.

3. The bell strikes; the wheels revolve; the signal-gun echoes along the shore, and the Arctic glides joyfully forth from the Mersey, turns her prow to the winding channel, and begins her homeward run.

4. The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. Death sat upon the prow, and no eye beheld him. Whoever stood at the wheel in all the voyage, Death was the pilot that steered the craft, and none knew it.

5. Amid all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murmur—home is not far away. And every morning it was still one night nearer home, and at evening one day nearer home!

6. Eight days had passed. They beheld that distant bank of mist that forever haunts the vast shallows of Newfoundland. Boldly they made at it, and, plunging in, its pliant wreaths wrapped them about. They shall never emerge. The last sunlight has flashed upon that deck. The last voyage is done to ship and passengers.

7. At noon there came noiselessly, stealing from the north, the fated instrument of destruction. In that mysterious shroud, that vast atmostphere of mist, both steamers were holding their way with rushing prow and roaring wheels, but invisible.

8. At a league's distance, unconscious, and at nearer approach, unwarned; within hail, and bearing right toward each other, unseen, unfelt, till in a moment more, emerging from the gray mists, the ill-omened Vesta dealt her deadly stroke to the Arctic.

9. The death-blow was scarcely felt along the mighty hull. She neither reeled nor shivered. Neither commander nor officers deemed that they had suffered harm. Prompt in humanity, the brave captain ordered away his boat to inquire if the stranger had suffered harm. They departed on the message.

10. But now the waters gaining upon the hold, and rising up upon the fires, revealed the mortal blow the ship had received. It was a wild scramble; the ignoble mob of firemen, engineers, waiters, and crew rushed for the boats, and abandoned the helpless women, children, and men to the mercy of the deep!

11. All command was lost. The men abandoned their posts. They deserted their duty. They betrayed their commander. They yielded up to death more than two hundred helpless souls committed to their trust. How nobly, in the midst of weakness and terror, stood that worthy commander, in this terrible scene—calm, self-sacrificing, and firm to the end. When urged to enter one of the boats he declined utterly. When urged to let his son go in—his darling child—the heroic reply was:—"My son shall share his father's fate!"

12. As he attempted to get boat after boat in readiness to save some of his helpless passengers—they were instantly filled by the crew, men in their panic leaping from the top of the rail twenty feet, crushing and maiming those already in the boat. First was lost presence of mind, then courage, and so honor.

13. Now all over the deck was there displayed every frantic form of fear, of anguish, of bitter imploration, of transfixed despair. Some with insane industry strove at the pumps; others rushed headlong over the sides of the ship; the raft was overburdened; the sea was covered with men struggling for a little time against their fate.

14. But, let us remember that there were other scenes than these. There were scores there who had long known that by death heaven was to be entered. There were those who had rested the burden of their sin upon Him who came to take away the sin of the world. Not in vain had they prayed every day, for years, that they might be ready whenever the Son of Man should come.

15. There were mothers there that, when the first shock was over, settled their face to die, as if it were to dream in peaceful sleep. Maidens were there who looked up in that tremendous hour as the bride for her bridegroom.

16. Oh, in the dread crisis, upon that mournful sea, which mists covered that the tragedy of the waters might not be seen of the sun, how many were there that could say, "*God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.*"

17. There friends exchanged their last embraces; they determined to die holding in their arms those best beloved, and to yield up together their lives to the hands of God. Oh, noble love that in such an hour triumphs over all fear, and crowns the life with true grandeur! Oh, noble trust! that in the shock of such a sudden

death, could mount up above the waves, and behold the Redeemer, and rest in him, to the taking away of all fear!

18. At length the time was ended. That great ship, treacherously stabbed, and drinking in the ocean at its wounds, gave her last plunge. With one last outcry the devoted company were whelmed; and high above all other sounds there came a roaring from the black, uplifted chimney, as if the collected groans of all were mingled with the last groan of the ship itself.

19. Oh, what a burial was here! Not as when one is borne from his home, among weeping throngs, and gently carried to the green fields and laid peacefully beneath the turf and the flowers. No priest stood to pronounce a funeral service. It was an ocean-grave.

20. The mists alone shrouded the burial-place. No spade prepared the grave, no sexton filled up the hollowed earth. Down, down they sunk, and the quick-returning waters smoothed out every ripple, and left the sea as if it had not been.

CXXXII.—JOHN MAYNARD.

Mark carefully the transition from narrative to dialogue; and from one speaker to another.

Bear in mind that the captain and the pilot are separated by the whole length of the vessel, and that the pilot, when giving his final response, is nearly suffocated with smoke.

1. John Maynard was well known in the Lake district as an honest, intelligent man. He was pilot on a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo, one summer afternoon. At that time those steamers seldom carried boats. Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out:

2. "Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is." Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said:

3. "Captain, the ship is on fire!" Then, "Fire! fire! fire! fire! on shipboard!" All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the fire, but in vain.

4. There was a large quantity of rosin and tar on board, and it was useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot:

5. "How far are we from Buffalo?" "Seven miles." "How long before we reach it?" "Three-quarters of an hour, at our present rate of speed."

6. "Is there any danger?" "Danger *here*—see the smoke bursting out!—*go forward!* if you would save your lives!"

7. Passengers and crew, men, women and children, crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm.

8 The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose The captain cried out through his trumpet: "John Maynard!"

9. "Aye, aye, sir!" "Are you at the helm?" "Aye, aye sir!" "How does she head?" "Southeast-by-east, sir!"

10. "Head her southeast and run her on shore." Nearer, nearer, and yet nearer she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out:

11. "John Maynard!" The response came feebly, "Aye, aye, sir!" "Can you hold out five minutes longer, John?" "By God's help I will!"

12. The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand disabled; his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock.

13. He beached the ship; every man, woman and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to his God.

CXXXIII.—THE UNCLE—A MYSTERY.

I had an uncle once—a man
  Of three-score years and three;
And when my reason's dawn began,
  He'd take me on his knee;
And often talk, whole winter nights,
  Things that seemed strange to me

He was a man of gloomy mood,
  And few his converse sought;
But, it was said, in solitude
  His conscience with him wrought;
And there before his mental eye,
  Some hideous vision brought.

There was not one in all the house
Who did not fear his frown,
Save I, a little careless child,
Who gambolled up and down,
And often peeped into his room,
And plucked him by the gown.

I was an orphan and alone,
My father was his brother,
And all their lives I knew that they
Had fondly loved each other;
And in my uncle's room there hung
The picture of my mother.

There was a curtain over it,
'Twas in a darkened place,
And few or none had ever looked
Upon my mother's face,
Or seen her pale expressive smile
Of melancholy grace.

One night—I do remember well,
The wind was howling high,
And through the ancient corridors
It sounded drearily—
I sat and read in that old hall;
My uncle sat close by.

I read—but little understood
The words upon the book;
For with a sidelong glance I marked
My uncle's fearful look,
And saw how all his quivering frame
In strong convulsions shook.

A silent terror o'er me stole,
A strange unusual dread;
His lips were white as bone—his eyes
Sunk far down in his head;
He gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze
Of the unconscious dead

Then suddenly he turned him round,
And drew aside the veil
That hung before my mother's face;
Perchance my eyes might fail,
But ne'er before that face to me
Had seemed so ghastly pale.

"Come hither, boy!" my uncle said,
I started at the sound;
'Twas choked and stifled in his throat,
And hardly utterance found;
"Come hither, boy!" then fearfully
He cast his eyes around.

"That lady was thy mother once,
Thou wert her only child;
O God! I've seen her when she held
Thee in her arms and smiled,
She smiled upon thy father, boy,
'Twas that which drove me wild!

"He was my brother, but his form
Was fairer far than mine;
I grudged not that; he was the prop
Of our ancestral line,
And manly beauty was of him
A token and a sign.

"Boy! I had loved her too, nay, more,
'Twas I who loved her first;
For months—for years—the golden thought
Within my soul was nursed;
He came—he conquered—they were wed;
My air-blown bubble burst!

"Then on my mind a shadow fell,
And evil hopes grew rife;
That cursed thought stuck in my heart,
And cut me like a knife,
That she, whom all my days I loved,
Should be another's wife!

"Oh! but it was a fearful thing
To see my brother now,
And mark the placid calm that sat,
For ever on his brow,
That seemed in bitter scorn to say,
I am more loved than thou!

"I left my home—I left the land—
I crossed the raging sea;
In vain—in vain—where'er I turned,
My memory went with me;
My whole existence, night and day,
In memory seemed to be.

"I came again—I found them here—
Thou'rt like thy father, boy—
He doted on that pale face there,
I've seen them kiss and toy,
I've seen him locked in her fond arms,
Wrapped in delicious joy!

"He disappeared—draw nearer, child;
He died—no one knew how;
The murdered body ne'er was found,
The tale is hushed up now;
But there was one who rightly guessed
The hand that struck the blow.

"It drove her mad—yet not his death,
No, not his death alone;
For she had clung to hope, when all
Knew well that there was none;
No, boy! it was a sight she saw
That froze her into stone.

"I'll show thee what thy mother saw,
I feel 'twill ease my breast,
And this wild tempest laden night
Suits with the purpose best—
Come hither—thou hast often sought
To open this old chest.

"It has a secret spring; the touch
Is known to me alone"—
Slowly the lid is raised—"and now,—
What see you that you groan
So heavily? That thing is but
A bare ribbed skeleton."

A sudden crash—the lid fell down—
Three strides he backward gave,
"Oh God! it is my father's self
Returning from the grave!
His grasp of lead is on my throat—
Will no one help or save!"

That night they laid him on his bed,
In raving madness tossed;
He gnashed his teeth, and with wild oaths
Blasphemed the Holy Ghost;
And, ere the light of morning broke,
A sinner's soul was lost.

H. G. Bell.

CXXXIV.—GEMS.

MANNERS.

1. Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages.

Addison.

2. A man's worth is estimated in this world according to his conduct. La Bruyere.

3. Good breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them. Chesterfield

4. A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners. CHESTERFIELD.

5. There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good nature, or something which must bear its appearance, and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word good breeding. ADDISON.

6. Let thy carriage be friendly, but not foolishly free. An unwary openness causeth contempt, but a little reservedness, respect; and handsome courtesy, kindness. FULLER.

7. What's a fine person or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They seem like puppets led about by wires. CHURCHILL.

8. Good breeding carries along with it a dignity that is respected by the most petulant. Ill breeding invites and authorizes the familiarity of the most timid. CHESTERFIELD.

9. Pride, ill nature, and want of sense, are the three great sources of ill manners; without some one of these defects no man will behave himself ill for want of experience, or what, in the language of fools, is called knowing the world. SWIFT.

10. Although a man may possess virtue, talent, and good conduct, he may nevertheless be disagreeable. There is a certain fashion in manners which is too often neglected as of no consequence, but which frequently becomes the basis on which the world will form a favorable or an unfavorable opinion of you; and a little attention to render them engaging and polished will prevent others from entertaining prepossessions respecting you, which in their consequences, may operate greatly to your disadvantage. LA BRUYERE.

11. Unbecoming forwardness oftener proceeds from ignorance than impudence. GREVILLE.

THE GENTLEMAN.

12. A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman: a gentleman, in the vulgar, superficial way of understanding the world is the devil's Christian. But to throw aside these polished and too current counterfeits for something valuable and sterling, the real gentleman should be gentle in everything, at least in everything that depends on himself,—in carriage, temper, constructions, aims, desires. He ought therefore to be mild, calm, quiet, even, temperate,—not overbearing, not proud, not rapacious, not oppressive; for these things are contrary to gentleness. Many such gentlemen are to be found, I trust; and many more would be were the true meaning of the name borne in mind and duly inculcated. HARE.

13. It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honor to be found. Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent; but a true gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination, so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman with a beautiful gloss and varnish; everything he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good will of every beholder. STEELE.

14. I see a MAN!
I do not see his shabby dress,
I see him in his manliness;
I see his ax, I see his spade,
I see a man that God hath made.
If such a man before you stand,
Give him your heart, give him your hand,
And praise your Maker for such men;
They make this old earth young again.

CXXXV.—ICHABOD CRANE.

Pronounce and explain, cognomen, profile, withe, menace, anaconda, urchin, dogged, chastisement, consolatory, cupboard, onerous, grievous, ingratiating, whilom, psalmody, magnanimously, pioneers.

1. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodsmen and country school-masters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was

tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together.

2. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green, glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock, perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scare-crow eloped from a cornfield.

3. His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window-shutters; so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out; an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it.

4. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

5. I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burden off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong.

6. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough,

wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents;" and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that he would "remember it, and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

7. When school-hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils.

8. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

9. That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire.

10. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

11. In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers, where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson.

12. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little make-shifts in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook or by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

13. The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood, being considered a kind of idle gentleman-like personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farm-house, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot.

14. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones, or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond, while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

15. Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations.

16. Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex, and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. It was one of those spacious farm-houses, with high-ridged but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low, projecting eaves form-

ing a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather.

17. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion and the place of usual residence.

18. Here, rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs, and dark-mahogany tables, shone like mirrors; and irons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch-shells decorated the mantle-piece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

CXXXVI.—ICHABOD CRANE—(Continued.)

Pronounce and explain, arrogance, Herculean, thwarted, chivalry, cavalier, roystering, umpire, pliability, amours, coquette, waggery, embassies, impunity, emancipation, rampant, domiciliated, errant.

1. From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel.

2. Among his competitors the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered, and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff, but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance.

3. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of Brom Bones, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights; and, with the ascendancy which bodily strength acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and, with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good-humor at bottom.

4. Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack—yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away—jerk! he was erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

5. To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner.

6. I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for the man must battle for his fortress at every door and window.

7. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette, is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

8. Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him; he had overheard a boast of Bones, that he would "double the schoolmaster up, and lay him on the shelf of his own school-house;" and he was too wary to give him the opportunity.

9. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones, and his gang of rough riders.

10. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing school, by stopping up the chimney; broke into the schoolhouse at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy; so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in psalmody.

11. In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins; such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper gamecocks.

12. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the

school-room. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter.

13. He came clattering up to the school-door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the Hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

14. All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy, had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands

were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early emancipation.

15. The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and, indeed, only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and thus gallantly mounted, issued forth, like a knight errant in quest of adventures.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CXXXVII.—QUERIES.

Is it any body's business,
  If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
  If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer,
  That the meaning all may know;
Is it any body's business
  If a lady has a beau?

Is it any body's business
  When that gentleman may call,
Or when he leaves a lady,
  Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary
  That the curtain should be drawn,
To save from further trouble,
  The outside lookers-on?

Is it any body's business
  But the lady's, if her beau
Rides out with other ladies,
  And doesn't let her know?

Is it any body's business
But the gentleman's, if she
Accepts another escort,
Where he doesn't chance to be?

Is a person on the sidewalk,
Whether great or whether small,
Is it any body's business
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person,
As he's calling any where,
Is it any of your business
What his business may be there?

The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this—
Is it *any body's business*
What *another's business is?*
it is, or if it isn't,
We would really like to know,
we're certain if it isn't,
There are some who make it so.

CXXXVIII.—HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

1. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But, if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoken my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hands; but use all gently; for, in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must beget a temperance that will give it smoothness.

2. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very *rags*, to split the ears of the groundlings; who (for the most part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. Pray you avoid it.

3. Be not too tame, either; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action—with

this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone, is from the purpose of playing; whose end is, to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the times, their form and pressure.

4. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it may make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of one of which must, in your allowance, outweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there are players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely—who, having neither the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

SHAKESPEARE.

CXXXIX.—THE LEGEND OF LITTLE PEARL.

"Poor little Pearl, good little Pearl!"
Sighed every kindly neighbor;
It was so sad to see a girl
So tender doomed to labor.

A wee bird fluttered from its nest,
Too soon was that meek creature;
Just fit to rest in mother's breast,
The darling of fond nature.

God shield poor little ones where all
Must help to be bread bringers!
For once afoot, there's none too small
To ply their tiny fingers.

Poor Pearl! she had no time to play
The merry game of childhood;
From dawn to dark she worked all day,
A wooding in the wild wood.

When others played she stole apart
In pale and shadowy quiet,
For full of care was her child heart
For laughter running riot.

Hard lot for such a tender life,
And miserable guerdon;
But like a womanly wee wife,
She bravely bore her burden.

One wintry day they wanted wood
When need was at the sorest;
Poor Pearl, without a bit of food,
Must up and to the forest.

But there she sank down in the snow,
All over numbed and aching;
Poor little Pearl, she cried as though
Her very heart was breaking

The blinding snow shut out the house
From little Pearl so weary.
The lonesome wind among the boughs
Moaned with its warnings eerie.

To little Pearl a child-Christ came,
With footfall light as fairy;
He took her hand, he called her name,
His voice was sweet and airy.

His gentle eyes filled tenderly
With mystical wet brightness:
"And would you like to come with me
And wear this robe of whiteness?"

He bore her bundle to the door,
Gave her a flower when going:
"My darling, I shall come once more,
When the little bud is blowing."

Home very wan came little Pearl,
But on her face strange glory;
They only thought, "What ails the girl?"
And laughed to hear her story.

Next morning mother sought her child,
And clasped it to her bosom;
Poor little Pearl, in death she smiled,
And the rose was in full blossom.

CXL.—RAVENS.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, precocious, adept, sieve, circuitous, perpetrator, combat, annihilate, agile, gladiator, appreciate, legends, mythological, extolling, immolate, antagonist, mischievous, rapier.

1. THE raven is, perhaps, the best talking-bird in existence, but as I have not been the happy owner of a talking raven, I have very little new information on that subject. A raven did once live in the same house as myself, but he was a young bird, and his powers were mostly limited to the mischief department. There, he was very precocious, and as good an adept as if he had been quite an old bird. His house used to be a certain large flower-pot that was left unused in the garden, but he soon grew out of that habitation, and afterwards preferred perching on the ash-sieve among the cinders.

2. His principal spite was directed against the flowers, and the destruction that he wrought was at last so great, that he was turned out of the family. He was accustomed to watch the gardener as he was securing a valuable plant, for the bird cared nothing about a plant or flower if it were not of consequence. Then, when the gardener had moved away, he would make a circuitous progress to the plant, tear it up with one pull, and then leave it prostrate on the ground.

3. The lady of the house was especially subject to annoyance from him. When she attended to her own pet plants, this mischievous bird was accustomed to conceal himself behind some object, and to watch any flower that she touched. As she passed on to another plant, the raven would hop out, pull it up, lay it on the ground, and

then get behind his mistress, so that when she turned round, the plant was destroyed, and no perpetrator of the crime visible. And he was so crafty, that as she turned to look after him, he hopped round and kept out of her sight. At last she was quite afraid of him, and used to doubt whether he were not something more than a mere bird.

4. If a raven can find no dead animal, he thinks that the next best thing is to find a living one and kill it. Rabbits, many birds, almost all the small quadrupeds, and even the larger, if in ill-health, fall victims to the raven. If he discovers a sheep stuck fast in a ditch, or weak with illness, there is an end of the sheep, for the raven goes up to it, and with his long beak soon turns the scale in his own favor by plucking out both the eyes of the poor creature. Then, the shepherd finds it dead—skins it, and carries away the skin, leaving on the ground the useless carcass, of which the raven takes possession. Even the larger cattle sometimes fall victims in this way.

5. The beak of the raven is his principal weapon, and exactly answers to the dirk of the Highlanders among whom he lives, being used at pleasure as a dagger or a carving knife. The hedgehog itself yields to the raven, and its armor of spikes avails it nothing against the raven's beak, which, being longer than the spikes, soon wounds the poor creature mortally.

6. There are few dogs who will voluntarily face a raven, who instinctively knows the tender parts of a dog's countenance, and digs his beak into them so scientifically, that the dog declines further combat with so knowing an adversary. It is like a duel between two men, one armed with a battle-ax and the other with a rapier. If the battle-ax could only hit the foe once, he would be annihilated, but while the ponderous ax swings in the air, its wielder gets bored through and through several times by his agile adversary. So it is with the raven, for as the dog advances, he retreats, and with each step, or rather hop, he delivers a stroke at the dog's nose that seldom fails to draw blood.

7. Even the redoubtable gamecock, with all his sharp spurs and dauntless heart, has no chance against such an antagonist as a raven. There was one celebrated fighting raven that had immolated unnumbered gamecocks in succession, and, although a gladiator of fifteen years' standing, was never known to be vanquished. His tactics were always the same. The cock, blazing with defiance and courage,

dashed at the sable foe, who just slipped on one side and let his antagonist pass. This was repeated until a favorable opening occurred, when the raven seized the head of his opponent in his beak, crushed it with a single effort, and dropped his lifeless foe on the ground. Those who have suffered a blow from the spur of a game-cock will appreciate the skill and courage of the raven.

8. The raven is celebrated in the prose and poetic writings of every nation that can lay claim to any literature, and, indeed, is the first bird that is mentioned in the oldest of all books. As to more recent authors, such as Southey, Byron, Longfellow, and, last and most wondrous, Edgar Poe, I need do no more than merely mention their names. But there are old and graceful legends of the raven, some mythological, and some merely fabulous. There is one especially suggestive legend, the outline of which I will give.

9. In the olden days, when Apollo had entered into the first state of his perpetual youth, he chose his favorite bird. Jupiter, his father, took the eagle; Minerva, his sister, took the owl; Juno, his stepmother, chose the peacock; Venus preferred the dove; and he took to himself the raven. In those days the raven was one of the most beautiful of birds, for its plumage was white as the snow, its beak was rosy pink, its eyes were blue, and its voice surpassed the nightingale in melody.

10. There was on earth a grove sacred to Apollo, the trees were vines and figs, and roses stretched themselves up their trunks, and bending over formed an arbor, in the midst of which the fountain Helicon sparkled. It so fell out that Apollo thirsted for the waters of his own sacred fountain, and so he called the raven to him, and giving the bird his cup, bade him descend to earth, and bring him some of the cool water. The raven took the cup, and sought the fountain.

11. Now the raven was a very vain bird, and if he had been formerly proud of his looks and voice, he was ten times prouder since he had become the favorite of Apollo. So he stood long on the edge of the fountain, admiring his beauty, and then burst into song, extolling himself and his patron. Then he thought that he would refresh himself with the fruit, but it was not quite ripe, and after tasting several bunches of grapes and some figs, he determined to wait there until the morning, when they might be ripened.

12 In fine he idled away his time, until he remembered that he

had been absent for seven days. So he filled the cup, and seeing a brilliant serpent gliding in the grass, seized it in his beak, and carried it with him. He came before Apollo, and made the excuse that he had found a serpent polluting the sacred waters, and that he had just vanquished him after a combat of seven days. But Apollo seized the lying bird, and hurled him to the earth. He flew immediately to contemplate himself at the fountain, but the first glance revealed black plumage, and when he uttered an exclamation of horror, his voice had lost all its melody.

REV. J. G. WOOD.

CXLI.—THE ARCHERY OF WILLIAM TELL.

"PLACE there the boy," the tyrant said;
"Fix me the apple on his head:
Ha! rebel—now
There is a fair mark for thy shaft—
There, try thy boasted archer craft!"
And hoarsely the dark Austrian laughed,
With quivering brow.

The Switzer gazed—his cheek grew pale—
His bold lips throbbed, as if would fail
Their laboring breath:
"Ha! so you blench?" fierce Gesler cried:
"I've conquered, slave, thy soul of pride."
No word to that stern taunt replied—
All still as death.

"And what the meed?" at length, Tell asked.
"Bold fool! when slaves like thee are tasked,
It is my will;
But that thine eye may keener be,
And nerved to such nice archery,
If thou cleav'st yon, thou goest free:—
What—pause you still?

"Give him a bow and arrow there—
One shaft—but one." Madness, despair,
And tortured love,
One moment swept the Switzer's face;
Then passed away each stormy trace,
And high resolve reigned like a grace,
Caught from above.

'I take thy terms," he murmured low;
Grasped eagerly the proffered bow;
The quiver searched;
Chose out an arrow keen and long—
Fit for a sinewy arm and strong—
And placed it on the sounding thong—
The tough yew arched.

Deep stillness fell on all around—
Through that dense crowd was heard no sound
Of step or word;
All watched with fixed and shuddering eye,
To see that fearful arrow fly—
The light winds died into a sigh,
And scarcely stirred.

The gallant boy stood firm and mute—
He saw the strong bow curved to shoot,
Yet never moved.
He knew that pale fear ne'er unmanned
The daring coolness of that hand;
He knew it was the father scanned
The boy he loved.

Slow rose the shaft: it trembled—hung.
"My only boy!" gasped on his tongue:
He could not aim.
"Ha!" cried the tyrant, "doth he quail?
He shakes! his haughty brow is pale!"
"Shoot!" cried a loud voice, "can'st thou fail?
Shoot in God's name!"

Again the drooping shaft he took—
Cast to the heavens one burning look—
Of all doubts reft.
"Be firm, my boy!" was all he said:
He drew the bow—the arrow fled—
The apple left the stripling's head—
"'Tis cleft! 'tis cleft!"

And cleft it was—and Tell was free.
Quick the brave boy was at his knee
With flushing cheek;
But ere the sire his child embraced,
The baffled Austrian cried in haste,
'An arrow in thy belt is placed—
What means it? Speak!"

The Switzer raised his clenched hand high,
Whilst lightning from his glaring eye
Incessant flashed:
And the deep awful tones, which hung
In menace on his fearless tongue,
Echoed like thunder up among
The rent Alps dashed.

"To smite thee, tyrant, to the heart!
Had Heaven so willed it that my dart
Touched this young boy!"
'Treason! rebellion! chain the slave!"
A hundred swords around him wave,
And hate to Gesler's features, gave
Infuriate joy.

They chained the Switzer, arm and limb—
They racked him till his eyes grew dim,
And reeled his brain;
Nor groan, nor pain-wrung prayer gave he,
But smiled, beneath his belt to see
That shaft, whose point he swore should be
Not strung in vain!

And that same arrow found its goal,
Red with revenge, in Gesler's soul,
When Lucerne's lake
Heard his felon soul out moan,
And freedom's call abroad was blown,
And Switzerland, a giant grown—
Her fetters brake.

From hill to hill the summons flew—
From lake to lake that tempest grew
With wakening swell—
Till balked oppression crouched in shame,
And Austrian haughtiness grew tame,
And freedom's watchword was—the name
Of William Tell!

BAINE.

CXLII.—SWINE.

READ in a lively, conversational style. TRY to imitate the voice of the ventriloquist in the seventeenth and eighteenth paragraphs.

1. A PIG is a much cleverer animal than is generally supposed, that is, if he can find a chance of exercising his abilities, and is left tolerably to himself. I remember seeing half-a-dozen men engaged for a full half-hour in catching a pig which had got into a small circular inclosure. They tried to manage it by throwing in a turnip for the animal to engage himself with, while they crept up behind him; but the pig was much too clever for that, and continued to keep one eye on the turnip and another on the men, and as fast as one man came up behind him, he slewed round, so as to keep his eye always on his foe. When several of them came up in order to surround him, he picked up the turnip and ran away to another spot.

2. An amusing anecdote of this animal is told in one of the magazines, the relater being a sailor: "A curious animal is a pig, gentlemen! Very cunning too—a great deal more sensible than people give him credit for. I had a pig aboard my ship that was

too knowing by half. All hands were fond of him, and there was not one on board that would have seen him injured. There was a dog on board, too, and he and the pig were capital friends; they ate out of the same plate, walked about the decks together, and would lie down side by side under the bulwarks in the sun. The only thing they ever quarreled about was lodging.

3. "The dog, you see, sir, had got a kennel for himself; the pig had nothing of the sort. We did not think he needed one; but he had notions of his own upon that matter. Why should Toby be better housed of a night than he? Well, sir, he had somehow got into his head that possession is nine parts of the law; and though Toby tried to show him the rights of the question, he was so pig-headed that he either would not or could not understand. So every night it came to be 'catch as catch can.' If the dog got in first, he showed his teeth, and the other had to lie under the boat, or to find the softest plank where he could; if the pig was found in possession, the dog could not turn him out, but looked out for his revenge next time.

4. "One evening, gentlemen, it had been blowing hard all day, and I had just ordered close-reefed topsails, for the gale was increasing, and there was a good deal of sea running, and it was coming on to be wet; in short, I said to myself, as I called down the companion-ladder for the boy to bring up my peajacket, 'We are going to have a dirty night.' The pig was slipping and tumbling about the decks, for the ship lay over so much with the breeze, being close-hauled, that he could not keep his hoofs. At last, he thought he would go and secure his berth for the night, though it wanted a good bit to dusk.

5. "But, lo and behold! Toby had been of the same mind, and there he was safely housed. 'Umph, umph!' says piggy, as he turned and looked up at the black sky to windward; but Toby did not offer to move. At last, the pig seemed to give it up, and took a turn or two, as if he was making up his mind which was the warmest corner. Presently he trudges off to the lee scuppers, where the tin plate was lying that they ate their cold 'tatoes off. Pig takes up the plate in his mouth, and carries it to a part of the deck where the dog could see it, but some way from the kennel; then, turning his tail towards the dog, he begins to act as if he was eating out of the plate, making it rattle, and munching with his mouth pretty loud.

6. "'What!' thinks Toby, 'has piggy got victuals there?' and he pricked up his ears, and looked out towards the place, making a little whining. 'Champ, champ!' goes the pig, taking not the least notice of the dog; and down goes his mouth to the plate again. Toby couldn't stand that any longer; victuals, and he not there! Out he runs, and comes up in front of the pig, with his mouth watering, and pushes his cold nose into the empty plate. Like a shot, gentlemen, the pig turned tail, and was snug in the kennel before Toby well knew whether there was any meat or not in the plate."

7. Not only is the pig naturally clever, but it is capable of instruction, and has been taught to perform duties that belong to other animals. It will be unnecessary to relate here the well-known history of "Slut," the famous pointer-pig, and I will merely mention that the animal was regularly broken in by a gamekeeper, just as he would have broken in a pointer. The pig always accompanied him to the field, and learned to point as well as any dog.

8. Indeed, in several cases, the pig discovered birds which the dog had missed. Immediately after discovering a covey of birds, she was rewarded by a little piece of pudding which her master kept ready in his pocket. She seemed to enjoy the sport quite as much as any dog. More than that, the keeper could put her to work which dogs could not undertake. It is considered a great crime for a pointer to stand to any other game than that to which it has been especially trained. But Slut has been known to point out partridges, pheasants, black-game, snipes and rabbits, all in the same day; but never could be taught to notice hares.

9. The animal was not very often taken to the ground, because the dogs were too aristocratic in their habits to approve of such a companion; but she often went out voluntarily, and joined the sportsmen, remaining with them for several hours. So fond was she of the sport, that she used to go backwards and forwards, from one of her keepers to the other, a distance of seven miles, in order to find some one who was going out shooting.

10. Our method of driving pigs is essentially incorrect. We indicate to the pig the direction in which we want him to go, whereupon the animal naturally tries to take precisely the opposite direction. Who has seen a man engaged in driving a number of pigs through a town, and has not been impressed with the erroneous mode of procedure?

11. Boys generally drive pigs better than men, always excepting Irishmen, whose treatment of pigs is a perfect art. An Irishman never seems to *drive* a pig, but coaxes him along. A little push one way, a little pull another, a whistle, a few endearing expressions, and the pig trots comfortably along, giving "no throuble at all at all." If a pig is very obstinate indeed, and utterly refuses to go where he is wished, the Irishman manages him by putting his nose in the direction that he is intended to take, and then pulling his tail.

12. The result is evident. The pig imagines that he is wanted to come backwards, and therefore, with the perversity of porcine nature, runs forward as fast as he can. This method is chiefly used in getting pigs on shipboard, where they evince much dislike to the planks on which they are required to walk. The Chinese also make use of the tail-pulling process, when they wish their pigs to enter the bamboo cages in which they transport them when fat.

13. There is a quaint story respecting the origin of roast pork. A distinguished Chinaman was unfortunate enough to have his house burned down, together with the pigsty attached to it. Wandering by the sty, or rather the place where the sty had been, the disconsolate owner happened to see part of one of his pigs protruding from the blackened ruin. Woe sat on his heart as he thought of his pigs —how beautifully fat they were; how symmetrical in their proportions; how short their legs; how small their feet; how dignified their waddle; how graceful the curl of their tails, rivalling in beauty that which depended from the back of his head, and only ended where those of his pigs derived their origin!

14. He stretched out his hand to stroke the remains of his pig, as he had often stroked it when living. To his astonishment, the limb came off in his hand, the flesh scarce clave to the bones, and his grasp slipped from the forepaw of the pig. In his hand remained some of the roasted flesh. It gave out a peculiarly rich scent; so he put it to his nose, smelt it, touched it with his tongue, tasted, and, finally, ate it all up. Here was a discovery! The remains of the other pigs were disinterred, and his grief was so poignant that he refused to leave the spot until he had given to all of them an honorable sepulture.

15. Unfortunately, the secret became known, and our Chinaman was accustomed to burn a house every year, for the sake of roasting the pig which he had put in it. The regularity of the conflagration

attracted the attention of the neighbors, and on discovering the reason for it, they also burned their houses. At last, dwellings were blazing in every direction, and the law began to interfere. But the magistrate, in the course of the trial, was obliged to eat some of the roast pig, and by a curious coincidence, his own house was seen on fire next day. Many years elapsed before it was discovered that there were other methods of roasting pig than by setting the house on fire. And this was the origin of roast pig.

16. There is a certain unpleasant disorder affecting pigs, which is called, from its appearance, the measles, although it has really nothing to do with the illness that terrifies mothers and nurses under the same name. There is a kind of spottiness about the pig's external surface, and if it is killed while in this state, the flesh is flabby and unwholesome. Of course, no one will buy the flesh of a measly pig. Once, a well-known ventriloquist was standing near a pork-butcher's shop, and amusing himself with watching the people engaged at their bagains. At last an old dame came up, and deposited her big marketing-basket on the ground, while she went up to a very pretty pig that was hanging up by its hind legs and looking very tempting.

17. The butcher came to her, and a smart bargaining began. The price was at length settled, and the butcher laid his hand on the pig, in order to cut off the joint that had been pointed out. Scarcely had his fingers touched it, when a low and plaintive voice was heard to issue from the pig's mouth, saying, "Don't touch me; I died of the mea - - - - sles." Dame and butcher were equally astonished, and their surprise was shared by the spectators. When they had recovered from their surprise, the butcher declared that the pig was as good an animal as ever was killed.

18. "Don't believe him; I died of the mea - - - - sles!" said the pig. "You didn't!" exclaimed the butcher, quite taken off his guard. "I died of the mea - - - - sles!" persisted the pig. The old dame picked up her basket and made her way out of the shop as fast as she could, declaring that the pig was bewitched. It was rather too much of a joke, though, for the poor butcher lost his customer.

19. It is rather remarkable, that the Irishman and the negro hold much the same opinion of the pig. Both consider the pig as the only gentleman, for he does no work; all his meals are brought to

him: eating, drinking and sleeping are all that he has to do; and the more he eats, drinks and sleeps, the better is his duty performed. But then the motives for the opinion are widely different. The negro thinks that the very summit of human felicity is to do no work. Therefore the pig is his ideal of enjoyment: he does no work, he eats and he sleeps.

20. But the opinion of the Irishman is founded on more rational grounds. The pig, in his opinion, *is* a gentleman, and ought therefore to be treated as such. Does not the pig pay the rint, and sure isn't he a gentleman to do that? So the pig has the full range of the cabin, and pokes his nose just wherever he pleases. Indeed, he often is rather better off than his master's children, for he is never in want of a meal, and the food which he gets is precisely that which he ought to have, namely, potatoes; while, as the children get the same food, which is *not* the proper food for man taken by itself, the pig is better off than the children.

21. Moreover, the pig has no care, and no fear for the morrow. He continues to enjoy himself until the knife is at his throat, and even then he knows nothing about his coming death until he is actually in the hands of his slayers, who probably do not inflict on him more pain than the children suffer when flogged by paternal or maternal authority, or when pummeled by bigger boys.

CXLIII.—MODULATION.

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
That voice all modes of passion can express,
Which marks the proper word with proper stress:
But none emphatic can that speaker call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on all.
Some, o'er the tongue the labored measures roll,
Slow and deliberate as the parting toll;
Point every stop, mark every pause so strong,
Their words like stage processions stalk along.

All affectation but creates disgust;
And e'en in speaking, we may seem too just.
In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
Whose recitation runs it all to prose;
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjointing from its favorite noun,
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill the allotted scene
With lifeless drawls, insipid and serene;
While others thunder every couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.
More nature oft, and finer strokes are shown
In the low whisper, than tempetuous tone;
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixed amaze,
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he, who, swollen with impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom of the stage.

He who, in earnest, studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl.
A single look more marks the internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthened Oh!
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

LLOYD.

CXLIV.—A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN, astronomical, pyramid, edifice, nocturnal, ecliptic, niches, scythe, ecclesiastical, benediction, conspicuous, planetarium, sanctuary, trophy.

1. THERE is no subject that I can think of which will be so likely to interest you as the great astronomical clock, which I saw the other

day in the cathedral at Strasburg. The cathedral, by the way, is one of the finest and oldest in Europe. It is very large, and its tower or steeple is the highest in the world. It is twenty-four feet higher than the great pyramid in Egypt, one hundred and forty feet higher than St. Paul's in London, and three or four times higher than the old South Church in Boston.

2. The astronomical clock stands in the inside, in one corner of it, and is a most beautiful and imposing edifice. Five or six hundred people visit it every day at twelve o'clock, when it performs some extraordinary feats, which I shall mention presently, and several millions in the course of the year. There have been two or three clocks in the same place, upon the model of which the present is formed; but it is almost a new one, and was constructed by a mechanic whose name was Schwilgue, in 1838, to whom a nocturnal fete or festival was given by his fellow-citizens on the occasion of its completion.

3. To give you some idea of the size of this clock, I will compare it with some other things with which you are familiar, instead of saying it was so many feet high and so many feet wide, &c. Well, then, you remember the size of the post-office in Washington street. It is as high as that, and about as wide, or at least nearly so. Its top would reach to the very summit of our meeting-house, and its front would go about half across the front of the meeting-house. On the top of it is the figure of the prophet Isaiah, about as large as life; on its two sides are stair-ways to go up into it.

4. Its front is beautifully painted, and has places upon which the hours of the day, the days of the week, the revolution of the stars, the motion of the sun in the ecliptic, the days of the month, the month, the seasons of the year, the phases of the sun and moon, and a great many things, are indicated. There, also, in niches prepared for them, are moving images of the Saviour and his twelve apostles; Death, and Time with his scythe; the four ages of human life; and several forms which I cannot mention.

5. To give you a little further idea of its magnitude, let me say that there are ways of going inside of it; and that some ten or fifteen people, perhaps more, might stand together in its very heart and examine the machinery. Some ladies, two gentlemen and myself, with the conductor, went into it and spent about an hour there. We went first into a lower, then into a higher, and then still higher

apartment of it, and saw, we think, more than a thousand pieces splendidly polished, and all dependent for their harmonious action upon the short, thick brass pendulum which swings in the centre.

6. But I must tell you what this clock does. It not only points out the hours and the days, the times and the seasons, but the revolutions of the stars, the solar and lunar equations, the conjunctions and the eclipses of the heavenly bodies, their positions at any given time, and the various changes through which they pass for thousands of years. It points out apparent time, mean, or real time, and ecclesiastical time. On its face you see the motion of the stars, of the sun and planets, of the moon and her satellites. Two little cherubs, who sit on either side, strike the quarters of the hour—Death strikes the hour with a mace, while four figures pass and repass before him, representing the stages of human life.

7. At twelve o'clock every day, when Death strikes twelve, the apostles, who are represented each with the badge of his martyrdom, come out from the clock and pass before the image of the Saviour, bowing as they pass, and receiving his benediction, which he gives with a movement of the hand. When the apostle Peter makes his appearance, a gilded cock, which is perched on one side of the clock, flaps his wings, raises his head, and crows so long and loud as to make the whole Cathedral ring again. This he repeats three times, in memorial of the cock that crowed three times before the fall of Peter, during the crucifixion of our Saviour. This done, the cock makes no further noise or motion till the next day at twelve o'clock, when he repeats the same loud and startling crow, flapping his wings and raising his head.

8. Among the old paintings which adorn the case of the clock, one of the most conspicuous is the portrait of Copernicus, according to whose system the planetarium, which is over the Gallery of the Lions, is erected. At the moment when Galileo was condemned, the scientific men of Strasburg protested against the judgment, and erected a monument to the Italian astronomer in this astral clock, which, like a trophy of truth, is placed in the sanctuary. After the exhibition was concluded, we stepped into the interior of the astronomical works, which are wound up once in eight days, and in which endless combinations of wheels were revolving in perfect silence.

9. A solemn and mysterious sensation seizes upon one here, as if one were in the workshop of the spirits of the hours. The concep-

tion is certainly a lofty one, that of showing forth the whole structure of the heavens. Behold that small wheel, the only purpose of which is to make a 2 take the place of a 1, when the second thousand years of the Christian era shall have elapsed. On last New Year's night the whole was illuminated, the interior also, and all the aisles of the church were crowded with spectators. The interest which was excited was intense, when, with the twelfth stroke of the clock, a 7 sprang into the place of the 6.

10. The man who explained it all to us, a mere laborer, exclaimed, with much warmth: "One would almost suppose that the machine can think; it makes one think of the blood which circulates through the veins of the human body, reminds us of the past, and admonishes of the future."

REV. MR. TURNBULL.

CXLV.—GOOD TEMPER.

THERE'S not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,
Or thousands gained a year.

It lends the day a new delight;
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content,
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from heaven sent
For mortals to increase.

It meets you with a smile at morn;
It lulls you to repose;
A flower for peer and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away,
To free the brow from care;
Turns tears to smiles, makes dullness gay—
Spreads gladness everywhere.

And yet 'tis cheap as summer's dew,
That gems the lily's breast;
A talisman for love as true
As ever man possessed.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud
When threat'ning storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins—

As springs an arch across the tide,
When waves conflicting foam,
So comes this seraph to our side,
This angel to our home.

What may this wondering spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright divinity?
Good nature—nothing more!

Good temper—'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

CXLVI.—ADVANTAGES OF TRUTH AND SINCERITY.

WRITE OUT the sentences containing contrasted words or expressions.

1. TRUTH and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have

such a quality as he pretends to?—for to counterfeit and dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellency.

2. Now, the best way in the world for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what we would seem to be. Besides that, it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one that he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labor, to seem to have it, are lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skillful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

3. It is hard to personate and act a part long; for when truth is not at the botttom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself, one time or another. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to everybody's satisfaction; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom.

4. Particularly, as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard, in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest.

5. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

6. Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

7. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shove it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first, upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and

there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery, of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent that he that runs may read them. He is the last man that finds himself to be found out; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous

TILLOTSON.

CXLVII.—GEMS.

GOLD.

1. A MAN who is furnished with arguments from the mint, will convince his antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from reason and philosophy. Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding; it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities; silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible. Philip of Macedon was a man of most invincible reason this way. He refuted by it all the wisdom of Athens, confounded their statesmen, struck their orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their liberties. ADDISON.

2. Stronger than thunder's winged force,
All-powerful gold can spread its course,
Through watchful guards its passage make,
And loves through solid walls to break:
From gold the overwhelming woes
That crush'd the Grecian augur rose:
Philip with gold through cities broke,
And rival monarchs felt his yoke. HORACE.

3. There are two metals, one of which is omnipotent in the cabinet, and the other in the camp,—gold and iron. He that knows how to apply them both, may indeed attain the highest station, but he must know something more to keep it. COLTON

4. Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled:
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the church-yard mould;
Price of many a crime untold:
Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold!
How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express. HOOD.

5. Gold creates in brethren strife;
Gold destroys the parent's life;
Gold produces civil jars,
Murders, massacres, and wars:
But the worst effect of gold—
Love, alas! is bought and sold. ANACREON.

6. Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. LORD BACON.

7. Much learning shows how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy:
At best, it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,
They fail to find what they so plainly see;
Thus men, in shining riches, see the face
Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still. YOUNG.

8. He hath riches sufficient, who hath enough to be charitable.
SIR T. BROWN

CXLVIII.—THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL.

The proudest motto for the young!
Write it in words of gold
Upon thy heart, and in thy mind
The stirring truths enfold;
And in misfortune's dreary hour,
Or fortune's prosperous gale,
'Twill have a holy cheering power—
"There's no such word as fail."

The wearied student, bending o'er
The tomes of other days,
And dwelling on their magic lore,
For inspiration prays;
And though with toil his brain is weak,
His brow is deadly pale,
The language of his heart will speak,
"There's no such word as fail."

The sailor on the stormy sea,
May sigh for distant land,
And, free and fearless though he be,
Wish they were near the strand;
But when the storm on angry wings,
Bears lightning, sleet, and hail,
He climbs the slippery mast and sings
"There's no such word as fail."

The wily statesman bends his knee
Before fame's glittering shrine,
And would an humble suppliant be
To genius so divine;
Yet though his progress is full slow,
And enemies may rail,
He thinks at last the world to show
"There's no such word as fail."

The child of God, though oft beset
By foes without, within,
These precious words will ne'er forget,
Amid their dreadful din;
But upward looks with eye of faith,
Armed with the Christian mail,
And in the hottest conflict saith
"There's no such word as fail."

ALICE B. NEAL.

CXLIX.—MY CANARIES.

PRONOUNCE AND EXPLAIN bipeds, nucleus, port-folio, transept, miscreant, predilection, plumage.

1. BETWEEN the years 1400 and 1500 A. D., a ship was sailing to Leghorn, having for part of her cargo a number of little birds of a dark green color, very lively and very musical. These birds, having been caught in the Canary Islands, were called, from their country, Canary birds.

2. Now, as this ship was proceeding on her voyage, she was unfortunately wrecked, not far from the island of Elba, and her winged passengers, making the best use of their wings, flew over to the island, where they soon attracted the attention of so music-loving a nation as the Italians, who contrived to catch every bird, and brought them over to the Continent.

3. From Italy they soon spread into other countries, especially into Germany and Tyrol, and from thence into England, where, in process of time, they became the ancestors of eight canaries that inhabit one very large cage in my room.

4. It so happened that, as my friend and myself were conversing, the canaries thought themselves bound to follow our example, and being possessed of much louder voices than the two featherless bipeds, and some four or five choosing to sing at the same time, they soon silenced us, and compelled us to darken their cage with the first covers that came to hand, in order to hear ourselves speak.

5. Amusing little creatures they are, and very pleasant to have in the room, except in such a case as has been mentioned; for there are

eight of them, and each has its own peculiar temper, disposition and habits, just as if they were so many human beings.

6. Of my present stock of birds, the aborigines were two, one a very pale, close-feathered bird, and the other a jonque, with rather rough plumage. The pale bird was given to me a week or two before its companion, and therefore arose a difficulty about names.

7. At first, we were content to speak of the bird as "Dickey," but when a second was placed in the cage, it was necessary to distinguish them, especially as the sex of both was the same, and, therefore, pronominal distinction was impossible. Finding that they were generally spoken of in the family as "the new canary" and "the old canary," I just Latinized the adjectives, and called one "Nova," and the other "Antiqua." These, with a goldfinch, formed the nucleus of the present colony.

8. I never could endure the idea of shutting up a bird in a little cage, where it can neither use its wings nor even hop more than an inch or two without striking its head against the roof, or scrubbing off its tail against the wires; and so hastily knocked up a temporary cage out of an old tea-chest, in which to keep my birds until I could procure them a habitation more suitable to their tastes and my fancy. On inquiry at the manufacturer's, the charge for even a moderate-sized cage was so high, that I determined to set about one myself, and, after some consideration and much labor, produced the residence which I shall now describe.

9. The measurement is, roughly, three feet long, two feet wide, and two deep. The front and the two ends are wire, and the top, back, and floor of mahogany. There is no other wood allowed in it, for mahogany repels the vermin that infest canaries so much if they are kept in a cage made of deal or other soft wood. There are, altogether, five doors to the cage, the largest being at the back, and capable of admitting a full-grown man, if he wished to enter. A border of glass, four inches deep, runs around the bottom of the cage, so that the birds, though always visible, cannot scatter the husks and sand on the carpet; and there are two sliding floors that can be removed, when necessary, in order to cleanse them thoroughly.

10. But the chief point in the cage is, that the various portions are held together by screw-bolts and nuts, so that it can be taken to pieces in five minutes, packed flat, and removed without the least

inconvenience. When packed, it looks like a large wooden port-folio, for the wire sides and front lie between the solid floor and roof, which being one inch larger every way, protect the wires perfectly.

11. In this residence the birds can use their wings freely, and seem exceedingly happy. Indeed, if the doors are all opened they generally refuse to leave their home, and when they are periodically turned out, so that the cage may be well cleansed, they sit as close to their residence as they can, in order to return when the doors are opened again. Generally, two or three decline altogether to leave the cage, and have to be forcibly expelled.

12. If the birds breed well this year, I shall add a dome eighteen inches high, in order to accommodate the larger population. This dome, so to call it, will be something after the form of the transept roofs of the Crystal Palace, and will also be made with a view to removal.

13. The delight of Nova, and Antiqua, in taking possession of their new home, was very great. As to the goldfinch, he seemed to take a very philosophical view of the matter, and was equally at his ease in the very tiny cage in which he had lived formerly, or in the large and roomy residence afterwards provided for him. In both cases he was continually scudding about the floor, chirping in an undertone, pecking at the sand and seed-husks, and always keeping his legs so much bent, that even his feet were hardly seen.

14. Thus they lived very happily for some time, when the course of events was cruelly interrupted by a cat. I regret to say that the miscreant in question was my own cat, a huge, solemn, sleek, and contented animal, who ought to have given up such vanities years ago. He was accustomed to be in the room with the birds, and had never betrayed any particular predilection for them, except lazily winking at them now and then, and I should as soon have suspected him of facing a rat, as of catching my canaries.

CL.—MY CANARIES—(Continued.)

1. He has unlimited capacities for meat and milk, and a most consistent regard for his own comfort. There is one particular round footstool that he specially affects, because it always stands before the

fire, and he exactly fits it when he curls himself round for a nap. Even when his mistress has taken previous possession of that stool, he is crafty enough to dethrone her feet, and to take possession himself.

2. This feat he accomplishes by watching the conversation, and when he thinks her attention sufficiently withdrawn from the stool, he begins to push against her feet. Not thinking of the cause, but only feeling uncomfortable, she removes the foot, and pussy occupies the ground. This he repeats until both feet are removed, and then he mounts the stool with a self-satisfied kind of chuckle, curls himself round and goes to sleep.

3. Indeed, he will sleep anywhere, and in almost any attitude. If I hang him over my knee or shoulder, he goes to sleep. If I pick him up by all his feet, and sling him like a hammock, he goes to sleep. If he is used in the light of a footstool, he is equally contented, and goes to sleep. So that he was the last person in the house whom I could have suspected. But he ill repaid my confidence, as will be seen.

4. One evening I had returned home rather late, and being in the habit of walking in the dark, went into my room without taking a candle with me. As I entered, Nova began to chirp in a very exulting manner, which I thought was caused by her joy at hearing my step. Just then there was a slight motion, some soft, heavy body came to the ground, and dashed down stairs. My heart misgave me, and on procuring a light, I was surprised to see the cage occupied only by Nova, who continued to chirp. Presently I found some goldfinch feathers under the table, and just beneath the cage was the dead body of Antiqua.

5. I could not at first conceive how the cat could have dragged them out of the cage, for it is so large that his paws would not reach half across it, and the birds could easily keep out of his way. But on a closer examination, I found two of the wires actually torn out, immediately over the spot where poor Antiqua's body was lying.

6. Through this small aperture the cat had forced his way, and, being within the cage, caught the goldfinch. This he seems to have eaten under the table, and to have returned to the cage for another victim. He also caught Nova, but she managed to escape from his claws, and he then pounced upon Antiqua, killed her, and was just taking her out of the cage, when he was alarmed at my entrance.

7. The force that the cat employed in gaining admission must have been singularly great, for even with proper tools I found that a hard pull was needed even to loosen any of the wires, much more to draw them out entirely.

8. Antiqua was quite dead, her poor little skull being broken all to pieces. She was still warm, and had evidently been killed just as I entered the room. Puss, being frightened, dropped his prey and rushed off to the cellar, in hopes of escaping unrecognized. But he was much mistaken, for I went after him, and whipped him severely, at the same time showing him the dead bird. I thought, however, that he might forget the whip, and determined to work upon his faculty of self-esteem, which in him is very great.

9. So I pecked his nose with the dead bird's beak, six or seven times and then released him. Down went puss into the cellar, and would not make his usual appearance at breakfast next morning. After breakfast I took the bird into the cellar, found puss in bed, and pecked his nose again. That discipline was repeated several times daily for three days, at the expiration of which time I had a long talk with him on his misconduct, showing him the bird at intervals, and telling him that if he would behave properly for the future, I would forgive him.

10. Generally, a cat does not take punishment as a dog does, and ever after abhors and avoids the person who punished it. But puss quite comprehended the circumstances, and next day came when I called him, just as usual.

11. He has not forgotten his lesson. A few weeks ago, two birds belonging to my brother, died; curiously enough, one of them was a canary, and the other a goldfinch. He thought that, as they were dead, the cat might as well eat them, and therefore offered them to him. But at the sight of the birds, puss set up his back, and began to growl and spit, as if the two dead birds had been two live dogs.

12. He was thoroughly ashamed of himself while I was reasoning with him, and hid his face with his tail. For he is usually a majestic and stately animal, expecting to be treated with much respect, and not even to be spoken of with levity. If we laugh at him, or offend his sense of honor in any other way, he gets up slowly, waves his tail about solemnly, and disappears under a large chair, declining to emerge for any less consideration than milk. So it may be imagined how grievously he must have felt the indignity of nose-pecking.

13. For the loss of the goldfinch I cared comparatively little, but that Antiqua should have fallen a victim was especially provoking. Independently of being the first bird in the aviary, and therefore historically valuable, she was a very conversational little creature, of a beautiful shape, and was just the proper age to take on herself the cares of married life.

14. As to Nova, the sole survivor, she is now in the enjoyment of excellent health, and may possibly begin to build her nest soon. She had an exceedingly narrow escape on that fatal night, her own life and death having been probably only a question of time.

15. When I returned from my castigation of the cat in order to repair the cage, a suspicious red stain on Nova's breast caught my attention, and I immediately examined the little bird carefully to see if she had sustained any injury. On blowing up the feathers, I was quite alarmed at the state of things that was revealed. There was a wound extending from the side of the neck nearly to the middle of the breast, one of her wings was broken, several of the quill feathers missing, others broken across, and the greater part of her tail had been pulled out.

16. I did not think that she would recover, but still took every precaution that bird surgery permits, by snipping off the broken feathers, dressing the wound, &c., and in a few weeks Nova was quite well, with the exception of her damaged tail, which, however, soon grew again. REV. J. G. WOOD.

CLI.—THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

THIS is an excellent exercise for practice on difficult combinations of consonants. If carefully read, it will, at least, accustom the ear to the correct sound of *ing*.

How does the water come down at Lodore?
From its source which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills
And its gills;

Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among the crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in;
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its deep descent.
The cataract strong
Then plunges along;
Striking and raging,
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among:
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound:
Smiting and fighting,

A sight to delight in,
Confounding,
Astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the earth with its sound:
Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and spitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;
Dividing and gliding and sliding;
And falling and brawling and sprawling
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,

And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling;
And clattering and battering and shattering;
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and pushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending,
But always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er,
With a mighty uproar;
And this way the water comes down at Lodore!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CLII.—CONTENTMENT.

LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone
(A *very plain* brown stone will do)
That I may call my own;
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;
If nature can subsist on three,
Thank heaven for three—Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice,—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;
Give me a mortgage here and there,
Some good bank-stock, some notes of hand,
Or trifling railroad share,—
I only ask that fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo—
But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,
Some, *not so large*, in rings,
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire
(Good, heavy silks are never dear);
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere—
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glitt'ring upstart fool;
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But *all* must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double care,—
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If heaven more gen'rous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them *much*,—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of *simple tastes and mind content!*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

CLIII.—GEMS.

DOING GOOD.

1. He that does good to another man, does also good to himself, not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it, for the conscience of well-doing is an ample reward. SENECA.

2. Never did any soul do good, but it became readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love, or gratitude, or bounty practised but with increasing joy, which made the practiser still more in love with the fair act. SHAFTESBURY.

3. How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do:
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. SHAKESPEARE.

4. He is good that does good to others. If he suffers for the good he does, he is better still; and if he suffers from them to whom he did good, he is arrived to the height of goodness, that nothing but an increase of his suffering can add to it; if it proves his death, his virtue is at its summit; it is heroism complete. LA BRUYERE.

5. A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends. BISHOP HALL.

6. A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours. TILLOTSON.

HAPPINESS.

7 Oh happiness! our being's end and aim;
Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th'eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,

Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:
Plant of celestial seed! if dropped below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow? POPE.

8. The happiness of the human race in this world does not consist in our being devoid of passions, but in our learning to command them. FROM THE FRENCH

9. There is this difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool. COLTON.

10. It's no' in books, it's no' in lear, (*learning*)
To make us truly blest;
If happiness has not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest. BURNS.

11. The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own dispositions, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove JOHNSON.

12. Goodness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good. We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity, for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment; the course is then over, the wheel turns round but once, while the reaction of goodness and happiness is perpetual. LANDOR

CLIV.—THE OLD HAT.

I HAD a hat—it was not all a hat—
Part of the brim was gone—yet still I wore
It on, and people wondered, as I passed;
Some turned to gaze —others, just cast an eye,

And soon withdrew it, as 'twere in contempt.
But still, my hat, although so fashionless,
In complement extern, had that within,
Surpassing show—my head continued warm,
Being sheltered from the weather, spite of all
The want (as has been said) of shading brim.

A change came o'er the color of my hat.
That which was black grew brown, and then men stared
With both their eyes, (they stared with one before;)
The wonder now was twofold—and it seemed
Strange, that things so torn, and old, should still
Be worn, by one who might—but let that pass!
I had my reasons, which might be revealed,
But for some counter reasons far more strong,
Which tied my tongue to silence. Time passed on.
Green spring and flowery summer, autumn brown,
And frosty winter came—and went, and came—
And still through all the seasons of two years,
In park, in city, yea, in routs and balls,
The hat was worn, and borne. Then folks grew wild
With curiosity—and whispers rose,
And questions passed about—how one so trim
In coats, boots, pumps, gloves, trowsers, could ensconce
His caput in a covering so vile.

A change came o'er the nature of my hat.
Grease-spots appeared; but still, in silence, on
I wore it; and then family and friends
Glared madly at each other. There was one,
Who said—but hold! no matter what was said,
A time may come when I—away, away—
Not till the season's ripe, can I reveal
Thoughts that do lie too deep for common minds;
Till then, the world shall not pluck out the heart
Of this my mystery. When I will—I will!
The hat was greasy now, and old, and torn—
But torn, old, greasy, still I wore it on.

A change came over the business of this hat
Women, and men, and children scowled on me;
My company was shunned—I was alone—
None would associate with such a hat—
Friendship itself proved faithless, for a hat.
She that I loved, within whose gentle breast
I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death;
Love's fires went out, extinguished by a hat.
Of those that knew me best, some turned aside,
And scudded down dark lanes—one man did place
His finger on his nose's side, and jeered—
Others, in horrid mockery, laughed outright;
Yea, dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray,
Fixing their swart glare on my ragged hat,
Mistook me for a beggar, and they barked.
Thus women, men, friends, strangers, lover, dogs—
One thought pervaded all—it was, my hat.

A change—it was the last—came o'er this hat.
For lo! at length, the circling months went round,
The period was accomplished, and one day
This tattered, brown, old greasy coverture
(Time had endeared its vileness,) was transferred
To the possession of a wandering son
Of Israel's fated race, and friends once more
Greeted my digits with the wonted squeeze:
Once more I went my way along, along,
And plucked no wondering gaze; the hand of scorn,
With its annoying finger, men and dogs,
Once more grew pointless, jokeless, laughless, growlless;
And last, not least, of rescued blessings—love,
Love smiled on me again, when I assumed
A bran-new beaver of the Andre mold;
And then the laugh was mine, for then came out
The secret of this strangeness—'twas a *bet!*

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